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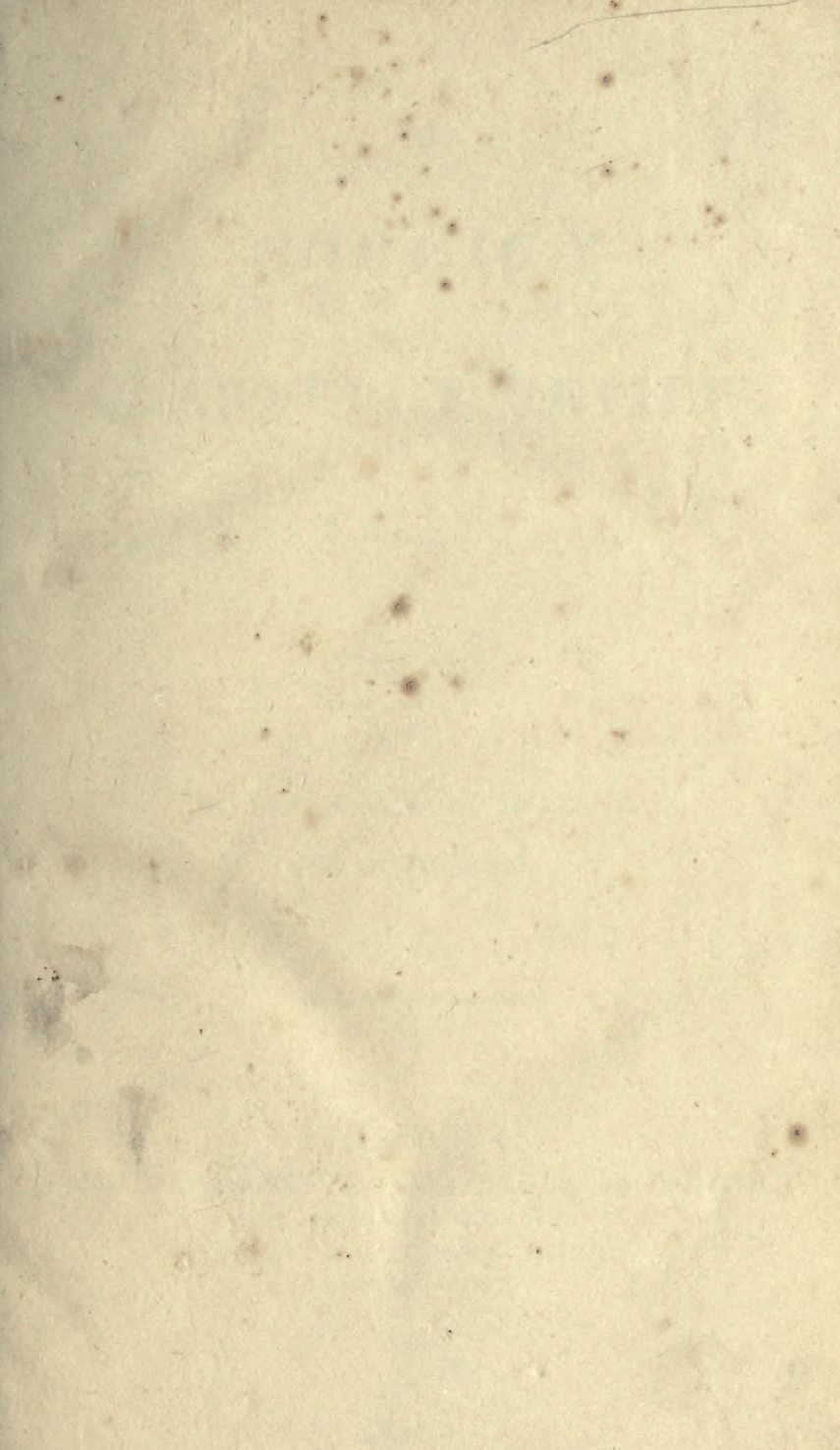
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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. VI.
PUBLISHED IN
JUNE AND OCTOBER,
M. DCCC. XXX.

LONDON:
TREUTTEL AND WURTZ, TREUTTEL, JUN. AND BICKER,
39, FORD SQUARE;
BLACK, YOUNG, AND YOUNG,
LONDON STREET.

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ART. I.—*Zauber-Bibliothek, oder von Zauberei, Theurgie und Mantik, Zauberern, Hexen, und Hexen processen, Dämonen, Gespenstern und Geistererscheinungen.* Von Georg. Conrad Horst, Grossherzoglich-Hessischen Kirchenrath. (The Magical Library; or, of Magic, Theurgy and Necromancy; Magicians, Witches, and Witch Trials, Demons, Ghosts, and Spectral Appearances. By George Conrad Horst, Church-Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Hesse.) 6 vol. 8vo. Mainz. 1826.

This book of our friend the Church Counsellor is rather a singular one. It is not a History of Magic, but a sort of spiritual periodical, or Magazine of Infernal Science, supported in a great measure by contributions from persons of a ghostly turn of mind, who although they affect occasionally to write in a Sadducee vein, are many of them half-believers at heart, and would not, we will be bound to say, walk through a churchyard at night, except for a consideration larger than we should like to pay. The field over which it travels is so extensive, that any attempt to follow the author throughout his elaborate subdivisions is quite inconsistent with our limits. Dante, we know, divided hell, like Germany, into circles; and Mr. Horst, adopting something of a similar arrangement, has parcelled out the territory of the Prince of the Air into sundry regular divisions, by which its whole bearings and distances are made plain enough for the use of infant schools. It is only at one of the provinces of the Inferno, however, that we can at present afford to glance; though for those who are inclined to make the grand tour, we can safely recommend the Counsellor as an intelligent travelling companion, and well acquainted with the road. In fact his work is so methodical and distinct, and the geography of the infernal regions so distinctly laid down, according to the best authorities, from Jamblichus and Porphyry down to Glanvil and the Abbé Fiard, that the whole district is now about as well known as the course of the Niger; and it must be the traveller's own fault if he does not find his

exit from Avernus as easy as its entrance has proverbially been since the days of Virgil.

We cannot say, however, that the picture drawn by these intelligent spiritual travellers is calculated to impress us with a high notion of the dominions of the Prince of the Air, or that the *personnel* of his majesty or his government are prepossessing. The climate, as all of them, from Faust downwards, agree, is oppressively hot, and the face of the country apparently a good deal like that between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, abounding with furnaces and coal-pits. Literature is evidently at a low ebb, from the few specimens of composition with which we are favoured in the Zauber-Bibliothek, and the sciences, with the exception of some practical applications of chemistry, shamefully neglected. The government seems despotal, but subject to occasional explosions on the part of the more influential spirits concerned in the executive. In fact, we observe that the departments of the administration are by no means well arranged; there is no proper division of labour, and the consequence is, that Belzebub, "Mooned Ashtaroth," and others of the ministry, who, according to the theory of the constitution* are entitled to precedence, are constantly jostled and interfered with by Aziel, Mephistopheles, Marbuel, and other forward second-rate spirits, who are constantly thrusting in their claws where they are not called for. The standing army is considerable,† besides the volunteers by which it is continually augmented. We hear nothing however of the navy, and from the ominous silence which our geographers preserve on this point, it is easy to see that water is a rare element in this quarter.

The hints given as to the personal appearance and conduct of Lucifer, the reigning monarch, are not flattering. Common readers are apt to believe that Satan occupies that dignity,‡ but this is a great error, and only shows, as Asmodeus told Don Cleofas, when he fell into a similar mistake about Belzebub, "that they have no true notions of hell." The morals of Lucifer, as might be expected, are as bad as possible, with this exception, that we see no evidence of his being personally

* Faustus, who is a sort of Delolme in matters infernal, has an able treatise on the subject, entitled "*Mirakel-Kunst-und-Wunder Buch, oder der schwartze Rabe, auch der dreitache Höllen Zwang genannt*," in which the political system of Lucifer's dominions is examined. The reader of M. Horst's book will find an outline of it at p. 86, *et seq.* of Vol. III.

† Reginald Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, book xv. c. ii. contains an army-list or muster roll of the infernal forces. Thus the Duke of Amazeroth, who seems to be a sort of brigadier-general, has the command of sixty legions, &c.

‡ Satan is a mere third-rate spirit, as they will find by consulting a list of the Infernal Privy Council for 1669, contained in Faust's Black Raven.

addicted to drinking. His licentious habits, however, are attested by many a scandalous chronicle in Sprenger, Delrio, and Bodinus, and for swearing, all the world knows that Ernulphus was but a type of him. His jokes are all practical and of a low order, and there is an utter want of dignity in most of his proceedings. One of his most facete amusements consists in constantly pulling the spits, on which his witches are riding, from beneath them, and applying them vigorously to their shoulders.* And he has more than once administered personal chastisement to his servants, when they neglected to keep an appointment.† He is a notorious cheat; many enterprising young men, who have enlisted in his service on the promise of high pay and promotion, having found, on putting their hands into their pockets, that he had paid them their bounty in tin sixpences, and having never risen even to the rank of a corporal.‡ His talent, we should be inclined, from these narratives, to consider very mediocre, and therefore we are afraid that the ingenious selection from his papers, lately published in Germany by our friend Jean Paul,§ must be a literary forgery. At least, all his printed speeches, as far as we have seen, are bad; flashy enough, no doubt, in the commencement, but generally ending in smoke. He has always had a fancy for appearing in masquerade, and once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, in the disguise of a professor. So late as 1626, he lived *incog*; but in a very splendid style, for a whole winter, in Milan, under the title of the Duke of Mammon.|| It is in vain, however, for his partial biographers to disguise the fact, that in his nocturnal excursions, of which, like Haroun Alraschid, he was at one time rather fond, and where, we learn from the Swedish witches, he generally figured in a grey coat and red small-clothes, ornamented with ribbons and blue stockings, he has more than once received a sound drubbing from honest people, whom he has attempted to trip up by laying his tail in their way. And, in fact, since his affair with St. Dunstan,¶ he has kept pretty much within doors after nightfall. Luther, as we know, kept no terms with him when he began to crack hazel-nuts in his bed-room at the Wartburg, but beat him all to nothing in a fair contest of ribaldry and

* See afterwards the Trials of the Witches at Mora, 1672.

† *Vide* Trials of Agnes Sampson, 1590, and of Al. Hamilton, 1630.—*Scott. Just. Rec.*

‡ Case of Isobel Ramsay, 1661.

§ *Auswahl aus den Teufel's Papieren.*

|| Lotichius, *Oratio super fatalibus hoc tempore Academicarum periculis.* Rinteln. 1631. Lotichius took the trouble to compose a Latin poem on the subject of his triumphal entry.

¶ Angelini Gazæi *Pia Hilaria ex vit. Sti Dunstani*, c. 8.

abuse.* St. Lupus shut him up for a whole night in a pitcher of cold water, into which he had (as he thought, cunningly) conveyed himself, with the hope that the saint would swallow him un-awares.† St. Anthony, in return for a very polite offer of his services, spit in his face, which hurt his feelings so much, that it was long before he ventured to appear in society again.‡ And although in his many transactions with mankind he is constantly trying to secure some unfair advantage, a person of any talent, particularly if he has been bred a lawyer, is a match for him; and there are numerous cases in the books, in which his majesty attempting to apprehend the person of a debtor, has been unexpectedly defeated by an ingenious saving clause in the bond, which, like Shylock, he had overlooked, and non-suited in the ecclesiastical courts, where he commonly sues, with costs.§ Finally, we infer from the Mora Trials, that his general health must have suffered from the climate, for in 1669 he was extremely ill in Sweden, and though he got over the attack for a time, by bleeding and an antiphlogistic regimen, the persons who were about him thought his constitution was breaking up, and that he was still in a dying way.

Such is the grotesque aspect of the legendary Lucifer and his court, which a course of dæmonology presents to us! But though we have thus spoken with levity of these gross and palpable conceptions of the evil principle, and though undoubtedly the first impression produced by such a farrago must be a ludicrous one, the subject, we fear, has also its serious side. An Indian deity, with its wild distorted shape and grotesque attitude, appears merely ridiculous when separated from its accessories and viewed by day-light in a museum. But restore it to the darkness of its own hideous temple, bring back to our recollection the victims that have bled upon its altar, or been crushed beneath its car, and our sense of the ridiculous subsides into aversion and horror. So, while the superstitious dreams of former times are regarded as mere speculative insanities, we may for a moment be amused with the wild incoherences of the patients; but when we reflect that out of these hideous misconceptions of the principle of evil arose the belief in witchcraft; that this was no dead faith, but one operating on the whole being of society; urging on the mildest and the wisest to deeds of murder, or cruelties scarcely less than mur-

* Colloquia Mensalia.

† *Legenda Aurea* Jacob. de Voragine, leg. 123.

‡ *Ibid.* leg. 21.

§ In the case of St. Lydvina, when he pleaded his case in person, and thought it a clear one, he was fairly laughed out of court, "deriso explosoque Dæmone."—*Brugmann, vita Lydvina*, p. 290. He was hoaxed in a still more ingenious manner by Nos-tradamus, who having agreed that the devil should have him, if he was buried either in the church or out of it, left directions that he should be buried in a hole in the wall.

der; that the learned and the beautiful, young and old, male and female, were devoted by its influence to the stake and the scaffold, every feeling disappears except that of astonishment that such things could be, and humiliation at the thought that the delusion was as lasting as it was universal.

It is true that the current of human opinion seems now to set in a different direction, and that if the evil spirit of persecution is again to reappear on earth, his *avatar* must in all probability be made in a different form. Our brains are no longer, as Dr. Francis Hutchinson says of Bodinus, "mere storehouses for devils to dance in;" and if the influence of the great enemy is still as active as before on earth, in the shape of evil passions, he at least keeps personally in the back ground, and has changed his tactics entirely since the days of the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

"For Satan now is wiser than before,
And tempts with making *rich*—not making *poor*."

Still, however, it is always a useful check to the pride of the human mind, to look back to those delusions which have darkened it, more especially to such as have originated in feelings, in themselves exalted and laudable. Such is unquestionably the case in regard to one of the gloomiest chapters in the history of human error, the belief in witchcraft and its consequences. The wish to raise ourselves above the visible world, and to connect ourselves with beings supposed to occupy a higher rank in creation, seemed at first calculated to exercise only a beneficent influence on the mind. Men looked upon it as a sort of Jacob's ladder, by which they were to establish a communication between earth and heaven, and by means of which, angelic influences might be always ascending and descending upon the heart of man. But, unfortunately, the supposition of this actual and bodily intercourse with spirits of the better order, involved also a similar belief as to the possibility of establishing a free trade with the subterranean powers,

"Who lurk in ambush, in their earthy cover,
And swift to hear our spells, come swarming up;"

and from these theoretical opinions, once established and acted upon, all the horrors of those tempestuous times flowed as a natural consequence. For thus the kingdoms of light and darkness were brought into open contest: if Satan was ready at every one's call, to send out his spirits like Swiss mercenaries, it became equally necessary for the true believer to rise in arms against him with fire and sword; any wavering on his part was construed into apostacy, and he who did not choose to be persecuted himself was driven in self-defence to become a persecutor.

The grand postulate of direct diabolical agency being once assumed and quietly conceded on all hands, any absurdity whatever was easily engrafted on it. Satan being thus brought home, as it were, to men's business and bosoms, every one speculated on his habits and demeanour according to his own light; and soon the insane fancies of minds crazed by nature, disease or misfortunes, echoed and repeated from all sides, gathered themselves into a code or system of faith, which, being instilled into the mind with the earliest rudiments of instruction, fettered even the strongest intellects with its baleful influence. The mighty minds of Luther, of Calvin, and of Knox, so quick in detecting error, so undaunted and merciless in exposing it, yield tamely to its thrall; the upright and able Sir Matthew Hale passes sentence of death, in 1664, on two poor women accused of witchcraft, and Sir Thomas Brown, the detector of "*Vulgar Errors*," who is examined as a witness on the trial, gives his opinion that the fits under which the patients had laboured, though natural in themselves, were "heightened by the Devil co-operating with the malice of the witches, at whose instance he did the villainies!" and apparently on this evidence chiefly did the conviction proceed.

Neither, in fact, were the incongruities and inconsistencies of the witch creed of the time so calculated, as they might at first sight appear, to awaken men's minds to the radical insanity of the belief. The dash of the ludicrous, which mingles itself with almost all the exploits of Satan and his satellites, grew, naturally enough, out of the monkish conception of Satan, and might be supposed not inconsistent with the character of a set of beings whose proceedings of course could not be expected to resemble those either of men or angels. The monkish Satan has no dignity about him: in soul and body he is low and deformed.

"Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta ed atra,
E 'l ventre largo, ed unghiate le mani,
Graffia gli spirti, gli scuoja, ed isquatra."^{*}

His apish tricks and satyr-like gambols were sufficiently in unison with the idea of a spirit with boundless malice but limited powers, grinning in despite where he could not injure, and ridiculing those sacred rites the power of which he was compelled to acknowledge and obey. Hence he preaches to his infernal flock, and mocks the institution of the sacrament; wreaks his native malice even on his own adherents; plunges his deluded victims into misery, or deserts them in their distress, deprives them of the rewards he has promised to them; plagues and torments the good, but covers whenever he is boldly resisted, and is at once discomfited by any

one who wields by commission the thunders of heaven. Writers of fiction in general have seldom seized these features of his character; indeed, we know hardly any one who has done so, except Hoffman, who, in most of his supernatural pictures, has painted him not with the grandeur and sullen gloom of the fallen archangel, but with the coarse and comic malice of the spirit of the middle ages, and has thus, on the whole, deepened the real horror of his goblin scenes by the infusion of these outbreaks of mirth, just as the frightful effect of an execution would be increased, if the criminal, instead of joining in the devotions, were suddenly to strike up a lively air from the top of the ladder.

But whether the delusion of witchcraft was thus a natural sequence of the monkish notions of an evil principle, and of the almost universal persuasion that intercourse with a higher order of beings was possible for man, no one can cast a glance over its history without being satisfied that the comprehensive nature of its influence, and its long duration, were owing to penal laws and prosecutions. It adds one more to the long list of instances which prove that there is no opinion, however absurd and revolting, which will not find believers and martyrs, if it is once made the subject of persecution. From the earliest ages of Christianity it is certain the belief existed, and must occasionally have been employed by strong minds as an instrument of terror to the weak; but still the frame of society itself was not shaken; nor, with one exception,* does the crime begin to make any figure in history till the Bull of Innocent VIII. in 1484 stirs up the slumbering embers into a flame.

Of the extent of the horrors which for two centuries and a half followed, our readers we suspect have but a very imperfect idea; we remember as in a dream that on this accusation persons were occasionally burnt, and one or two remarkable relations from our own annals or those of the Continent may occur to our recollection. But of the extent of these judicial murders, no one who has not dabbled a little in the history of dæmonology has any idea. No sooner has Innocent placed his commission of fire and sword in the hands of Sprenger and his brethren, and a regular form of process for the trial of this offence been laid down in that unparalleled performance, the *Malleus Maleficarum*, which was intended as a theological and juridical commentary on the bull, than the race of witches seems at once to increase and multiply, till it replenishes the earth. The original edict of persecution was enforced by the successive bulls of the infamous Alexander VI., in

* The trials at Arras in 1459. Vide Monstrelet's Chronicle, Vol. III. p. 84. Ed. Paris: 1572. But these were rather religious prosecutions against supposed heretics, and the crime of witchcraft only introduced as aggravating their offences.

1494 (to whom Satan might indeed have addressed the remonstrance "et tu Brute!"), of Leo X. in 1521 and of Adrian VI. in 1522. Still the only effect of these commissions was to render the evil daily more formidable, till at last, if we are to believe the testimonies of contemporary historians, Europe was little better than a large suburb or outwork of Pandemonium. One-half of the population was either bewitching or bewitched. Delrio tells us in his preface that 500 witches were executed in Geneva, in three months, about the year 1515. A thousand, says Bartholomæus de Spina, were executed in one year in the diocese of Como, and they went on burning at the rate of a hundred per annum for some time after. In Lorraine, from 1580 to 1595, Remigius boasts of having burnt 900. In France the multitude of executions about 1520, is incredible; Danæus, in the first part of his dialogue concerning witches, calls it "infinitum pene veneficorum numerum." The well-known sorcerer, *Trois Echelles*, told Charles IX. while he was at Poictou, the names of 1200 of his associates. This is according to Mezeray's more reasonable version of the story, for the author of the *Journal du regne de Henry III.* makes the number 3,000, and Bodinus, not satisfied even with this allowance, adds a cypher and makes the total return of witches denounced by *Trois Echelles* 30,000; though he does at the same time express some doubt as to the correctness of this account.

In Germany, to which indeed the bull of Innocent bore particular reference, this plague raged to a degree almost inconceivable. Bamberg, Paderborn, Wurtzburg and Treves were its chief seats, though for a century and a-half after the introduction of the trials under the commission, no quarter of that great empire was free from its baneful influence. It would be wearisome and revolting to go through the details of these atrocities, but "ab uno disce omnes." A catalogue of the executions at Wurtzburg for the period from 1627 to February, 1629, about two years and two months, is printed by Hauber in the conclusion of his third volume of the *Acta et Scripta Magica*. It is regularly divided into 29 burnings, and contains the names of 157 persons, Hauber stating at the same time that the catalogue is not complete. It is impossible to peruse this list without shuddering with horror. The greater part of this catalogue consists of old women or foreign travellers, seized, it would appear, as foreigners were at Paris during the days of Marat and Robespierre: it contains children of twelve, eleven, ten and nine years of age, fourteen vicars of the cathedral, two boys of noble families, the two little sons, (*söhnlein*) of the senator Stolzenburg; a stranger boy; a blind girl; Gobel Babelin, the handsomest girl in Wurtzburg, &c.

Sanguine placârunt Deos et virgine cæsa !

And yet, frightful as this list of 157 persons executed in two years appears, the number is not (taking the population of Wurtzburg into view) so great as in the Lindheim process from 1660 to 1664. For in that small district, consisting at the very utmost of six hundred inhabitants, thirty persons were condemned and put to death, making a twentieth part of the whole population consumed in four years.*

How dreadful are the results to which these data lead ! If we take 157 as a fair average of the executions at Wurtzburg, (and the catalogue itself states that the list was by no means complete,) the amount of executions there in the course of the century preceeding 1628 would be 15,700. We know that from 1610 to 1660 was the great epoch of the witch trials, and that so late as 1749 Maria Renata was executed at Wurtzburg for witchcraft; and though in the interval between 1660 and that date, it is to be hoped that the number of these horrors had diminished, there can be little doubt that several thousands fall to be added to the amount already stated. If Bamberg, Paderborn, Treves and the other Catholic bishoprics, whose zeal was not less ardent, furnished an equal contingent; and if the protestants, as we know,† actually vied with them in the extent to which these cruelties were carried, the number of victims from the date of Innocent's bull to the final extinction of these prosecutions, must considerably exceed 100,000 in Germany.

Even the feeling of horror excited by the perusal of the Wurtzburg murders is perhaps exceeded by that to which another document relative to the state of matters in 1629, which Horst has printed at full length‡ must give rise: namely a ballad on the subject of these executions, detailing in doggrel verses the sufferings of the unfortunate victims, "to be sung to the tune of Dorothea"—a common street song of the day. It is entitled the *Druten Zeitung*, or Witches' Chronicle, "being an account of the remarkable events which took place in Franconia, Bamberg and Wurtzburg, with those wretches who from avarice or ambition have sold themselves to the devil, and how they had their reward at last; set to music, and to be sung to the air of Dorothea." It is graced

* The reader who wishes to form a more accurate idea of the details of the witch trials in Germany, will find ample information in Hauber, *Acta et Scripta Magica*, Vol. II. pp. 505—533. Vol. III. p. 307. Schmidt, *Neue Geschichte der Deutschen*, Th. IV. and Horst's *Dæmonologie*, Th. I. p. 212 et seq. This last work contains references to all the other works on the subject.

† Christoph von Ranzow, a nobleman of Holstein, burnt eighteen at once on one of his estates. Westph. *Monum. Inedita*, Tom. III.

‡ Vol. VI. p. 311. et seq.

also with some hideous devices in wood, representing three devils seizing on divers persons by the hair of their heads, legs, &c. and dragging them away. It commences and concludes with some pious reflections on the guilt of the witches and wizards, whose fate it commemorates with the greatest glee and satisfaction. One device in particular, by which a witch who had obstinately resisted the torture is betrayed into confession,—namely, by sending into her prison the hangman disguised as her familiar (Buhl Teufel)—seems to meet with the particular approbation of the author, who calls it an excellent joke; and no doubt the point of it in his eyes was very much increased by the consideration that upon the confession, as it was called, so obtained, the unhappy wretch was immediately committed to the flames.* What are we to think of the state of feeling in the country where these horrors were thus made the subject of periodical ballads, and set to music for the amusement of the populace?†

It was one fatal effect of the perseverance with which Satan and his dealings were thus brought before the view of every one, that thousands of weak and depraved minds, were actually led into the belief that they had formed a connection with the evil being, and that the visions which had so long haunted the brain of Sprenger and his associates had been realized in their own case. In this way alone, can we in some measure account for the strange confessions which form the great peculiarity in the witch trials, where unhappy creatures, in the full knowledge of their fate,

* Some of our readers may wish to see a specimen of this precious production. We shall take a stanza or two descriptive of the joke of which the poor witch was the victim.

Ein Hexen hat man gefangen, zu Zeit die war sehr reich
 Mit der man lang umgaben ehe sie bekannte gleich
 Dann sie blieb darauf beständig es geschah ihr Unrecht gross
 Bis man ihr macht Nothwendig *diesen artlichen poss*, (!)
 Das ich mich drüber wunder; man schickt ein Henkersknecht
 Zu ihr ins Gefängniß nunter, den man hat kleidet recht
 Mit einer Bärnhaut als wenns der Teufel wär
 Als ihm die Drut anschaut meyns ihr Buhl kam daher.
 Sie sprach zu ihm behende, wie lestu mich so lang
 In der Obrigkeit hände? Hilf mir aus ihren Zwang
 Wie du mir hast verheissen ich bin ja eben dein
 Thu mich aus der Augst entreissen, o liebster Bule mein.
 Sie thet sich selbst verrathen, und gab anzeigung viel
 Sie hat nit geschmeckt den Braten, *was das war fur ein Spiel* (!)
 Er tröstet sie und saget, ich will der Helfen wohl
 Darum sey unverzaget Morgens geschehen soll.

It bears the colophon "Printed at Smalcald in the year 1627."

† When these horrors were thus versified, it is not wonderful to find them improved, as the Methodists call it, by the preachers of the time. At Riga in 1626, there appeared "Nine Select Witch Sermons, by Hermann Sampsonius, superintendant at Riga," and many others in the course of that century.

admit their sexual intercourse with Satan, their midnight meetings, incantations, their dealings with spirits, "white, black and grey with all their trumpery," the grotesque horrors of the sabbath,—in short, every wild and impossible phantasm which had received colour and a body in the *Malleus*,—and seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they had fully merited the fiery trial to which their confession immediately subjected them. When we read these trials, we think of the effect of the Jew's fiddle in Grimm's Fairy Tale; we see the delusion spreading like an epidemic from one to another, till first, the witnesses, then the judges, and lastly the poor criminals themselves, all yield to the giddy whirl, and go off like dancing Dervises under its influence.

It is very true, that, in many of the cases, and particularly those which occur in the earlier part of the 17th century, when the diabolical doctrines of Sprenger and Delrio were in their full vigour, the confessions on which these convictions proceeded were elicited by torture moral and physical, and frequently retracted, till a fresh application of the rack produced a fresh admission. One instance from Delrio may stand in place of a thousand. He mentions* that an unfortunate gentleman in Westphalia had been twenty times put to the rack, "*vicies sævæ quæstioni subditum*," in order to compel him to confess that he was a were wolf! All these tortures he resisted till the hangman gave him an intoxicating draught, and under its influence he confessed that he *was* a were wolf after all. "*En judicium clemens arbitrium*" says Delrio, "*quo se porrigat in illis partibus aquilonaribus*."—See how long-suffering our judges are in the north! we never put our criminals to death, till we have tried them with twenty preliminary courses of torture! This is perfectly in the spirit of another worthy in Germany, who had been annoyed with the pertinacity of a witch, who, like the poor lycanthrope, persisted in maintaining her innocence. "*Da liess ich sie tuchtig foltern*" says the inquisitor—"und sie gestand"—I tortured her *tightly*—(the torture lasted four hours)—and she confessed! Who indeed under such a system would not have confessed? Death was unavoidable either way, and the great object was to attain that consummation with the least preparatory pain. "I went" says Sir George Mackenzie "when I was a Justice Depute, to examine some women who had confessed judicially. One of them, who was a silly creature, told me that she had not confest because she was guilty, but being a poor creature who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she would starve, for no person hereafter would give her meat or lodgings, and that all men would beat her and hound dogs at her, and that

* Book v. s. 9.

therefore she desired to be out of the world. Whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness to what she said."* In other cases, the torture was applied not only to the individual accused, but to his relations or friends, to secure confession. In Alison Pearson's case,† it appears that her daughter, a girl of nine years of age, had been placed in the *pilliwinks*, and her son subjected to about fifty strokes in the *boots*. Where the torture was not corporeally applied, terror, confusion, and the influence of others frequently produced the same effect on the weak minds of the accused. In the case of the New England witches in 1696, six of the poor women who were liberated in the general goal delivery which took place after this reign of terror began to decline, (and who had all confessed previously that they had been guilty of the witchcrafts imputed to them,) retracted their confessions in writing, attributing them to the consternation produced by their sudden seizure and imprisonment. "And indeed," said they, "that confession which, it is said, we made was no other than what was suggested to us by some gentlemen, they telling us we were witches, and they knew it, and we knew it, and they knew that we knew it, which made us think that it was so, and our understanding, our reason, and our faculties almost gone, we were not capable of judging our condition. And most of what we said was but a consenting to what they said."‡

But though unquestionably great part of these confessions which at first tended so much to prolong this delusion were obtained by torture, or contrary to the real conviction and belief of the accused, it is impossible to deny that in many cases the confessions were voluntary, and proceeded from actual belief. Nor was it to be wondered at that persons of a weak and melancholy temperament should, more particularly at a time when the phenomena of nature and of the human body were so little understood, be disposed to set down every occurrence which they could not explain, and every wild phantasm which crossed their minds, to the direct and immediate agency of an evil power. At that period even the most natural events were ascribed to witchcraft. If a child after being touched by a suspected individual died or became ill, the convulsions were ascribed to diabolical interference, as in Wenham's case so late as 1712.§ If, on the contrary, she cured instead of killing, the conclusion was the same, although the only charm employed might be a prayer to the Almighty.|| If an old

* Criminal Law. Tit. x.

† Records of Justiciary. Trial of the Master of Orkney.

‡ Calef's Journal.

§ Cobbett's State Trials.

|| Trial of Bartie Paterson. Records of Scottish Justiciary. Dec. 18, 1607.

woman's cat coming to the door at night took part in a concert with other cats, this was nothing but a witch herself in disguise.* In the case of Robert Erskine of Dun,† tried for the murder of his nephews, he is indicted for making away with them by *poisoning* and *witchcraft*, as if the poisoning was not of itself amply sufficient to account for their death.

It was still less wonderful that those mysterious phenomena which sometimes occur in the human frame, such as spontaneous combustion, delusions arising from the state of the brain and nerves, and optical deceptions, should appear to the sufferer to be the work of the devil, whose good offices they might very probably have invoked under some fit of despondency or misanthropy, little expecting, like the poor man in the fable who called on Death, to be taken at their word. What a "Thesaurus of Horror" would the spectres of Nicolai, or Nicholson, have afforded in the sixteenth century or the commencement of the seventeenth, if embodied in the pages of the *Malleus* or the *Flagellum Dæmonum*, instead of being quietly published by the patients as optical and medical phenomena in the *Berlinische Monatschrift* for 1799, and the 15th volume of the *Philosophical Journal*! What a fearful glimpse into the infernal world would have been afforded by the still more frightful illusions which haunted poor Backzko of Königsberg‡ during his political labours in 1806;—the grinning negro who seated himself opposite to him, the owl-headed tormentor that used to stare at him every night through his curtains, the snakes twisting and turning about his knees as he turned his periods! If we turn back to 1651, we find our English Jacob Böhme, Pordage,§ giving an account of visions which must have been exactly of the same kind, arising from an excited state of the brain, with the most thorough conviction of their reality. His Philadelphian disciples, Jane Leade, Thomas Bromley, Hooker, Sabberton, and others, were indulged, on the first meeting of their society, with a vision of unparalleled splendor. The princes and powers of the infernal world passed in review before them, sitting in coaches, surrounded with dark clouds and drawn by a cortege of lions, dragons, tigers and bears: then followed the lower spirits arranged in squadrons with cats' ears, claws, twisted limbs, &c.; whether they shut their eyes or kept them open, the

* In Wenham's case, Mr. Chauncy deposed that a cat belonging to Jane Wenham had come and *knocked* at his door at night, and that he had killed it. This was founded on evidence at the trial. In the case of Isabel Grierson, Records of Justiciary, March 10, 1606, an absurdity precisely similar takes place.

† Rec. of Just. 1613, Dec. 1.

‡ See the *Neuer Necrolog. der Deutschen*, 1823. erstes Heft, for an account of these remarkable appearances.

§ Divina et Vera Metaphysica.

appearances were equally distinct; "for we saw," says the master-spirit Pordage, "with the eyes of the mind, not with those of the body."

And shapes that come not at a mortal call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid.
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid
Once raised remains aghast, and will not fall.

(Wordsworth's *Dion.*)

Thus, while phenomena which experience has since shown to be perfectly natural were universally attributed to supernatural causes, men had come to be on the most familiar footing with spiritual beings of all kinds. In the close of the sixteenth century, Dr. Dee was, according to his own account and we verily believe his own conviction, on terms of intimacy with most of the angels. His brother physician, Dr. Richard Napier, a relation of the inventor of the logarithms, got almost all his medical prescriptions from the angel Raphael. Elias Ashmole had a MS. volume of these receipts, filling about a quire and a-half of paper.* In fact one would almost suppose that few persons at that time condescended to perform a cure by natural means. Witness the sympathetic nostrums of Valentine Greatrakes and Sir Kenelm Digby; or the case of Arise Evans, reported by Aubrey,† who "had a fungous nose, and to whom it was *revealed* that the king's hand would cure him, and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kissed the king's hand and *rubbed his nose with it, which troubled the king, but cured him.*" In Aubrey's time too, the visits of ghosts had become so frequent, that they had their exits and their entrances without exciting the least sensation. Aubrey makes an entry in his journal of the appearance of a ghost as coolly as a merchant now-a-days makes an entry in his ledger. "Anno 1670. Not far from Cirencester was an apparition. Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume and a melodious twang."

Is it to be wondered at, then, that surrounded on all hands with such superstitious fancies, the weak and depraved were early brought to believe that all the wild chimæras of the dæmonologists were true, and that they had really concluded that covenant with Satan, the possibility of which was universally inculcated as an article of faith, and the idea of which was constantly present to their minds? Or, that under the influence of this frightful delusion they should voluntarily come forward to confess

* We cannot help thinking that the prefixed characters which Ashmole interprets, to mean *Responsum Raphaelis*, seem remarkably to resemble that cabalistic looking initial which in medical prescriptions is commonly interpreted "Recipe."

† p. 164.

their imaginary crime, as in the Amsterdam case of the poor girl who accused herself of bewitching cattle by the words Shurius, Turius, Tirius,* or in another still more remarkable case in 1687, mentioned in Reichard's *Beyträge*† where a young woman accused herself, her friend, and the mother of her friend, of a long course of witchcraft, with all the usual traditional and impossible horrors of Sprenger and his brethren.

Neither, we are afraid, is there much reason to doubt that some of the most horrible of their conceptions were founded on facts which were but too real; that the cunning and the depraved contrived to turn the extacies and the fears of these poor wretches to their own purposes; in short, that frauds similar to those which Boccaccio has painted in his novel of the angel Gabriel, were occasionally played off upon the deluded victims. Without entering farther on a topic which is rather of a delicate kind, the reader will have an idea of our meaning, who recollects the disclosures that took place in the noted French case of Father Girard and La Cadiere.

Much has been said as to the wonderful coincidences to be found in the evidence of the accused when examined separately; the minuteness of their details, and the general harmony of the infernal narratives, as collected from the witch trials of different countries.‡ But the truth is that this assertion must in the first place be received with great limitations, for in many cases, where, were we to take the assertions of Sprenger and the rest as true, we should suppose the coincidence to be complete, the original confessions which still exist prove that the resemblance was merely general, and that there were radical and irreconcilable differences in the details of the evidence. In as far as the assertion is really true, one simple explanation goes far to account for the phenomenon;—"Iusanire parent *certâ ratione* modoque." The general notions of the devil and his demeanour, the rites of the infernal sabbath, &c. being once fixed, the visions which crossed the minds of the unfortunate wretches accused soon assumed a pretty determinate and invariable form; so that even if left to tell their own story, there would have been the closest resemblance between the narratives of different individuals. But this was not all. In almost every case the confessions were merely the echo of questions put by the inquisitors, all of which again were founded on the dæmonological creed of the *Malleus*. One set of questions is put to all the witches, and the answers, being almost always

* Dapper (Beschreibung von Amsterdam, p. 150) describes her as a melancholy or hypochondriac girl. She was burnt however, as usual.

† Vol. i. p. 100, et seq.

‡ Horst, Vol. i.

simple affirmatives, necessarily correspond. Hence it is amusing enough to observe how different were the results, when the process of investigation fell into the hands of persons to whom Sprenger's manual was unknown. In the Lindheim trials in 1633, to which we have already alluded, the inquisitor happened to be an old soldier, who had witnessed several campaigns in the thirty years war, and who instead of troubling his head about Incubi, Succubi, and the other favorite subjects of inquiry with the disciples of the Hammer, was only anxious to ascertain who was the queen of the infernal spirits, the general, officers, *corporals*, &c. to all of which he received answers as distinct and satisfactory as any that are recorded for our instruction in the chronicles of Bodinus or Delrio.

In the seventeenth century, the manner in which the delusion is communicated seems exactly to resemble those remarkable instances of sympathy which occur in the cases of the Scottish Cambruslang Conversions and of the American Forest Preachings. No sooner has one hypochondriac published his symptoms, than fifty others feel themselves at once affected with the same disorder. In the celebrated Mora case in 1669, with which of course all the readers of Glanvil (and who has not occasionally peeped into his horrors?) are familiar, the disease spreads first through the children, who believed themselves the victims of diabolical agency, and who ascribed the convulsions, faintings, &c. with which they were attacked, to that cause; and next through the unfortunate witches themselves, for as soon as one or two of them, bursting into tears, confessed that the accusation of the children was true, all the rest join in the confession. And what is the nature of their confession? Of all impossible absurdities that ever entered the brain of man, this trial is the epitome. They meet the devil nightly on the Blocula, which is the devil's ball-room in Sweden, as the Brocken is in Germany; they ride thither on sticks, goats, men's backs and spits; they are baptised by a priest provided by the devil; they sup with him, very frugally it would appear, for the banquet commonly consists of broth made with colewort and bacon, oatmeal, bread and butter, milk and cheese; and the devil allows no wine. After supper they dance, and when the devil wishes to be particularly jolly, he pulls the spits from under them, and beats them black and blue, after which he sits down and laughs outrageously. Sometimes he treats them to a musical exhibition on the harp, for he has a great turn for music, as his famous sonata to Tartini proves. All of them confess sexual intercourse with him,* and most of them had sons and daughters by

* This, indeed, is an almost invariable feature in the witch trials, and if the subject could justify the discussion, might lead to some singular medical conclusions.

him. Occasionally he fell sick, and required to be bled and blistered; and once he seemed to be dead, on which occasion there was a general mourning for him on the Blocula, as the Syrian damsels used to bewail the annual wound of their idol Thammuz on Lebanon. Is it not frightful to think that in a trial held before a tribunal consisting of the *élite* of the province of Dalecarlia, assisted by the commissioners from the capital; in a country where, until this time, the witch mania, already beginning to abate in Germany, had scarcely been heard of, and where it ceased earlier, perhaps, than in most other countries in Europe, seventy-two women and fifteen children should have been condemned and executed at one time upon such confessions? Is it possible after this to read without shuddering the cool newspaper-like conclusion of Dr. Horneck? “On the 25th of August execution was done upon the notoriously guilty, *the day being bright and glorious, and the sun shining*, and some thousands of people being present at the spectacle!”

Thirty years before, a similar instance of the progress of the epidemic had taken place at Lille, in the hospital founded by the pious enthusiast Antoinette Bourignon. On entering the school-room one day, she imagined that she saw a number of little black children, with wings, flying about the heads of the girls, and not liking the colour or appearance of these visitors, she warned her pupils to be on their guard. Shortly before this, a girl who had run away from the institution in consequence of being confined for some misdemeanour of which she had been guilty, being interrogated how she had contrived to escape, and not liking probably to disclose the truth, had maintained that she had been liberated by the devil, to whose service she had devoted herself from a child. Nothing more was wanting in that age of diablerie to turn the heads of the poor children; in the course of six months almost all the girls in the hospital, amounting to more than fifty, had confessed themselves confirmed witches, and admitted the usual intercourse with the devil, the midnight meetings, dances, banquets, &c. which form the staple of the narrative of the time. Their ideal banquets seem to have been on a more liberal scale, however, than those of the poor Mora witches; probably because many of the pupils had been accustomed to better fare in a populous and wealthy town in Flanders, than the others in a village in Sweden. Exorcisms and prayers of all kinds followed this astounding disclosure. The Capuchins and Jesuits quarrelled, the Capuchins implicitly believing the reality of the possession, the Jesuits doubting it. The parents of the culprits now turned the tables upon poor Bourignon, by accusing her of having bewitched them; and at last the pious theosophist, after an examina-

tion before the council, was glad to seek safety in flight; having thus obtained a clearer notion than she formerly possessed of the kingdom of Satan, with regard to which she had entertained and published as many strange fancies as the Bishop of Benevento; and having been taught by her own experience the danger of tampering with youthful minds, in which the train of superstition had been so long laid, that it only required a spark from her overheated brain to kindle it into a flame.*

It would appear too that physical causes, and in particular nervous affections of a singular kind, had about this time mingled with and increased the delusion which had taken its rise in these superstitious conceptions of the devil and his influence. During the very year (1669) in which the children at Mora were suffering under convulsions and fainting fits, those in the Orphan Hospital at Hoorn, in Holland, were labouring under a malady exactly similar; but though the phenomena were attributed to diabolical agency, the suspicions of the public fortunately were not directed to any individual in particular.† Another instance of the same kind had taken place about a century before in the Orphan Hospital at Amsterdam, of which a particular account is given in Dapper's History of that city, where the number of the children supposed to be bewitched amounted to about seventy, and where the evil was attributed to some unhappy old women, before whose houses the affected urchins, when led out into the streets, had been more than usually clamorous. Such also appears to have been the primary cause of the tragedies in New England in 1699; of the demoniac exhibitions at Loudon, which were made a pretext for the murder of the obnoxious Grandier; of the strange incidents which occurred so late as 1749 in the Convent of Unterzell at Wurtzburg; and of most of the other more remarkable cases of supposed possession. The mysterious principle of sympathy operating in weak minds, will in fact be found to be at the root of most of the singular phenomena in the history of witchcraft. No wonder then that after the experience of a century, the judges, and even the ignorant public themselves, came at last to suspect, that however the principle might apply to other crimes, the confession of the criminal was not, in cases of witchcraft, the *best* evidence of the fact. In the New England cases, says Mr. Calef (April 25, 1693), "one was tried that confessed; but they were now so well taught what weight to lay upon confessions, that the jury brought her in not guilty, although she confessed she was."

But what a deluge of blood had been shed before even this

* Adelung, *Geschichte der Mensch. Narrheit*, vol. v. p. 245, et fol.

† Franz Cuyper, *von den Teufeln*. Bekker, *Monde Enchanté*.

‡ Also mentioned in Brand's *Geschichte der Reformation*, c. vi.

principle came to be recognised, and still more before the judicial belief in the existence of the crime was fully eradicated! What a spectacle does Europe present from the date of Innocent's Bull down to the commencement of the eighteenth century! Sprenger, Henry Institor, Geiss von Lindheim, and others in Germany; Cumanus in Italy; the Inquisition in Spain; Remigius, Bodinus and De L'Ancre in France and Lorraine, flooring witches on all sides with the *Malleus Maleficarum*, or flogging them to death with the *Flagellum* and *Fustis dæmonum*; Holland, Geneva, Sweden, Denmark, England and Scotland vying with each other in the number of their trials and the depth of their infatuation and bigotry! The Reformation, which uproots other errors, only strengthens and fosters this. Every town and village on the continent is filled with spies, accusers and wretches, who made their living by pretending to detect the secret marks which indicated a compact with the devil;* inquisitors, judges, advocates, executioners, every one connected with these frightful tribunals, on the watch for anything which might afford the semblance of suspicion. To ensure the death or ruin of an enemy, nothing more was necessary in most cases than to throw into this lion's mouth an accusation of magic against him. "Vix aliquis eorum," says Linden, the determined foe of these proceedings, "qui accusati sunt supplicium evasit." The fate of Edelin, of Urban Grandier, and of the Maréchale d'Ancre in France; of Doctor Flaet and Sidonia von Vork in Germany; and of Peter of Abano in Italy,† prove how often the accusation of sorcery was not even believed by the accusers themselves, but was resorted to merely as a certain means to get rid of an obnoxious enemy. Meanwhile the notaries' clerks and officials labouring in their vocation, grew rich from the enormous fees attendant on these trials; the executioner became a personage of first-rate consequence: "generoso equo instar aulici nobilis ferebatur, auro argentoque vestitus. Uxor ejus vestium luxu certabat cum nobilioribus."‡ Some partial diminution of this persecuting zeal took place in consequence of a Rescript of John VII. (18th December, 1591,) addressed to the commission, by which the fees of court were restricted within more moderate bounds; but still the profits arising from this trade in human victims were sufficient to induce the members and de-

* The trade of a pricker, as it was called, i. e. a person who put pins into the flesh of a witch, was a regular one in Scotland and England, as well as on the continent. Sir George M'Kenzie mentions the case of one of them who confessed the imposture (p. 48); and a similar instance is mentioned by Spottiswood, (p. 448.)

† Peter died in prison just in time to escape the flames. He was burnt in effigy, however, after his death.

‡ Linden, cited by Wyttenbach, *Versuch einer Geschichte von Frier*, vol. iii. p. 110.

pendents of court, like the Bramins in India, to support with all their might this system of purification by fire.

At last, however, the horrors of Wurtzburg and Treves began to open the eyes even of the dumbest to the progress of the danger, which, commencing like Elijah's cloud, had gradually overshadowed the land. While the executions were confined to the lower classes, to crazed old women or unhappy foreigners, even those whose more vigorous intellect enabled them to resist the popular contagion, chose rather to sit by spectators of these horrors, than to expose themselves to the fate of Edelin or Flaet, by attacking the madness in which they originated. But now, when the pestilence, spreading on and on, threatened the lives of more exalted victims; when noblemen and abbots, presidents of courts and professors, began to swell the catalogue, and when no man felt secure that he might not suddenly be compelled by torture to bear witness against his own innocent wife or children, selfishness began to co-operate with truth and reason. So, in the same way, in the case of our own New England witchcrafts, the first effectual check which they received was from the accusation of Mrs. Hale, the clergyman's wife: her husband, who till then had been most active in the persecution, immediately received a new light with regard to the transaction, and exerted his whole influence for the suppression of the trials.

The first decisive blow which the doctrines of the inquisitors received in Germany, was from the publication of the *Cautio Criminalis*, in 1631. In the sixteenth century, it is true that Ponzonibius, Wierus, Pietro d'Apone and Reginald Scott, had published works which went to impugn their whole proceedings; but the works of the foreigners were almost unknown in Germany, and that of Wierus was nearly as absurd and superstitious as the doctrines he combatted. It is little to the credit of the reformers that the first work in which the matter was treated in a philosophical, humane and common-sense view, should have been the production of a Catholic Jesuit, Frederick Spee, the descendant of a noble family in Westphalia. So strongly did this exposure of the horrors of the witch trials operate on the mind of John Philip Schonbrunn, Bishop of Wurtzburg, and finally Archbishop and Elector of Mentz, that his first care on assuming the Electoral dignity, was to abolish the process entirely within his dominions—an example which was soon after followed by the Duke of Brunswick and others of the German princes. Shortly after this the darkness begins to break up, and the dawning of better views to appear, though still liable to partial and temporary obscurations—the evil apparently shifting farther north, and re-appearing in Sweden and Denmark in the shape of the trials at

Mora and Fioge. Reichard * has published a rescript of Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, bearing date the 4th Nov. 1654, addressed to the judges in reference to the case of Ann of Ellerbroke, enjoining that the prisoner should be allowed to be heard in defence, before any torture was resorted to, (a principle directly the reverse of those maintained by the inquisitorial courts,) and expressly reprobating the proof by water as an unjust and deceitful test, to which no credit was to be given.† Even where a conviction takes place, as in the Neuendorf trial of Catherine Sempels, we find the sentence of death first passed upon her by the provincial judges, commuted into imprisonment for life by the Electoral Chamber in 1671—a degree of lenity which never could have taken place during the height of the mania.

In 1701, the celebrated inaugural Thesis of Thomasius *de Crimine Magiæ* was publicly delivered, with the highest applause, in the University of Halle, a work which some fifty years before would assuredly have procured the author no other crown but that of martyrdom, but which was now received with general approbation, as embodying the views which the honest and intelligent had long entertained. Thomasius' great storehouse of information and argument was the work of Bekker who again had modelled his on the Treatise of Van Dale on Oracles; and Thomasius, while he adopted his facts and arguments, steeped clear of those Cartesian doctrines which had been the chief cause why the work of Bekker had produced so little practical effect. Still, notwithstanding the good thus produced, the fire of persecution seems smothered only, not extinguished. In 1728, it flames up again at Sigedin in Hungary, where thirteen persons were burnt alive on three scaffolds, for witchcraft, under circumstances of horror worthy of the wildest periods of this madness.‡ And so late as 1749, comes the frightful story of Maria Renata, of Wurtzburg, the whole official details of which are published by Horst, and which in its atrocity was worthy to conclude the long series of murders which had polluted the annals of Bamberg. This trial is remarkable from the feeling of disgust it seems to have excited in Germany, Italy, and France; and the more so, because, whatever may be thought of the reality of her pretensions, there seems no doubt from the evidence that Maria was by no means immaculate, but *was* a dabbler in spells and potions, a *venefica* in the sense of the Theodosian code. But there is a time, as Solo-

* *Beyträge zur beförderung einer nähern einsicht in das gesammte Geisterreich*, vol. i. p. 284.

† So viel der Wasserprobe bebrifft darauf ist nicht zusehen, sintemal solches ein widerrechtlich und trüglic Mittel ist, darauf hat man kein Fundament zu setzen.

‡ Bodmer, *Jus Ecclesiast. Prob.* tom. v. t. xxv.

mon says, for every thing under the sun; and the glories of the *Malleus Maleficarum* were departed. The consequence was, that taking this trial as their text book, various foreigners, particularly Maffei, Tartarotti, and Dell' Ossa, attacked the system so vigorously, that since that time the adherents of the old superstition seem to have abandoned the field in Germany.

Matters had come to a close much sooner in Switzerland and France. In the Catholic Canton of Glarus, it is said, a witch was burnt even so late as 1786;* but in the Protestant cantons no trials seem to have taken place for two centuries past. The last execution in Geneva was that of Michel Chauderon, in 1652.† Sebastian Michaelis, indeed, would have us to believe, that at one time the Tribunal at Geneva put no criminal accused of witchcraft to death, unless on proof of their having done actual injury to men or animals, and that the other phenomena of confessions, &c., were regarded as mere mental delusions.‡ If such, however, was originally the case, this humane rule was unfortunately soon abandoned; for no where did the mania of persecution at one time rage more than in Geneva, as is evident from Delrio's preface. It seems fairly entitled, however, to the credit of having been the first state in Europe which emancipated itself from the influence of this bloody superstition.

In France, the edict of Louis XIV., in 1682, directed merely against *pretended* witches and prophets, proves distinctly that the belief in the reality of witchcraft had ceased, and that it was merely the pretended exercise of such powers which it was thought necessary to suppress. It is highly to the credit of Louis and his ministry, that this step was taken by him in opposition to a formal *Requête* by the Parliament of Normandy, presented in the year 1670, on the occasion of his majesty having commuted the punishment of death into banishment for life, in the case of a set of criminals whom the Parliament had condemned *more majorum* for witchcraft.§ In this apology for their belief, they reminded Louis of the inveterate practice of the kingdom, of the numerous arrêts of the Parliament of Paris, from the trials in Artois, in 1459, reported by Monstrelet, down to that of Leger, in May, 1616; of the judgments pronounced under the commission addressed by Henry the Great to the Sieur de L'Ancre, in 1609; of those pronounced by the Parliament of Thoulouse, in 1577; of the celebrated case of Gaufridy, in 1611;

* *Conversations-Lexicon*, Art. Hexerey.

† Keysler, *Reise-Beschreibung durch Deutschland*, p. 208.

‡ *Pneumatologie*, p. 53 et 55.

§ The Abbé Fiard, one of the latest believers on record, has printed the *Requête* at full length in his *Lettres sur la Magie*, p. 117 et seq.

of the arrêts of the Parliaments of Dijon and Rennes, following on the remarkable trial of Maréchal de Retz, in 1441, who was burnt for magic and sorcery in the presence of the Duke of Bretagne: and after combating the authority of a canon of the Council of Ancyra, and of a passage in St. Augustine, which had been quoted against them by their opponents, they sum up their pleading with the following placid and charitable supplication to his majesty—"Qu'elle voudra bien souffrir l'exécution des arrêts qu'ils ont rendus, et leur permettre de continuer l'instruction et jugement des procès des personnes accusés de sortilège, et que la piété de votre majesté ne souffrira pas que l'on introduise durant son règne une nouvelle opinion contraire aux principes de la religion, pour laquelle votre majesté a toujours si glorieusement employé ses soins et ses armes." Notwithstanding this concluding compliment to his majesty's zeal and piety, it is doubtful whether the Parliament of Normandy, in their anxiety for the support of their constitutional privileges, could have taken a more effectual plan to ruin their own case, than by thus presenting Louis with a sort of anthology or elegant extracts from the atrocities of the witch trials; and in all probability the appearance of the edict of 1680 was accelerated by the very remonstrance by which the Norman sages had hoped to strangle it.

In turning from the continent to the state of matters in England and Scotland, the prospect is anything but a comfortable one; and certainly nothing can be more deceitful than the unction which Dr. Francis Hutchinson lays to his soul, when he ventures to assert that England was one of those countries where its horrors were least felt and earliest suppressed. Witness the trials and convictions which, even before the enactment of any penal statute, took place for this imaginary offence, as in the case of Bolingbroke and Margery Jourdain, whose incantations the genius of Shakespeare has rendered familiar to us in the Second Part of King Henry VI. Witness the successive statutes of Henry VIII.,* of Elizabeth,† and of James I.,‡ the last only repealed in 1736,§ and passed while Coke was attorney-general, and Bacon a member of the Commons! Witness the exploits of Hopkins, the witch-finder-general, against the wretched creatures in Lincolnshire, of whom—

Some only for not being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches.

Hudibras, Part II. Canto III.

* 1541, c. 8.

† 5 Elizabeth, c. 15, 1562.

‡ 1 James, c. 12.

§ By the 9th Geo. II.

What would the Doctor have said to the list of THREE THOUSAND victims executed during the dynasty of the Long Parliament alone, which Zachary Grey, the editor of *Hudibras*, says he himself perused? What absurdities can exceed those sworn to in the trials of the witches of Warbois, whose fate was, in Dr. Hutchinson's days, and perhaps is still annually, "improved" in a commemoration sermon at Cambridge? or in the case of the luckless Lancashire witches, sacrificed, as afterwards appeared, to the villainy of the impostor Robinson, whose story furnished materials to the dramatic muse of Heywood and Shadwell? How melancholy is the spectacle of a man like Hale condemning Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, in 1664, on evidence which, though corroborated by the opinion of Sir Thomas Brown, a child would now be disposed to laugh at? A better order of things, it is true, commences with the chief-justiceship of Holt. The evidence against Mother Munnings, in 1694, would, with a man of weaker intellect, have sealed the fate of the unfortunate old woman; but Holt charged the jury with such firmness and good sense, that a verdict of not guilty, almost the first then on record in a trial for witchcraft, was found. In about ten other trials before Holt, from 1694 to 1701, the result was the same. Wenham's case, which followed in 1711, sufficiently evinced the change which had taken place in the feelings of judges. Throughout the whole trial, Chief Justice Powell seems to have sneered openly at the absurdities which the witnesses, and in particular the clergymen who were examined, were endeavouring to press upon the jury; but with all his exertions, a verdict of guilty was found against the prisoner. With the view, however, of securing her pardon, by showing how far the prejudices of the jury had gone, he asked when the verdict was given in, "whether they found her guilty upon the indictment for conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" The foreman answered, "we find her guilty of that!" It is almost needless to add that a pardon was procured for her. And yet frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged *nine*, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm, by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes; the penal statutes against witchcraft being repealed in 1736, and the pretended exercise of such arts being punished in future by imprisonment and pillory. Even yet, however, the case of *Rex v. Weldon*, in 1809, and the still later case of *Barker v. Ray*, in Chancery (Aug. 2, 1827), proves that the popular belief in such practices has by no means ceased; and it is only about two years ago, that a poor woman narrowly escaped with her life from a revival of Hopkins' trial by water. Barrington, in his observations on the

statute 20 Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on this charge at 30,000!

We now turn to Scotland. Much light will soon be thrown on the rise and progress, decline and fall of the delusion in that country by the valuable work of Mr. Pitcairn, now in the course of publication,* which contains full abstracts of every trial in the supreme Criminal Court of Scotland. Four numbers of this very important and interesting publication have already appeared, bringing matters down to the year 1602, in which, avoiding the flippancy and political bias of Arnot, and at the same time not troubling the public with mere formal and uninteresting technicalities, the author has given a faithful and minute view of the procedure in each case, accompanied with full extracts from the original documents, where they contained any thing of interest, and with such notes merely as are necessary for the understanding of the text. The interest of this work increases with every number. We shall avail ourselves of the parts already published, while we shall also extract from the MS. Records of the Justiciary such notices as appear to be illustrative of the subject of this article.†

In no country perhaps did this gloomy superstition assume a darker or bloodier character than in Scotland. Wild, mountainous, and pastoral countries, partly from the striking, varied, and sometimes terrible phenomena which they present—partly from the habits and manner of life, the tendency to thought and meditation which they create and foster, have always been the great haunts in which superstition finds its cradle and home. The temper of the Scots, combining reflection with enthusiasm—their mode of life in earlier days, which amidst the occasional bustle of wild and agitating exertion, left many intervals of mental vacuity in solitude—their night watches by the cave on the hill side—their uncertain climate of sunshine and vapour and storm—all contributed to exalt and keep alive that superstitious fear with which ignorance looks on every extraordinary movement of Nature. From the earliest period of the Scottish annals, “All was bot gaistis, and Eldrich phantasie;” the meteors and auroræ boreales which prevailed in these mountainous tracks were tortured into apparitions of horsemen combating in the air, or corpse-candles burning on the hill tops.‡ Skeletons danced as familiar guests at the nuptials of our kings.§ Spectres warned them back

* Trials and other Proceedings in Matters Criminal before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland, selected from the Records of that Court. By Robert Pitcairn. Edinburgh. 4to.

† Since this Article was put in types, we observe an announcement of a History of Dæmonology and Witchcraft, for Murray's *Family Library*, by the person best qualified perhaps in Europe for the task—Sir Walter Scott.

‡ Holingshed, vol. i. p. 50—p. 317.

§ At the second marriage of Alexander III., Fordun, vol. ii. p. 128. Boece, p. 294, cd. 1574.

from the battle-field of Flodden, and visionary heralds proclaimed from the market cross the long catalogue of the slain.

“ Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While nought confirmed, could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien;
Yet darkly did it seem as there
Heralds and pursuivants appear,
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim.”—*Marmion*, Canto V.

Incubi and succubi wandered about in all directions with a degree of assurance and plausibility which would have deceived the very elect,* and wicked churchmen were cited by audible voices and an accompaniment of thunder before the tribunal of Heaven.† The annals of the thirteenth century are dignified with the exploits of three wizards, before whom Nostradamus and Merlin must stoop their crests, Thomas of Erildoune, Sir Michael Scott, and Lord Soulis. The Tramontane fame of the second had even crossed the Alps, for Dante‡ accommodates him with a place in Hell between Bonatto, the astrologer of Guido de Monte Feltro, and Asdente, of Parma.

But previous to the Reformation, these superstitious notions, though generally prevalent, had hardly assumed a form much calculated to disturb the peace of society. Though in some cases, where these powers had been supposed to have been exercised for treasonable purposes, the punishment of death had been inflicted on the witches,§ men did not as yet think it necessary merely for the supposed possession of such powers, or their benevolent exercise to apply the purifying power of fire to eradicate the disorder. Sir Michael and the Rhymer lived and died peaceably; and the tragical fate of the tyrant Soulis on the Nine Stane Rigg was owing, not to the supposed sorceries which had polluted his Castle of Hermitage, but to those more palpable atrocities which had been dictated by the demon of his own evil conscience, and executed by those iron-handed and iron-hearted agents, who were so readily evoked by the simpler spell of feudal despotism.

From the commencement of the Records of the Scottish Justiciary Court, down to the reign of Mary, no trial properly for

* Boece, p. 149.

† In the case of Cameron, Bishop of Glasgow, 1466.—Buchanan. Pitscottie.

‡ Quell' altro che nei fianchi è così poco

Michele Scotto fu che veramente

Delle magiche frodi seppe il giuoco.—Canto XX.

§ As in the case of the witches at Forres, who attempted to destroy King Duffus by the favourite pagan charm of roasting his image in wax; and those burnt at Edinburgh for a similar attempt against James III., in 1479.

witchcraft appears on the record. For though in the case of the unfortunate Countess of Glamis, executed in 1536, during the reign of James V., on an accusation of treasonably conspiring the king's death by poison, some hints of sorcery are thrown into the ditty, probably with the view of exciting a popular prejudice against one whose personal beauty and high spirit rendered her a favorite with the people, it is obvious that nothing was really rested on this charge. But with the introduction of the Reformation "*novus rerum nascitur ordo.*" Far from divesting themselves of the dark and bloody superstitions which Innocent's bull had systematized and propagated, the German reformers had preserved this, while they demolished every other idol, and moving

"In dismal dance around the furnace blue,"

had made even children pass through the fire to Moloch. Their Scottish brethren, adopting implicitly the creed of their continental prototypes, transplanted to our own country, a soil unfortunately but too well prepared for such a seed, the whole doctrine of Satan's visible agency on earth, with all the grotesque horrors of his commerce with mankind. The aid of the sword of justice was immediately found to be indispensable to the weapons of the spirit; and the verse of Moses which declares that a witch shall not be suffered to live, was forthwith made the groundwork of the Act 73 of the ninth parliament of Queen Mary, which enacted the punishment of death against witches or consultants with witches.

The consequences of this authoritative recognition of the creed of witchcraft became immediately obvious with the reign of James which followed. Witchcraft became the all-engrossing topic of the day, and the ordinary accusation resorted to whenever it was the object of one individual to ruin another, just as certain other offences were during the reign of Justinian, and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy. In Scotland the evil was not less busy in high places, than among the humbler beings, who had generally been professors of the art magic. A sort of relation of clientage seems to have been established between the operative performers, and those noble patrons (chiefly, we regret to say of the fair sex) by whom their services were put in requisition. The Lady Buccleugh, of Branksholm Hall, whose spells have furnished our own Northern Wizard with some of his most striking pictures; the Countess of Athol, the Countess of Huntly, the wife of the Chancellor Arran, the Lady Ker, wife of James, Master of Requests, the Countess of Lothian, the Countess of Angus, (more fortunate in her generation than her grandmother Lady Glamis,) were all, if we are to believe the

scandal of Scotstarvet, either protectors of witches or themselves dabblers in the art.* Even Knox himself did not escape the accusation of witchcraft; the power and energy of mind with which Providence had gifted him, the enemies of the Reformation attributed to a darker source. He was accused of having attempted to raise "some sanctes" in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, but in the course of this resuscitation upstart the devil himself, having a huge pair of horns on his head, at which terrible sight Knox's secretary became mad with fear, and shortly after died. Nay, to such a height had the mania gone, that Scot of Scotstarvet mentions that Sir Lewis Ballantyne, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, "by curiosity dealt with a warlock called Richard Grahame," (the same person who figures in the trial of Alison Balfour, as a confederate of Bothwell's,) "to raise the devil, who having raised him in his own yard, in the Canongate, he was thereby so terrified that he took sickness and thereof died." This was a "staggering state of Scots statesmen" indeed, when even the supreme criminal judge of Scotland was thus at the head of the delinquents. Well might any unfortunate criminal have said with Angelo—

"Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves."

(*Meas. for Meas. Act II. Scene 2.*)

Nor, in fact, was the Church less deeply implicated than the court and the hall of justice; for in the case of Alison Pearson, (1588,) we find the celebrated Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, laying aside the fear of the Act of Parliament, and condescending to apply to this poor wretch for a potion to cure him of his sickness!

A faith so strong and so general could not be long in manifesting itself in works. In 1572 occurs the first entry in the Justiciary Record, the trial of Janet Bowman, of which no particulars are given, except the emphatic sentence "Convict: and Brynt." No fewer than thirty-five trials appear to have taken place before the Court of Justiciary during the remainder of James's reign, (to 1625,) in almost all of which the result is the same as in the case of Bowman.

Two or three of these are peculiarly interesting; one, from the difference between its details and those which form the usual materials of the witch trials; the others, from the high rank of some of those involved in them, and the strange and almost inexplicable extent of the delusion. The first to which we allude

* Scot of Scotstarvet, Home of Godscroft, *passim*.

is that of Bessie Dunlop,* convicted on her own confession; the peculiarity in this case is, that instead of the devil himself *in propria personâ*, the spiritual beings to whom we are introduced are our old friends the fairies, the same sweet elves whom Paracelsus defends, and old Aubrey delighted to honour. Bessie's familiar was a being whom she calls Thom Reed, and whom she describes in her judicial declaration† as "an honest weel elderlie man, gray bairdit, and had ane gray coitt with Lumbard sleeves of the auld fassoun, ane pair of gray brekis, and quhyte schankis gartarrit abone the kne." Their first meeting took place as she was going to the pasture, "gretand (weeping) verrie fast for her kow that was dead, and her husband and child that were lyand sick in the land-ill (some epidemic of the time), and she new risen out of gissane (childbed)." Thom, who took care that his character should open upon her in a favourable light, chid her for her distrust in Providence, and told her that her sheep and her child would both die, but that her husband should recover, which comforted her a little. His true character, however, appeared at a second "forgathering," when he unblushingly urged her "to denye her christendom and renounce her baptism, and the faith she took at the fount stane." The poor witch answered, that "though she should be riven at horse-tails she would never do that," but promised him obedience in all things else, a qualified concession with which he rather grumblingly departed. His third appearance took place in her own house, in presence of her husband and *three* taylors (three!). To the infinite consternation of this trio and of the gudeman, he took her by the apron and led her out of the house to the kiln-end, where she saw eight women and four men sitting; the men in gentlemen's clothing, and the women with plaids round about them, and "very seemly to see." They said to her, "Welcome Bessie, wilt thou go with us?" but as she made no answer to this invitation, they, after some conversation among themselves which she could not understand, disappeared of a sudden, and "a hideous ugly sough of wind followed them." She was told by Thom, after their departure, that these "were the gude wights that wonned in the Court of Elfane," and that she ought to have accepted of their invitation. She afterwards received a visit from the Queen of Elfane, in person, who condescendingly asked a drink of her, and prophesied the death of her child and the recovery of her husband. The use which poor Bessie made of her privileges was of the most harmless kind, for her spells seem to have been all exerted to cure, and not to kill. Most of the articles of her indictment are for cures performed, nor is there any charge against

* Nov. 8, 1576. Pitcairn, vol. i. p. 48.

† *Ib.* p. 51.

her of exerting her powers for a malicious purpose. As usual, however, she was convicted and burnt.

This was evidently a pure case of mental delusion, but it was soon followed by one of a darker and more complex character, in which, as far as the principal actor was concerned, it seems doubtful whether the mummery of witchcraft formed anything more than a mere pageant in the dark drama of human passions and crimes. We allude to the trials of Lady Fowlis and of Hector Munro of Fowlis, for witchcraft and poisoning, in 1590. This is one of those cases which might plausibly be quoted in support of the ground on which the witch trials have been defended by Selden, Bayle, and the writers of the *Encyclopedie*;—namely, the necessity of punishing the pretensions to such powers, or the belief in their existence, with as great rigour, as if their exercise had been real. “The law against witches,” says Selden, “does not prove there be any, but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men’s lives. If one should profess that by turning his hat and crying buz, he could take away a man’s life, though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this were a just law made by the state, that whoever should turn his hat thrice, and cry buz, with an intention to take away a man’s life, shall be put to death.” We shall hardly stop to expose the absurdity of this doctrine of Selden in the abstract, which thus makes the will universally equal to the deed; but when we read such cases as that of Lady Fowlis, it cannot at the same time be denied, that the power which the pretended professor of such arts thus obtained over the popular mind, and the relaxation of moral principle with which it was naturally accompanied in the individual himself, rendered him a most dangerous member of society. In general, the profession of sorcery was associated with other crimes, and was frequently employed as a mere cover by which these might with the more security and effect be perpetrated. The philters and love-potions of La Voisin and Forman; the private court calendar of the latter, containing “what ladies loved what lords best,” (which the chief justice prudently would not allow to be read in court,) are sufficiently well known. Charms of a more disgusting nature appear to have been supplied by our own witches, as in the case of Roy, tried before the sheriff of Perth, in 1601, the details of which we presume Mr. Pitcairn will not extract;* and in that of Colquhoun, of Luss, tried for sorcery and incest, in 1633,† where the instrument of seduction was a jewel obtained from a necromancer. In short, wherever any flagitious purpose was to be effected, nothing more was necessary

* Rec. of Just. May 27, 1601.

† Jan. 11, 1633.

than to have recourse to some notorious witch. In poisoning, in particular, they were accomplished adepts, as was naturally to be expected from the power it gave them of realizing their own prophecies. Poisoners and witches are classed together in the conclusion of Louis XIV.'s edict; and the trials before the *Chambre Ardente* prove that the two trades were generally found in harmonious juxta-position. Our own Mrs. Turner, in England, affords us no bad specimen of this union of the poisoner with the procuress and the witch; while the prevalence of the same connection in Scotland, appears from the details of the case of Robert Erskine, of Dun, from that of the daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, Euphemia Macalzean, and still more from the singular case of Lady Fowlis.

The object of the conspirators in this last case was the destruction of the young lady of Balnagown, which would have enabled George Ross, of Balnagown, to marry the young Lady Fowlis. But in order to entitle them to the succession of Fowlis, supposing the alliance to be effected, a more extensive slaughter was required. Lady Fowlis's step-sons, Robert and Hector, with their families, stood in the way, and these were next to be removed. Nay, the indictment goes the length of charging her with projecting the murder of more than thirty individuals, including an accomplice of her own, Katharine Ross, the daughter of Sir David Ross, whom she had seduced into her schemes, a woman apparently of the most resolute temper, and obviously of an acute and penetrating intellect; there seems reason to doubt whether she had any faith in the power of the charms and sorceries to which she resorted, but she probably thought that in availing herself of the services of those hags whom she employed, the more prudent course would be to allow them to play off their mummeries in their own way, while she combined them with more effective human means. Accordingly the work of destruction commenced with the common spell of making two pictures of clay, representing the intended victims; but instead of exposing them to the fire, or burying them with their heads downward, the pictures were in this case hung up on the north side of the room, and the lady, with her familiars, shot several arrows, shod with elf-arrow heads, at them, but without effect. Though the Lady Fowlis gave orders that other two pictures should be prepared, in order to renew the attempt, she seems forthwith to have resorted to more vigorous measures, and to have associated Katharine Ross, and her brother George, in her plans. The first composition prepared for her victims was a stoupfull of poisoned ale, but this ran out in making. She then gave orders to prepare "a pig of ranker poison, that would kill shortly," and this she

despatched by her nurse to the young Laird of Fowlis. Providence, however, again protected him: the "pig" fell and was broken by the way, and the nurse, who could not resist the temptation of tasting the contents, paid the penalty of her curiosity with her life. So corrosive was the nature of the potion, that the very grass on which it fell was destroyed. Nothing, however, could move Lady Fowlis from her purpose. Like Mrs. Turner, who treated Overbury with spiders, cantharides, and arsenic, alternately, that she might be able to "hit his complexion," she now proceeded to try the effect of "ratton poyson," (ratsbane,) of which she seems to have administered several doses to the young laird, "in eggs, browis, or kale," but still without effect, his constitution apparently proving too strong for them. She had more nearly succeeded, however, with her sister-in-law, her female victim. The "ratton poyson" which she had prepared for Lady Balnagown, she contrived, by means of one of her subsidiary hags, to mix in a dish of kidneys, on which Lady Balnagown and her company supped, and its effects were so violent, that even the wretch by whom it had been administered revolted at the sight. At the date of the trial, however, it would seem the unfortunate lady was still alive. Lady Fowlis was at last apprehended on the confession of several of the witches she had employed, and more than one of whom had been executed before her own trial took place. The proceedings after all terminated in an acquittal, a result which is only explicable by observing that the jury was evidently a packed one, and consisted principally of the dependants of the houses of Munro and Fowlis.

This scene of diablerie and poisoning, however, did not terminate here. It now appeared that Mr. Hector, one of his step-mother's intended victims, had himself been the principal performer in a witch underplot directed against the life of his brother George. Unlike his more energetic stepmother, credulous to the last degree, he seems to have been entirely under the controul of the hags by whom he was surrounded, who harassed and terrified him with fearful predictions and ghastly exhibitions of all kinds. He does not appear to have been naturally a wicked man, for the very same witches who were afterwards leagued with him against the life of George, he had consulted* with a view of curing his elder brother Robert, by whose death he would have succeeded to the estates. But being seized with a lingering illness, and being told by his familiars that the only chance he had of recovering his health was that his brother should die for him, he seems quietly to have devoted him to death, under the strong

* Vide Trial. Pitcairn, vol. i. pp. 203, and following.

instinct of self-preservation. In order to prevent suspicion, it was agreed that his death should be lingering and gradual, and the officiating witch, who seemed to have the same confidence in her own nicety of calculation as the celebrated inventress of the *poudre de successions*, warranted the victim until the 17th of April following. It must be admitted that the incantations which followed were well calculated to produce a strong effect, both moral and physical, on the weak and credulous being on whom they were played off. Shortly after midnight, in the month of January, the witches left the house in which Mr. Hector was lying sick at the time, and passed to a piece of ground lying betwixt the lands of two feudal superiors, where they dug a large grave. Hector Munro, wrapped in blankets, was then carried forth, the bearers all the time remaining dumb, and silently deposited in the grave, the turf being laid over him and pressed down with staves. His foster-mother, Christian Neill, was then ordered to run the breadth of nine riggs, and returning to the grave, to ask the chief witch "which was her choice." She answered that Mr. Hector was her choice to live, and his brother George to die for him. This cooling ceremony being three times repeated, the patient, frozen with cold and terror, was carried back to bed. Mr. Hector's witches were more successful than the hags employed by his stepmother. George died in the month of April as had been predicted, doubtless by other spells than the force of sympathy, and Hector appears to have recovered. He had the advantage, however, of a selected jury on his trial, as well as Lady Fowlis, and had the good fortune to be acquitted.

Scarcely had the agitation produced by these trials subsided, when the public mind was again confounded by a new, a more extensive, and almost inexplicable scene of enchantment, directed against the life of James and his Queen, in 1591.

The first hint of those strange proceedings which were afterwards disclosed, was derived from the confessions of a girl named Gellie, or Gellis Duncan, servant to the Deputy Bailiff of Tra-nent. Some sudden cures performed by this girl, and other suspicious points in her conduct, having attracted the observation of her master, he, with a laudable anxiety for the discovery of the truth, "did, with the help of others, torment her with the torture of the pilliewinkis" (a species of thumbscrew) "upon her fingers, which is a grievous paine, and binding or wrenching her head with a cord or rope, which is a most cruel torment also."* But notwithstanding these persuasive applications, no confession could be extorted. At last it was suggested by some of the operators,

* News from Scotland, declaring the damnable life of Dr. Fian.—*Pitcairn*, vol. i. p. 213.

that her silence was owing to her having been marked by the devil, and on a diligent examination the mark was found on the fore part of the throat. No sooner was it detected than the charm was burst: she confessed that all her cures were performed by the assistance of the devil, and proceeded to make disclosures relative to the extent of her guilt, and the number of associates, which utterly eclipse all the preceding "discoveries of witchcraft" with which the criminal records furnish us down to this time. Thirty or forty different individuals, some of whom, as the pamphlet observes, were "as civil honest women as anie that dwelled within the city of Edinburgh," were denounced by her, and forthwith apprehended upon her confession. Nor was this list confined to the lower classes, from whom the victims offered to this superstition had generally been selected; for among those apprehended on Duncan's information was Euphemia Macalzean, the daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, one of the senators of the College of Justice.

To trace out the wide field of witchcraft which was opened to him by the confessions of the accused as they were successively examined, was an employment highly congenial to the credulous mind of James, prone to every superstition, and versed in all the traditionary lore of Sprenger and Bodinus. Day after day he attended the examinations in person, was put into a "wonderful admiration" by every new trait of grotesque horror which their confessions disclosed, and even carried his curiosity so far as to send for Gellie Duncan herself, who had, according to the confession of another witch, Agnes Sampson, (the wise wife of Keith,) played a reel or dance before the witches, as they moved in procession to meet the devil in the kirk of North Berwick, in order that he might himself listen to this infernal air—"who upon the like trumpe did play the said dance before the king's majestie, who in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at these examinations."

All these disclosures, however, it may be anticipated, were not obtained without a liberal application of the usual compulsitor in such cases—the torture. The chief sufferer was a person named Cuninghame, who figures in the trials under the name of Dr. Fian, a schoolmaster, near Tranent, and apparently a person of dissolute character, though, as appeared from his conduct on this inquisition, also of singular strength of mind and firmness of nerve. He was put to the question, "*first*, by thraving of his head with a rope, whereat he would confess nothing; *secondly*, he was persuaded by *fair means* to confess his folly," (would it not have been as natural to have tried the fair means first?) "but that would prevail as little; lastly, he was put to the most cruel

and severe pain in the world, called the boots,* who, after he had received three strokes, being inquired if he would confess his damnable acts and wicked life, his tongue would not serve him to speak.† Being released from this instrument of torture, he appears, under the influence of the agony produced by it, to have subscribed a confession, embracing not only the alleged charges of conspiracy against the king by means of witchcraft, but a variety of particulars relative to his own life and conversation, by no means of an edifying character.

But the weight to be attached to this confession was soon made apparent by what followed; for Fian, who had been recommitted to prison, and who had appeared for a day or two to be "very solitary" and penitent, contrived in the course of the next night to make his escape, and on his reappréhension and second examination, thought fit, to the great discomposure of James, to deny the whole of the charges which he had previously admitted. "Whereupon the king's majestie, perceiving his stubborn wilfulness," prescribed the following remedy for his relapse. "His nayles upon his fingers were riven and pulled with an instrument called in Scottish a Turkas.‡ And under every naile there was thrust in two needles over even up to the heads. At all which torments, notwithstanding, the doctor never shrunke anie whitt, neither would he then confess it the sooner for all the tortures inflicted upon him. Then was he *with all convenient speed* by commandment conveyed again to the torment of the boots, where he continued a long time, and abode so many blows in them that his legs were crushed and beaten together *as small as might be*, and the bones and flesh so bruised, that the blood and marrow spouted forth in great abundance, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever."

The doctor, it will be seen, did not long require their services; but whether his confession was obtained by fair means or foul, it certainly bears so startling a resemblance to that of the leading witch, Agnes Sampson, a woman whom Spottiswood describes as "matron-like, grave and settled in her answers," that it is hardly to be wondered at that the superstitious mind of James should have been confounded by the coincidence. Nothing in fact, can exceed the general harmony of the accounts given by the different witches of their proceedings, except the ludicrous and yet horrible character of the incidents which they record, and which might well extort, even from James himself, the observa-

* We need hardly remind our readers of the torture of Macbriar by the Boots, before the Privy Council, in the Tales of my Landlord.

† News from Scotland.

‡ Old French, Turquois, from *torquere*, a smith's pincers.

tion he appears to have made in the commencement of the proceedings, that they were all "extreme lyars."

James, it appears, from his singular piety, and the active part which, long before the composition of his *Dæmonology*, he had taken against Satan and his invisible world, had been from the first most obnoxious to his servants upon earth. On one occasion when an unsuccessful attempt had been made against his life, the fiend pleaded (though we do not see why a Scotch devil should speak French) that he had no power over him, adding "Il est homme de Dieu,"* The visit which in a sudden fit of romantic gallantry he paid to Norway, to bring over his queen, was too favourable an opportunity for the instruments of Satan to be neglected, and accordingly it was resolved by the conclave that every exertion should be made to raise such a tempest as should infallibly put an end to the greatest enemy (as Satan himself confidentially admitted to one of the witches,†) whom the devil ever had in the world. The preparations were therefore commenced with all due solemnity. Satan undertook in the first instance to raise a mist so as to strand the king on the English coast, but more active measures being thought necessary, Doctor Fian as the devil's secretary, or register, as he is called throughout these trials, addressed a letter to a distinguished witch, Marion Linkup and others of the sisterhood, directing them to meet their master on the sea within five days, for the purpose of destroying the king.‡ On All-hallowmass-eve, the infernal party, to the number of about 200, embarked, "each in a riddle or sieve, and went into the same very substantially." In what latitude they met with Satan is not stated, but after some cruizing about he made his appearance, and delivered to Robert Grierson a cat which it appears had previously been drawn nine times through the cruik,§ giving the word to "cast the same into the sea! Hola!" And this notable charm was not without its effect, for James, whose fleet was at that time clearing the Danish coast, afterwards declared that his ship alone had the wind contrary, while all the other vessels had a fair one.

The charm upon the water being finished, the witches landed, and after enjoying themselves with wine, which they drank out of the same sieves in which they had previously sailed so "substantially," they moved on in procession towards the kirk of North Berwick, which had been fixed on as their place of rendezvous with their master. The company exceeded 100, of whom 32 are

* Sir James Melville, p. 294.

† Confession of Agnes Sampson.

‡ Indictment against Fian. Pitcairn, vol. i. p. 211.

§ Crook—the hook from which pots are hung over a Scottish kitchen fire.

enumerated in Agnes Sampson's confession. And they were preceded by Gellie Duncan, playing upon the Jew's harp the following ditty:

Cummer, goe ye before, Cummer, goe ye,
Gif ye will not goe before, Cummer, let me.

Here their master was to appear in a character less common in Scotland than on the continent, that of a preacher. Doctor Fian, who, as the devil's register, took the lead in the ceremonies at the kirk, *blew* up the doors, and blew in the lights, which resembled black candles sticking round about the pulpit, while another of the party, Grey Meill, acted as door-keeper. Suddenly the devil himself started up in the pulpit, attired in a gown and hat, both black. The sketch of his appearance given in Sir James Melville's Memoirs has something of the power and picturesqueness of Dante. "His body was hard lyk yrn, as they thoct that handled him, his faice was terrible, his nose lyk the bek of an egle, gret bournyng eyn" (*occhi di bragia*) "his handis and leggis were herry with clawis upon his handis, and feit lyk the griffin, and spak with a how voice." He first called the roll of the congregation, to which each answered by name; he then demanded of them whether they had been good servants, what they had done since the last time they had convened, and what had been the success of their conjurations against the king. Gray Meill the doorkeeper, who was rash enough to remark, that "naething ailet the king yet, God be thankit," was rewarded for this malapropos observation by a great blow. The devil then proceeded to admonish them to keep his commandments, which were simply to do all the evil they could; on his leaving the pulpit, the whole congregation, male and female, did homage to him, by saluting him in a way and manner which we must leave those who are curious in such ceremonies to ascertain from the original indictments.

Such is the strange story in which all the criminals examined before James and the council substantially agree, and unquestionably the singular coincidence of their narratives remains at this day one of the most difficult problems in the philosophy of Scottish history. The fate of the unfortunate beings who confessed these enormities could not in that age of credulity be for a moment doubtful. Fian, to whom, after the inhuman tortures to which he had been subjected, life could not be of much value, was condemned, strangled and burnt. Agnes Sampson underwent a similar fate. Barbara Napier, another person said to have been present at the convention, though acquitted of this charge was condemned on certain other charges of sorcery in the indictment; but so strongly was the mind of James excited, that though he had secured a conviction against her on the whole, he actually

brought the assize to trial for wilful error in acquitting her on this point of dittay. But the most distinguished victim connected with this scene of witchcraft was Euphemia Macalzean, the daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, a woman of strong mind and licentious passions, a devoted adherent to the Roman Catholic faith, a partizan of Bothwell (who was accused by several of the witches as implicated in these practices against the king's life) and a determined enemy to James and to the reformed religion. Whatever may have been the precise extent of this lady's acquirements in sorcery, there can be no doubt that she had been on terms of the most familiar intercourse with abandoned wretches of both sexes, pretenders to witchcraft, and that she had repeatedly employed their aid in attempting to remove out of the way persons who were obnoxious to her, or who stood in the way of the indulgence of her passions. The number of sorceries, poisonings and attempts at poisoning, charged against her in the indictment, almost rivals the accusations against Brinvilliers; and though the jury acquitted her of several of these, they convicted her of participation in the murder of her own godfather, of her husband's nephew, and of Douglas of Pennfrystone; besides being present at the convention of North Berwick, and various other meetings of witches, at which the king's death had been contrived. Her punishment was the severest which the court could pronounce: instead of the ordinary sentence, directing her to be first strangled at a stake and then burnt, the unhappy woman was doomed to be "bund to ane staik and burnt in assis, *quick*, to the death" a fate which she endured with the greatest firmness, on the 25 June, 1591. So deep and permanent was the impression made by these scenes upon the king's mind, that we owe to them the preparation of an act of parliament anent the form of process against witches, mentioned among the unprinted acts for 1597, and more immediately the composition of that notable work of the Scottish Solomon, the "*Dæmonologie*."

In the trials of Bessie Roy,* of James Reid,† of Patrick Currie,‡ of Isobel Grierson,§ and of Grizel Gardiner,|| the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing house-breaking and theft by means of enchantments, and so on. South-

* Just. Rec. 1590.

§ March 10, 1606.

† Just. Rec. July 21, 1603.

|| Sept. 7, 1610. Just. Records.

§ July 23, 1603.

running water, salt, rowan tree, enchanted flints (probably elf-arrow heads), and doggrel verses, generally a translation of the Creed or Lord's Prayer,* were the means employed for effecting a cure. Diseases again were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax, which were placed before the fire or buried with the heads downward; by placing a dead hand,† or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or, as in the case of Grierson, by the simpler process of throwing an enchanted tailzie (slice) of beef against his door. It was immaterial whether the supposed powers of the witch were exerted for good or evil. In the case of Grieve,‡ no malefice (to use the technical term) was charged against him, but simply that he had cured diseases by means of charms; and the same in the case of Alison Pearson;§ but both were executed. Bartie Paterson|| seems to have been the most pious of warlocks, for his patients were uniformly directed, in addition to his prescriptions, to "ask their health at all livand wichtis abone or under the earth, in the name of Jesus." The trial of Robert Erskine of Dun,¶ though given as one for witchcraft, seems to have been a simple case of poisoning, he having merely resorted to a notorious witch, named Margaret Irvine, for the herbs by which he dispatched his nephews. The case of Margaret Wallace, towards the close of James's reign,** deserves notice as being the first where something like a stand was made against some of the fundamental positions of the dæmonologists; the counsel for the prisoner contending strongly against the doctrine, that, in the case of a person accused of witchcraft, every cure performed by her was to be set down to the agency of the devil. The defence, however, though it seems to have been ably conducted, was unsuccessful.

Matters continue much in the same state during the reign of Charles I. From 1625 to 1640 there are eight entries of trials for witchcraft on the Record, one of which, that of Elizabeth Bathgate,†† is remarkable, as being followed by an acquittal. In that of Katharine Oswald,‡‡ the prisoner's counsel had the boldness to argue, that no credit was to be given to the confessions of the other witches, who had sworn to the presence of the prisoner at some of their orgies, "for all lawyers agree," argued he, "that they are not really transported, but only in their fancies, while asleep, in which they sometimes dream they see others there." This reasoning, however, appears to have made no im-

* Vide Agnes Sampson's Trial, Pitcairn, vol. i. pp. 234—237.

† John Neill, March 26, 1631, Just. Rec. John Burgh, Nov. 24, 1643, Ibid.

‡ Just. Rec. Aug. 1, 1623.

§ Pitcairn, vol. i. p. 165.

|| Just. Rec. Dec. 18, 1607.

¶ Just. Rec. Dec. 1, 1613.

** Ibid. March 20, 1622.

†† Ibid. 1633.

‡‡ Ibid. Nov. 3, 1629.

pression on the jury, any more than the argument in Young's case,* that the stoppage of the mill, which she was accused of having effected *twenty-nine years before*, by sorcery, might have been the effect of natural causes. About one half of the convictions during this period proceed on judicial confessions; whether voluntary or extorted does not appear. They are not in general interesting, though some of the details in the trial of Hamilton,† differ a little from the ordinary routine of the witch trials of the time. Having met the devil on Kingston hills, in East Lothian, he was persuaded by the tempter to renounce his baptism—a piece of apostacy for which he received only four shillings. The devil farther directed him to employ the following polite adjuration when he wished to raise him; namely, to beat the ground three times with his stick, and say “rise up, foul thief!” On the other hand, the devil's behaviour towards him was equally uncere- monious; for on one occasion, when Hamilton had neglected to keep his appointment, he gave him a severe drubbing with a baton.

The scene darkens, however, towards the close of this reign with the increasing dominion of the Puritans. In 1640‡ the General Assembly passed an act, that all ministers should take particular note of witches and charmers, and that the commissioners should recommend to the supreme judicature the unsparing application of the laws against them. In 1643, (August 19,) after setting forth the increase of the crime, they recommended the granting of a standing commission from the privy council or justiciary to any “understanding gentlemen or magistrates,” to apprehend, try, and execute justice against the delinquents. The subject appears to have been resumed in 1644, 1645 and 1649,§ and their remonstrances, it would seem, had not been without effect, for in 1649, the year after the execution of Charles, an act of parliament was passed confirming and extending the provisions of Queen Mary's, so as more effectually to reach consulters with witches, in regard to whom it was thought (though we do not see why) that the terms of the former act were a little equivocal. From this time, not only does the number of convictions, which since the death of James had been on the decline, increase, but the features of the cases assume a deeper tinge of horror. The old, impossible and abominable fancies of the *Malleus* were revived in the trials of Janet Barker and Margaret Lauder,|| which correspond in a remarkable manner with some of the evidence in the Mora trials. About thirty trials appear on the record between this last date and the Restoration, only one of which ¶ appears to

* Feb. 4, 1629.

† Vide Acts of Assembly.

‡ Just. Rec. Dec. 28, 1643.

§ Just. Rec. Jan. 22, 1630.

¶ Unprinted Acts of Assembly.

¶ Catharine Casey, Feb. 2, 1658, Just. Rec.

have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit court, held at Glasgow, Stirling and Ayr, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime.*

Numerous, however, as are the cases in the Records of Justiciary, it must be kept in view that these afford a most inadequate idea of the extent to which this pest prevailed over the country. For though Sir George Mackenzie doubts whether in virtue merely of the general powers given by the act, 1563, inferior judges did at any time, of their own authority, try and condemn criminals accused of witchcraft, the same end was managed in a different way. The court of justiciary was anxious to get rid of a jurisdiction which would alone have afforded them sufficient employment, and the privy council were in use to grant commissions to resident gentlemen and ministers, to examine, and afterwards to try and execute, witches, all over Scotland; and so numerous were these commissions, that Wodrow expresses his astonishment at the number found in the Registers. Under these commissions multitudes were burnt in every part of the kingdom. In Mercer's Manuscript Diary, Lamont's Diary, and Whitelock's Memorials,† occasional notices of the numbers burnt are perpetually occurring.

In every case of the kind it would appear that the clergy displayed the most intemperate zeal. It was before them that the poor wretches "delated" of witchcraft were first brought for examination; in most cases after a preparatory course of solitary confinement, cold, famine, want of sleep, or actual torture. On some occasions the clergy themselves actually performed the part of the prickers, and inserted long pins into the flesh of the witches in order to try their sensibility;‡ and in all they laboured by the most persevering investigations to obtain from the accused a confession which might afterwards be used against them on their trial, and which in more than one instance, even though retracted, formed the sole evidence on which the convictions proceeded. In some cases, where the charge against the criminal was, that she was habit and repute a witch, the notoriety of her character was proved before the justiciary court by the oath of a minister,§ just as habit and repute is now proved in cases of theft by that of a police officer.

Though the tide of popular delusion in regard to this crime

* Just. Rec.

† Mercer, MS. copy in Advocate's Library; June, 1597; Sept. 9, 1598. Lamont, p. 7. Whitelock's Memorials; 2d and 25th July, 1645; April 15, 15, 1650; July 24, 1650.

‡ Case of Janet Young, Amot, p. 358.

§ Grizel Gardiner, Sept. 7, 1610, Just. Rec.

may be said to have turned during the reign of Charles II., its opening was, perhaps, more bloody than that of any of its predecessors. In the first year after the Restoration (1661), about twenty persons appear to have been condemned by the justiciary court, two of whom, though acquitted on their first trial, were condemned on the second on new charges.* The numbers executed throughout the country are noticed by Lamont.† Fourteen commissions for trials in the provinces appear to have been issued by the privy council in one day,‡ (November 7, 1661). Of the numbers of nameless wretches who have died and made no sign, under the hands of those "understanding gentlemen," (as the General Assembly's overture styles them,) to whom the commissions were granted, it is now almost impossible to form a conjecture. In reference, however, to the course of procedure in such cases, we may refer to some most singular manuscripts relative to the examination of two confessing witches in Moray-shire in 1662, now in the possession of the family of Rose, of Kilravock; more particularly as the details which they contain are, both from their minuteness and the unparalleled singularity of their contents, far more striking than anything to be found on the Records of Justiciary about this time.

The names of these crazed beldames were Isobel Gowdie and Janet Braidhead. Two of the latter's examinations are preserved; the former appears to have been four times examined at different dates betwixt the 13th April and 27th May, 1662, before the sheriff and several gentlemen and ministers of the neighbourhood; and on one of these is a marking by the Justice Depute Colville, as follows:—"Having read and considered the confession of Isobel Gowdie, within contained, as paction with Sathan, renunciation of baptism, with divers malefices, I find that a commission may be very justly given for her last trial.—*A. Colville.*"§ The confessions are written under the hand of a notary public, and subscribed by all the clergymen, gentlemen and other witnesses present; as would appear to have been the practice where the precognitions were to be transmitted to the justiciary with the view of obtaining a commission to try and punish the crime. What the result of Isobel Gowdie's "last trial" was, it is easy, from the nature of her confessions, to conjecture.

"Non ragioniam' de lor—ma guarda e passa."

* Margaret Hutchinson, 20th August, 1661. Janet Cock, 10th Sept. 1661.

† Page 179.

‡ Privy Council Record.

§ The paper is marked on the back, Edinburgh, 10th July, 1662. Considered and found relevant by the Justice Depute. The part of Janet Braidhead's deposition, which appears to have borne a similar marking by the Justice Depute, is torn off.

Though examined on four different occasions, at considerable intervals of time, and undoubtedly undergoing solitary confinement in the interim, so minute and invariable are the accounts given by Gowdie in particular, of the whole life and conversation of the witches to whom she belonged, that a pretty complete institute of infernal science might be compiled from her confession. The distinctness with which the visions seem to have haunted her, the consistency they had assumed in her own mind, and yet the inconceivable absurdity and monstrosity of these conceptions, to many of which we cannot even allude, furnish some most important contributions to the history of hypochondriac insanity.

Her devotion to the service of the devil took place in the kirk of Auldearn, where she was baptized by him with the name of Janet, being held up by a companion, and the devil sucking the blood from her shoulder and spouting it on his hand.* The band or coven to which they belonged consisted of thirteen, (whose names she enumerates, and some of whom appear to have been apprehended upon her delation,) that being the usual number of the covens. Each is provided with an officer, whose duty it is to repeat the names of the party after Satan, and a maiden, who seems to hold sway over the women, and who is the particular favourite of the devil, is placed at his right hand at feasts. A grand meeting of the covens takes place quarterly, when a ball is given. Each witch has a "sprite" to wait upon her, some appearing "in sad dun, some in grass green, some in sea green, some in yellow." Those of Gowdie's coven were, "Robert the Jakes, Sanders the Reed-Reever, Thomas the Fairy, Swein the Roaring Lion, Thief of Hell wait-upon-herself, MacHector," and so on. Some of these spirits, it would appear, did not stand high in Isobel's opinion, for Robert the Jakes, she says, was aged, and seemed to be "a gowkit glaikit spirit." Each of the witches too received a sobriquet, by which they were generally known.† Satan himself had several spirits to wait upon him; "sometimes he had boots and sometimes shoes upon his feet, but still his feet are forked and cloven." The witches, it appears, occasionally took considerable liberties with his character, on which occasions Satan, on detecting the calumny, used to beat the delinquents "up and down like naked gaists," with a stick, as Charon does the naked spirits in the Inferno, with his oar. (Cant. iii.) He found it much more easy, however, to deal with the warlocks than with the fair sex. "Alexander Elder," says the confessing

* Her fellow-witch, Braidhead, was baptized by the very inappropriate name of *Christian*.

† This seems to have been a common practice in the Infernal ritual. Law gives the nicknames of the Renfrewshire witches, in the Bangarran Case.—*Memorials*, p. 122.

witch, "was soft, and could not defend himself, and did naething but greit and crye while he will be scourging him, but Margaret Wilson in Auldearn would defend herself finely, and cast up her hands to cape the blows, and Bessie Wilson would speak crustily with her tongue, and would be bellin again to him stoutly."

The amusements and occupations of the witches are described with the same firmness and minuteness of drawing. When the devil has appointed an infernal diet, the witches leave behind them, in bed, a besom or three-legged stool, which assumes their shape till their return, a feature exactly corresponding with the Mora trials. When proceeding to the spot where their work is to be performed, they either adopt the shape of cats, hares, &c. or else, mounting upon corn or bean straws, and pronouncing the following charm,—

" Horse and battock, horse and go,
Horse and pellats, ho! ho!"

they are borne through the air to the place of their destination. If any one see these straws in motion, and "does not sanctify themselves," the witches may shoot them dead. This feat they perform with elf-arrow heads, which are manufactured by Satan himself, and his assistants the elf boys, who are described, like the Scandinavian trolls, as little humpbacked creatures who speak "goustie like," (gruffly;) each witch receiving from Satan a certain number of these "Freischütze." A list of forty or fifty persons is given by the witch, who had been destroyed by herself and her companions, by these means; while she also mentions that she had made an unsuccessful attempt against the life of Mr. Harry Forbes, minister of Auldearn, one of the witnesses actually present and subscribing her confession. Another attempt against the life of this minister is described very graphically. The instrument employed was "a bag made of the flesh and guts and galls of toads, the liver of a hare, pickles of corn, parings of nails, of feet, and toes," which olio being steeped all night, and mixed *secundum artem* by Satan himself, was consecrated by a charm dictated by Satan, and repeated by the witches, "all on their knees, and their hair about their shoulders and eyes, holding up their hands, and looking stedfastly on the devil, that he might destroy the said Mr. Harry." This composition one of the witches, who made her way into the minister's chamber, attempted to throw upon him, but was prevented by the presence of some other holy men in the room. Another composition of the same kind intended for the destruction of the lairds of Park and Lochloy was more successful, as appears from the deposition of the other witch, Janet Braidhead. Having prepared the venom, "they came to Inshock in the night time, and scattered it up and down, above and about

the gate, and other places, where the lairds and their sons would most haunt. And then we, in the likeness of crows and rooks, stood above the gate, and in the trees opposite the gate. It was appointed so that if any of them should touch or tramp upon any of it, as well as that it or any of it fall on them, it should strike them with boils and kill them, *which it did, and they shortly died.* We did it to make this house heirless."

It is needless, however, to pursue farther these strange details, which we hope Mr. Pitcairn will publish, in as far as they are capable of being submitted to the public eye, as a most valuable appendix to the records at that time.

It would seem as if the violence of this popular delirium began after 1662 to relax. An interval of six years now occurs without a trial for this crime, while the record bears that James Welsh* was ordered to be publicly whipped for accusing several individuals of it, a fate which he was hardly likely to have encountered some years before. Fountainhall, in noticing the case of the ten poor women convicted on their own confession in 1678,† obviously speaks of the whole affair with great doubt and hesitation. And Sir George Mackenzie, in his *Criminal Law*; the first edition of which appeared in the same year, though he does not yet venture to deny the existence of the crime or the expediency of its punishment, lays down many principles very inconsistent with the practice of the preceding century. "From the horridness of the crime," says he, "I do conclude that of all crimes it requires the clearest relevancy and most convincing probature; and I condemn, next to the wretches themselves, those cruel and too forward judges who burn persons by thousands as guilty of this crime." And accordingly, acting on these humane and cautious principles, Sir George, in his Report to the Judges in 1680,‡ relative to a number of persons then in prison for this crime, stated that their confessions had been procured by torture, and that there seemed to be no other proof against them, on which they were set at liberty. "Since which time," adds Lord Royston, "there has been no trial for this crime before that court, nor before any other court that I know of, except one at Paisley by commission from the Privy Council in anno 1697." This observation of Lord Royston is not altogether correct. The trial at Paisley to which he alludes, is evidently the noted case of the Renfrewshire witches, tried on a charge of sorcery against a girl named Christian Shaw, the daughter of Shaw of Bargarran. The conviction of the accused appears to have taken place prin-

* January, 27, 1662.—*Justiciary Records.*

† Vol. I. Decisions, p. 14.

‡ MS. Notes of Lord Royston.—*Advocates' Library.*

cipally on the evidence of the girl herself, who in the presence of the commissioners played off a series of extasies and convulsion fits, similar to those by which the nuns of Loudon had sealed the fate of Grandier the century before. In this atrocious case, the Commissioners (in the Report presented by them to the Privy Council, 9th March, 1697,) reported that there were twenty-four persons, male and female, suspected of being concerned in the sorceries; and among them, it is to be observed, is a girl of fourteen, and a boy not twelve years of age. After this, we almost feel surprised that out of about twenty who were condemned, only five appear to have been executed. They were burnt on the green at Paisley. The last trial before the Court of Justiciary was that of Elspet Rule, tried before Lord Anstruther, on the Dumfries Circuit, 3d May, 1708, where the prisoner, though convicted by a plurality of voices, was merely sentenced to be burnt on the cheek and banished Scotland for life. The last execution which took place was that of an old woman in the parish of Loth, executed at Dornoch in 1722, by sentence of the Sheriff depute of Caithness, Captain David Ross, of Little Dean. "It is said, that being brought out for execution, the weather proving very severe, she sat composedly warming herself by the fire, while the other instruments of death were made ready!"*

So ends in Scotland the tragical part of the history of witchcraft. In 1735, as already mentioned, the penal statutes were repealed; much to the annoyance, however, of the Seceders, who, in their annual confession of national sins, printed in an act of their Associate Presbytery at Edinburgh in 1743, enumerated, as a grievous transgression, the repeal of the penal statutes "contrary to the express laws of God!" And though in remote districts the belief may yet linger in the minds of the ignorant, it has now, like the belief in ghosts, alchymy, or second sight, only that sort of vague hold on the fancy which enables the poet and romance writer to adapt it to the purposes of fiction, and therewith to point a moral or adorn a tale. And, of a truth, no unimportant moral is to be gathered from the consideration of the history of this delusion; namely, the danger of encouraging those enthusiastic conceits of the possibility of direct spiritual influence, which, in one shape or other, and even in our own days, are found to haunt the brain of the weak and presumptuous. For it is but the same principle which lies at the bottom of the persecutions of the witches, and which shows itself in the quietism of Bourignon, the reveries of Madame Guyon, the raptures of Sister Nativity, the prophecies of Naylor, the dreams of Dr. Dee, or Swedenborg's prospect of the New Jerusalem; still but an emanation of

* Preface to *Law's Memorials*, by Mr. K. Sharpe, p. 107.

that spirit of pride, which, refusing to be "but a little lower than the angels," asserts an immediate communion and equality with them, and which, according to the temper of the patient, feeds him with the gorgeous visions of quietism, or impels him, like a furious Malay, along the path of persecution. Some persons assert that, in this nineteenth century of ours, we have no enthusiasm. In our opinion, on the contrary, we have a great deal too much; at no period, we believe, has enthusiasm, of the worst kind, been more rife; witness the impostures of Southcott and Hohenlohe, and the thousand phantasies which are daily running their brief course of popularity. At no time has that calenture of the brain been more widely diffused, which, as it formerly converted every natural occurrence into the actual agency of the devil, now transforms every leader of a petty circle into a saint, and invests him with the garb and dignity of an apostle. Daily, it appears to us, are the practical and active duties of life more neglected under the influence of this principle; the charity which thinketh no evil of others daily becomes more rare; the stream of benevolence which of old stole deep and silently through the haunts of poverty and sickness at home, is now but poorly compensated by being occasionally thrown up in a few pompous and useless jets, at public subscriptions for distant objects; while even in those whose minds are untinged by the grosser evils to which enthusiasm gives rise, life passes away in vain and illusive dreams of self-complacent superiority, which, as they are based only in pride and constitutional susceptibility, rarely endure when age and infirmity have shaken or removed the materials out of which they were reared. Thus, the enthusiast who, like Mirza, has been contemplating through the long day the Elysian islands that lie beyond the gulph, and already walking in a fancied communion with their myrtle-crowned inhabitants, feels, in spite of all his efforts, that, as evening creeps upon the landscape, the phantasmagoria becomes dimmer and more dim; the bridge, the islands, the genius who stood beside them disappear; till at last nothing remains for him but his own long hollow valley of Bagdad, with its oxen, sheep, and camels grazing on its sides;—this sober, weary, working world, in short, with all its cares and duties, through which, if he had been wisely fulfilling the end for which he was sent into it, he should have been labouring onward with a beneficent activity, not idly dreaming by the way side of the Eden for which he is bound; and so he awakes to a consciousness of his true vocation in life when he is on the point of leaving it, and perceives the value and the paramount necessity of exertion, only when youth, with its opportunities, and its energies, lies behind him for ever, like the shadows of a dream.

ART. II.—1. *Dansk-norsk Litteraturlæxicon*. (Danish and Norse Literary Lexicon.) Kjöbenhavn. 1818. 2 vols. 4to.

2. *Den Danske Digtekunsts Middelalder fra Arrebo til Tullin fremstillet i Academiske Forelæsinger holdne i Aarene, 1798—1800*. Af Professorne Rahbek og Nyerup. (Middle Epoch of Danish Poetry from Arrebo to Tullin, being Lectures delivered in the Academical Sitzings from 1798 to 1800. By Professors Rahbek and Nyerup.) Kjöbenhavn. 1805. 2 vols. 12mo.

THOUGH the political fate of Denmark and Norway has been often associated, yet in some of the most interesting epochs of their earlier and their later history they have been wholly dis-united, and the events of the present century seem to have determined their complete and final separation. Happen what will, it is scarcely to be anticipated that the Norwegians should ever again recognise the authority and government of Copenhagen. Independent they will probably be in the progress of time, but every day widens the gulf which divides them from their former fellow-subjects. They have undoubtedly a common ancestry of fame, and a common language of daily intercourse, but both Danes and Norwegians begin to draw the deep line of demarcation; the great men of one country are no longer claimed as the inheritance of the other, the idioms are beginning to assume a more marked nationality, and the institutions, both social and political, are showing every day more obviously those differences and distinctions which grow out of the contrasted position in which the two nations have been lately placed.

That very remarkable dissimilarities should exist between the inhabitants of the wild, mountainous, frigid, and thinly peopled regions of *Norge*, and the rich, cultivated and populous islands of the Baltic Archipelago, must be anticipated by any one whose eye glances over the European map. Denmark has long possessed all the advantages which a dense population can afford, and though her splendid situation at the entrance of the North Sea has not been turned to that valuable account which even an elementary knowledge of the principles of political economy would have extracted from it, she has still profited not a little by the great streams of commercial intercourse which are so constantly flowing through the Sound and the Belt. Far more might be done by an enlightened administration, which, if it made her one general free port, would constitute her the grand emporium of the North, the centre of free trade, and of that wide prosperity which grows out of it; especially when seconded and supported by those habits of industry, that active knowledge, and that sufficiency of

capital which she possesses, and which would at once give all their impulses to such an experiment as we have suggested. To the wide extension of elementary education through the Danish dominions we ourselves can bear, after a close personal examination, a willing and honourable testimony. In an interview with which the writer of this article was honoured by the present sovereign of Denmark, when asked by his Majesty what had most interested him of all that he had seen in the lands under his sway, he was able to pay this sincere and gratifying compliment to the King, that "he was perhaps the only ruler in the world who could say that the whole of his people, without exception, were taught to read and write,"—a compliment which his Majesty received as became a paternal prince, and said, he trusted that their education would preserve them from being deceived. Considering the difficulties which the face of the country presents to the rapid circulation of knowledge, the state of education in Norway will be found to be far more advanced than would at first be supposed. The earlier principles of instruction are almost universally diffused; the civilization of the towns is remarkable; and though literature, as literature, can scarcely be said to flourish, and the quantity of valuable books published in Norway forms no fair proportion to those produced by her Swedish and Danish neighbours, yet this circumstance may be attributed to causes to which we shall have occasion afterwards to advert, and proves nothing against the evidence of that high intellectual aptitude which we conceive to be common to all the Scandinavian nations. To the Gothic stock, indeed, almost all the nobler properties of northern Europe must be referred, while it will be seen that the founders of the greatest and the most enlightened of modern nations—the nations which have raised their civil policy on the wide foundations of knowledge and of freedom—emanate from the same distinguished source.

Even more striking, however, than the geographical contrast between Denmark and Norway, is that which grows out of their political institutions,—institutions which were wholly unlike in all their circumstances, even when both nations recognised the same central authority. In Denmark, an unlimited monarch, whose sovereignty is omnipresent in the remotest details of government. In Norway, an administration in which the monarchical authority scarcely appears. In Denmark, a countless nobility, a universal passion for titles and decorations. In Norway, scarcely a noble, and an all-pervading indifference to factitious distinctions. In Norway again, a popular representation, battling heroically against all the attempts of the crown to insinuate its influence into the

machinery of the commonwealth. In Denmark, not the shadow of a legislative assembly, not a solitary organ for the expression of opinion. We are not here called upon to inquire into the respective merits of these systems—but merely to state the naked facts of difference. Yet it will not be unbecoming in us to express a hope, that the hardy spirit of independence which has so long distinguished all the discussions of the Norwegian Storting will long—aye, for ever—animate their debates; that they will yet—yes, always—preserve those institutions, so honourable, so elevating to the national character. And of the government of Denmark we must add, that when the Danish people threw themselves into the hands of an unlimited monarch, as their sole protection against an oppressive and intolerable aristocracy, they exercised a sound and wise discretion. That the progress of time, and the greater cultivation of the commonalty, require many modifications of the existing system, is very obvious to the benevolent observer. In the German provinces—especially removed as they are from the paternal observation of a monarch, whose government is really entitled to the appellation of fatherly—there is a demand for important reforms, whose claims it would be wise and well to anticipate. There is a strong, a universal feeling, that these states ought not to be almost the *only* branch of the great German family to which a representative system is denied; a representative system too having been guaranteed to them at the last Congress of Vienna, to which they sent a deputation, who returned with the fair words of promise—a promise as yet unfulfilled. The history of Holstein and Schleswig is one of stirring interest. In all the annals of freedom no more touching episode will be found than the struggle of the Ditmarshers—the Helvetians of the north—to preserve their independence. All that pity has listened to of suffering, all that poetry has celebrated of valour, will be found pourtrayed in their story; and greatly, we repeat, would it honour the sovereign of Denmark, if he consented to be the founder of those liberal institutions which his German subjects so anxiously sigh for. The personal qualities of that sovereign are admirable. He stands in his court—simple and accessible—like a patriarch at the head of his family. There is none so mean as to be shut out from his presence,—none so high as to possess his exclusive confidence. He listens with his own ears to the language of complaints,—with his own hands he distributes his liberal charities. We have seen his court crowded with all ranks of citizens, the municipal officers of the state, the highest dignitaries of the church blended with peasants and burgesses, with widows and orphans—all who had a favour to supplicate, or a tale of sorrow to tell.

In countries of limited extent or of scanty population, literature has to struggle against great disadvantages. Wherever the number of readers is small, small necessarily must the number of writers be. Where the demand for books is so inconsiderable as to give no encouragement to book-making as a profession, the competition for literary reputation will be very inactive—even in the most successful cases the literary triumph can be a very humble one. Where the audience cannot be numerous, the most eloquent discourse makes no wide impression. He whose instrument is the English tongue *may* find his way to the thoughts and the feelings of countless millions; but very bounded is the field which is open to Scandinavian ambition, at least until translation lends its migratory wings. How few would have heard of the *Kiæmpe Viser*, but for such men as Scott, Jamieson, and Grimm! And why is the name of Oehlenschläger become a name of European reputation, but because he himself broke through the narrow boundaries of Danish fame, and with his own hands arrayed himself in a German costume? The fate of the illustrious men of the North has not been decided by their merits certainly, but by the accident of their having found interpreters to convey their merits and their meanings to other lands.

Literature is far worse off than science—for science has a thousand dragomans in her service. She has availed herself of that new and mighty engine, association, which, in the whole fabric of society, is producing changes, second only to those introduced by the discoveries of printing and the steam-engine. Every advance in the world of science is repeated by a thousand echoes from one part of the civilized earth to the other: but in literature, great men flourish and fade, and their glory dies like the circle on the water. Who has *not* heard of Linné—of Berzelius—of Örsted? Who *has* heard of Ewald or Storm, or Ingemann? Let any stranger, who speaks the language, visit the country where genius pours forth its streams,—the names “familiar as household words” to the ears of the people—the names which he will find referred to as the pride and the inheritance of the nation, will not, most probably, be those with which in distant lands he has been most accustomed to associate that country’s reputation. A physical discovery—a fact—travels more easily, too, than a volume of history, or the subtle imaginativeness of a beautiful poem. The one is palpable, intelligible, obvious;—the other may be wrapped up in the refinements of a language studied by few; and require for its true appreciation that attention, whose exactions are not willingly obeyed. Science has its universal tongue,—its instruments of expression, which, like the

Arabic numerals, and the musical notes, are everywhere understood, whatever be the name by which they are called.

Art and science speak to the external senses without even the instrumentality of words; but literature has no other messenger, no other servant, no other help-mate than her alphabet,—that alphabet, in whose combinations no two nations agree—making it a matter of patriotism and of pride to diverge as much as possible from one another; a curious instance of which has lately occurred in the country about which we are writing, where an attempt to assimilate the Danish and Swedish orthography has led to a strife as bitter as if it had been proposed that each nation should devour the other alive. And if any man desire to probe the quantity of prejudice which exists in England on this subject, let him look at the ridicule, and scorn, and contumely, with which those have been visited who have endeavoured to correct our English absurd, irregular, and indefensible mode of spelling—the source of most of the errors as to the origin of words—and of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the difficulties which all foreigners experience in the attempts to acquire a language, whose construction is a model of simplicity and beauty, but whose excellences are constantly disfigured by an orthography repugnant to common sense and to philological knowledge.

Our pages have from time to time contained accounts of works, whose object has been to illustrate or to develop the ancient Scandinavian mythology, as it is found portrayed in those extraordinary productions, which, while the greatest part of Europe was involved in a visible darkness, threw extraordinary light over the inhospitable Icelandic region. They influenced her for many ages, and still continue to influence the literature of the Scandinavian nations. In order accurately to understand and appreciate the state of letters in North-western Europe, even at the present moment, it would be highly desirable to follow the stream of Icelandic civilization into the languages which are to be traced to that parent source.* But the theme is far too extensive for the present occasion, and branches into a variety of topics, any one of which would occupy the space we have assigned to ourselves. The richness—the variety—the originality—the importance of the Icelandic contributions to history, poetry, and legislation, will surprise those whose attention has not been devoted to the subject. Hereafter it may be our privilege to unroll some of those curious and interesting chronicles, which communicate so much instruction respecting the sayings and the doings

* Peder Resen published Snorro's Edda with a Danish and Latin translation in 1665, and printed at his own expense Gudmund's Icelandic Lexicon.

of the Northern race—which introduce us to their private and their public concerns—to their habits and institutions—their courageous adventures—their expeditions to Southern Europe—their undoubted discovery of America—their action upon our English civil polity—in a word, to follow back to its earliest records that highly gifted people, whose seed has gone forth to the ends of the earth—disseminating the finest and noblest specimens of intellectual man.* Scarcely less valuable than the historical, are the philosophical treasures in this too little explored mine. Most of the knowledge we have of Icelandic literature comes to us through the stiff and formal Latin translations which Danish literati have made of the originals. What barren spoils, for example, did Amos Cottle bring from his Northern researches! The Scandinavian forsooth—our elder Gothic brother—must be first taken to Italy to be clad in a Roman tunic, in order to bring about a recognition by his own kindred. He is to be estranged for the special purpose of being introduced to our acquaintance. His mother-tongue was the language of our forefathers—but *that* he must be untaught, that he may colloquize in an idiom, alien alike to him and to us—an idiom wholly dissimilar in sound and form, and association, from that in which we think, and feel, and speak, and write. The elements of *our* idiom are essentially Gothic—and the deeper we descend into the popular masses, the wider will it be found that the Gothic roots have spread. Our higher orders affect a vain and feeble *classicality*—corrupting the purity, enfeebling the energy of our ancient speech. Is not *great-minded*, or *high-hearted* more vigorous and intelligible than *magnanimous*? Is not *freedom* a sound of nobler power than *liberty*? If we go through the whole range of Latin and French words synonymous with those of Gothic origin, we shall find that the latter are by far the most efficient in expression, and at the same time most easily understood. It is to the dishonour of most of our dictionary-makers and writers on the origin of our English tongue, that they have laboured so little in the Icelandic field. The derivations which are given in most of our lexicons are lamentably superficial, and show that their authors have not

* We are glad to be able to announce that Mr. Wheaton, the American minister at the court of Denmark, whose active services for the consolidation of the laws of his country have obtained for him such merited honour, has been for some time engaged in collecting materials for a history of the men of the North, especially in connection with their various inroads on the South. He proposes to treat at length of their history, poetry, and mythology—of their personal and political condition—beginning with the earliest period of which any traces are to be found—and ending with that epoch (not a very determinable one) in which the Norman and Anglo-Saxon race were completely blended.

explored the great sources of our language. It is not so much to the *South* as to the *North* that a philosophical philologist must fixedly look. What a splendid service might be rendered by him, who, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the Scandinavian and Teutonic branches of the Gothic stem, especially in their more antique—their Icelandic, Anglo-Saxon and Frisian—forms, and tracing them through these to the many and curious ramifications which have overspread the larger portion of the great European family—what service, we say, might not he render to our language, by illustrating its origin and its history from so rich a mine! And a greater service still would it be, if it were possible to enrich it by again introducing words which have been forgotten by the progress of time. What a variety of names, for example, have the Icelanders given to the *snow*!—words which pourtray its every form and character—how many titles have the *winds* and the *waves*! And this leads us to mention the richness of the Icelandic poetical phraseology. The subjects of song are not very various—the scene is usually the sea—the deeds are of maritime heroes. But take, almost at random, an Icelandic poem, and it will exhibit the characteristic variety and the playfulness of their bardic language. We open *Ulfarsrimur*, and meet with the following appellatives:—The *sea* is called the *salmon-ground*—the *kingdom of the Upsa* (a fish) the *wet couch*—the *gathering of the streams*. *Battle* is designated as the *snow-shower of shields*—the *noise of spears*. *Ships*, the *wains of the waves*—*horses of the ocean*—*elephants of the floods*. *Sails*, the *maps of the wind*. *Rigging*, the *snakes of the mast*. *Wind*, the *foe of the forests*. *Waves*, the *daughters of Ran* (Ran is the Goddess of the Sea). *Storm*, the *inflated cheeks of the giant*. *Calm*, the *rest for the horses of the waves*. All these metaphors, for the most part exceedingly appropriate and beautiful, occur in the space of a very few lines. And the subject might be pursued with materials even to our own days, and it would be found that Iceland—the *ultima Thule* of civilization—the land of desolation and storms and darkness—has continued, and still continues her contributions to human improvements; that with the death of her heroes, and with the extinction of her sages, her literary career has not been closed; that books and learning still cheer her frozen solitudes; and that the voice of the minstrel is heard even in her lonely places.*

* Denmark has been generally the place of publication for the most important Icelandic works, and the residence of a number of literary Icelanders; and from an early period the Daves have been occupied with Icelandic literature. Torfessen returned to Iceland in 1662, to collect MSS. on the account of the government.

But agreeable as it would be to dwell on such a theme, and interesting as it is to witness the triumph of mind over all the difficulties which oppose and retard its cultivation, we must now apply ourselves to the subject more immediately before us, namely, Danish Literature, which, even in the twelfth century, has its galaxy of illustrious names. Axel, the warrior-bishop, the Mecœnas of his age, the protector of the famous Saxo (Grammaticus);—Aagensen (Sveno Argonis)—and Sunesen (Andreas Sunonis)—were contemporaries, and wrote works on theology, history, and jurisprudence, which are still referred to as the most valuable memorials of their time. An epoch of ignorance succeeded, and down to the end of the fifteenth century scarcely any thing is to be found but those frivolities with which monks and priests were so fond of perplexing and degrading men's intellects:—scholastic questions, whose decisions tormented all the faculties of the mind—subtleties that embarrassed and confused the judgment, and taught a habit of sophistry and trick, alike fatal to the love of knowledge and the pursuit of truth.

Great events and great improvements, or rather events leading to improvements, marked the reigns of the four first monarchs of the house of Oldenburg. Under Christian the First the university of Copenhagen was founded; an attempt crowned with success, which had failed when attempted half a century before, though the pope had favoured it with a patronizing bull. In the reign of John, the art of printing, with all its marvellous consequences, was introduced into Denmark. Christian II. saw the progress of church and scholastic reform; and Frederick II.'s government was distinguished by the firm establishment of the Lutheran creed, and the almost complete extinction of papal authority. The changes produced by revolutions like these were necessarily both the causes and the consequences of much discussion. Books, if not the primary movers, the great auxiliaries of change, are found in abundance on all these topics which agitated the popular mind;* but having done the service of their day and generation, they may be allowed to repose on their shelves, and to wait those disturbances which they from time to time receive at the hands of those patient inquirers who desire to trace the influences which the now uninteresting discussion of past polemics have exercised on the present state of things. It is one of the consequences of a government like that of Denmark, that

* A tolerably complete list of the earliest productions of the Danish press will be found in Erasmus Nyerups's *Notitia librorum qui ante Reformationem prælegebantur in scholis Daniæ*.—Havn. 1784; and a Supplement published in the following year. Consult also the erudite Bishop of Zealand's (Dr. Münter's) *History of the Danish Reformation*.

literature is mainly occupied with the chronicles of departed time; and the industry which is debarred from the calm pursuit of present or of future improvement, whose wings are clipped when it would fly forwards, finds its exercise in discussions respecting things that were. This circumstance has produced in Denmark an abundance of archæologists of distinguished merit, while scarcely a writer can be found who has added any thing to the sum of moral and political knowledge. The authors (and there are many of a high order of intellectual merit) who are occupied with juridical inquiries are, almost without a solitary exception, engaged in researches into the laws of their ancestors, instead of that more important philosophical task of bringing the acquirements of an advanced civilization to the improvement of rising generations. In this respect the operation of a despotic government, however benevolent may be its purposes, is sadly pernicious to literature; for as, out of the field of positive science, the mind cannot expatiate without trenching on prohibited ground, it naturally betakes itself to those regions where it may pursue its course in safety; and thus whole generations pass away, whose powers of usefulness are wasted on that which they cannot change—on that past which is already permanently and inexorably fixed—instead of that futurity which is to be moulded—almost, may it not be said, created—by human intelligence. It is a melancholy prospect to see the high intellect of a people spilt like water on a desert, instead of being poured upon those flowers and fruits which it might ripen into beauty and use. There is scarcely any period in the literary history of Denmark, in which the thought ceases to haunt us, how vainly were the energies of these fine minds exerted! What might not have been done by these cultivated and benevolent spirits, could they have laboured in the service of utility! In the schools of the middle ages, as we before observed, genius was nullified by unprofitable and speculative refinements; and its triumph has received a no less decided, and scarcely less baneful interruption from those political institutions which interfere with the higher attributes of thought, and say to the virtuous inquirer—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!"

Christian the Third interested himself in the progress of science, and gathered round him many able men. Among the nobles of his court were men of travel, and some who had enjoyed the benefits of personal intercourse with the most illustrious personages of Europe. Over this century the name of Tyge (Tycho) Brahe throws a lustre borrowed from the stars, of which he was the discoverer. He had many errors and weaknesses, no doubt; but he put into the hands of others instruments to detect and expose them, and he must be judged rather by the truths he elicited,

than by the mistakes with which he sometimes blended them. Into the departments of history and archæology, Ole Worm (Olaus Wormius) brought all the fruits of his laborious researches; and his valuable museum, embracing all that was then known of natural history and antiquity, not only led to intimate correspondence with eminent foreigners, but diffused a taste for these interesting studies which has become almost national, or universal, in Denmark.*

To what specific period the vigorous and original popular ballads of the Danes are to be referred, it is not easy to fix. They grew perhaps out of many centuries, but they present a far richer stock of national songs than any other people can boast of. Among these some may, no doubt, be traced to exotic sources; a few are simply translations from the *Minne Lieder* of the Germans,—others are adaptations of ancient Rhyme Chronicles to the local circumstances of Denmark;—but the great majority are truly and essentially national, characteristic of, and peculiar to, the land in which they had birth. They are commonly known by the name of *Kiæmpe Viser* (Heroic Songs), a title which, though very appropriately applied to many of them, by no means conveys a fit idea of their general character, for they combine with the feats of well-known warriors many supernatural and mythological stories, and many pictures of domestic life. A century of these were published in 1591 by Vedel, and about a hundred years after Syv doubled their number. From time to time the collection has been increased by new labourers, till an edition in five volumes was completed in 1814 by the industry of Nyerup and Rahbek. It would be curious and instructive to trace the course of the Scandinavian strain of popular poetry through the different nations of the South, which have been visited by any of the Gothic tribes. Resemblances, both in manner and matter, would be discovered, whose development would sometimes afford subjects for very interesting deductions. In Spain, for instance, where it has been the fashion to attribute all the national ballads to an Arabic or Oriental original, it might perhaps startle the industrious inquirer to find that the Suevi and the Visigoths planted in the memories of the people stories which they brought with them when they swarmed from the northern hive; nor would it be wholly in vain to seek for the impress of the Gothic skalds even

* To speak with any satisfaction to ourselves, or justice to them, of the numerous contributions of the Danes to the arts and sciences, and especially to natural history, would of itself require a long article. The great national work, the *Flora Danica*, is one of the most valuable and elaborate undertakings in the circle of botanical study.

upon Northern Africa itself. Coming nearer home, the Scandinavian character is closely interblended with the Scottish border minstrelsy. That the Lowland Scots should fancy themselves to have any other than a Norse origin—an origin of which they bear about with them the visible evidence in language, literature, and personal appearance, is to us inconceivable. If the Picts were Celts, which we do not believe, the Lowlanders have in them little of Pictish blood. But this is not the place for entering upon a controversy which has engaged so many able pens. Grimm's admiration of the ancient compositions of which we are speaking is somewhat of too passionate a character. It belongs to his eager and imaginative mind to pour forth his eloquence on all the topics that interest him, and to invest in the forms of music and of beauty those relics which he has dragged forth from the obscurity of the past. He sees in these productions the refinements of exquisite art, and the vividness of a splendid imagination; the tasteful labour which touched and retouched the original conception, leading it from one depository of its ever improving tone and character to another, till it was brought to something which he deems perfection. The Edda is to him the poetical Eden of Scandinavia, into which civilization has introduced the tree of knowledge only to deteriorate and to destroy. All this is more fanciful than true. It is the filling-up of a favourite theory by imaginative adornings,—the decoration of lively thoughts, rather than the representation of historical truths. Grimm is sometimes more bent on interesting the affections than in instructing the minds of his readers. He romances in the field of poetry, as others have done in that of history. Had his thoughts been turned towards the mathematics, he would have dramatized the *Principia* of Newton.

The versification of the ancient skalds, consisting for the most part of the Trochaic and Iambic feet, may be traced through the popular poetry of most of the nations which have been visited by the migrations of the Norse. In substance and in form we repeat that for one trace of Orientalism a hundred of Septentrionalism will be discovered. The same may be said of most of the popular superstitions; there is no doubt the earliest of the *Kiampe Viser*, properly so called, contain much of fabulous narration. The superhuman feats of the heroes they celebrate take us back to the age of the giants, and associate them in the minds of the Danes (so says Sørensen) with those huge *tumuli* which are so frequently found in Scandinavian countries. These are fit materials for those fanciful themes which aggrandize all that is remote, and through the misty atmosphere that surrounds the dis-

tant past, sees objects more huge in size as they become less distinct in substance.

“Omnia post obitum fingit majora vetustas,
Major ab exequiis nomen in ora venit.”

Though these extraordinary compositions merit, and shall obtain, a separate and more detailed notice on some—we hope not distant—occasion, we cannot now pass them by without a specimen or two, lest a sense of poetical barrenness should, in the minds of our readers, be associated with a period, and with a people, overflowing with the richness of popular song. And we take the first that we lay hands upon—The Race of King Oluf the Saint with his brother Harald. The graceful flow of the verse, and its high poetical and imaginative beauties, speak for themselves. The pictures of the superstition of the times are vivid and characteristic—the contrast between the rashness of Harald and the calm self-possession of Oluf—the introduction of supernatural natures, subdued by the influence of the Christian saint, all are pourtrayed with great felicity. What more striking image of swiftness than the vessel's passing the arrows shot from her deck—what more imaginative display of power than the levelling of hills and valleys into one great ocean, over which the saint conducts his victorious ship.

KING OLUF THE SAINT.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. King Oluf and his brother bold,
'Bout Norroway's rocks a parley hold. | 9. If my ship in aught be better than thine,
I'll readily, cheerfully lend thee mine. |
| 2. "The one of the two who best can sail,
Shall rule o'er Norroway's hill and dale. | 10. Do thou the Dragon so sprightly take,
And I with the Ox will the journey make." |
| 3. Who first of us reaches our native ground,
O'er all the region shall king be crown'd." | 11. "But first, to the church we'll bend our way,
Ere our hand on sail or on oar we lay." |
| 4. Then Harald Haardrode answer made:
"Aye, let it be done as thou hast said; | 12. And into the church Saint Oluf trode,
His beautiful hair like the bright gold
glow'd. |
| 5. But if I to-day must sail with thee,
Thou shalt change thy vessel, I swear, with
me. | 13. But soon, out of breath, there came a man;
"Thy brother is sailing off fast as he can." |
| 6. For thou hast got the Dragon of speed,
I shall make with the Ox a poor figure in-
deed. | 14. "Let them sail, my friend, who to sail
may choose,
The word of our Lord we will not lose. |
| 7. The Dragon is swift as the clouds in chace,
The Ox, he moveth in lazy pace." | 15. The mass is the word of our blessed Lord.
Take water, ye swains, for our table board. |
| 8. "Hear, Harald, what I have to say to thee,
What thou hast proposed well pleaseth
me. | 16. We will sit at board, and the meat we will
taste,
Then unto the sea-shore quietly baste." |

17.
Now down they all sped to the ocean-
strand,
Where the Ox lay rocking before the land.

18.
And speedily they to the ocean bore
The anchor, and cable, and sail, and oar.

19.
Saint Oluf he stood on the prow when on
board :
" Now forward, thou Ox, in the name of
the Lord."

20.
He grappled the Ox by the horn so white :
" Hie now, as if thou went clover to bite."

21.
Then forward the Ox began to hie,
In his wake stood the billows boisterously.

22.
He hallooed to the lad on the yard so high:
" Do we the Dragon of Harald draw nigh?"

23.
" No more of the pomps of the world I
see,
Than the uppermost top of the good oak
tree.—

24.
I see near the land of Norrøway skim
Bright silken sails with a golden rim.—

25.
I see 'neath Norrøway's mountains proud,
The Dragon bearing of sail a cloud.—

26.
I see, I see, by Norrøway's side,
The Dragon gallantly forward stride."

27.
On the Ox's ribs a blow he gave :
" Now faster, now faster, over the wave."

28.
He struck the Ox on the eye with force :
" To the haven much speedier thou must
course."

29.
Then forward the Ox began to leap,
No sailor on deck his stand could keep.

30.
Then cords he took, and his mariners fast
He tied to the vessel's rigging and mast.

31.
'Twas then—'twas then—the steersman
cried :
" But who shall now the vessel guide?"

32.
His little gloves off Saint Oluf throws,
And to stand himself by the rudder goes.

33.
" O we will sail o'er cliff and height,
The nearest way, like a line of light."

34.
So o'er the hills and dales they career,
To them they became like water clear.

35.
So they sail'd along o'er the mountains
blue,
Then out came running the Elfin crew.

36.
" Who sails o'er the gold in which we joy ?
Our ancient father* who dares annoy ?"

37.
" Elf! turn to stone, and a stone remain
Till I by this path return again."

38.
So they sail'd o'er Skaaney's mountains
tall,
And stones became the little Elves all.

39.
Out came a Carline with spindle and rok :
" Saint Oluf ! why sailest thou us to mock ?"

40.
Saint Oluf, thou who the red beard hast,
Through my chamber wall thy ship hath
pass'd."

41.
With a glance of scorn did Saint Oluf say :
" Stand there a flint-rock for ever and
aye."

42.
Unhinder'd, unhinder'd, they bravely
sail'd on,
Before them yielded both stock and stone.

43.
Still onward they sail'd in such gallant
guise,
That no man upon them could fasten his
eyes.

44.
Saint Oluf a bow before his knee bent,
Behind the sail dropp'd the shaft that he
sent.

45.
From the stern Saint Oluf a barb shot free,
Behind the Ox fell the shaft in the sea.

46.
Saint Oluf he trusted in Christ alone,
And therefore first home by three days he
won.

47.
And that made Harald with fury storm,
Of a laidly dragon he took the form.

* Meaning, probably, the hill.

48.

But the Saint was a man of devotion
full,
And the Saint got Norrøway's land to rule.

49.

Into the church Saint Oluf trode,
He thank'd the Saviour in fervent mood.

50.

Saint Oluf walk'd the church about,
There shone a glory his ringlets out.

51.

Whom God doth help makes bravely his
way,
His enemies win both shame and dismay.

The "Brother Avenged" has in it nothing supernatural; but its merits, both of style and story, appear to us of a very high order. Told in prose, the tale would be very affecting. While engaged in the joyous offices of the festal board, the hero hears of the murder of his brother—he silently discharges his wonted duties up to the close of the day, then saddles his horse, mounts, and rests not till he reaches the spot where he finds his brother's body, and his mother weeping over it—he seeks the murderers—slays them all, and instantly hastens to the judgment-seat, asking retribution for his brother, and protection for himself—he is insulted in the open court, and declared an outlaw;—he turns upon the insulter—shoots him, and seeks the woods for shelter, where for eight long years he lives upon grass and leaves, never seeing a human being:—he knows that the king, whose judges had denied himself justice, will visit the church in pomp on our Lady's day—he interrupts him in his progress—slays him—and having slaked his revenge, finds peace in the solitude to which he is condemned.

THE BROTHER AVENGED.

CHORUS.

But I cannot have peace 'cause of Sweden's king.

1.

I stood before my master's board,
The skinker's* office plying,
The herald-men brought tidings then
That my brother was murdered lying.

2.

I attended my lord unto his bed,
By his dearest down he laid him;
Then my courser out of the stall I led,
And with saddle and bit arrayed him.

3.

I sprang upon my courser's back,
With the spur began to goad him,
And ere I drew his bridle to,
Full fifteen leagues I rode him.

4.

And when I came to the noisy hall
Where the Kemsps carouse were keeping,
O then I saw my mother dear
O'er the corse of my brother weeping.

5.

Then I laid an arrow on my good bow,
The bow that never deceiv'd me,
And straight I shot King's Kempions
twelve,
Of my brother who had bereav'd me.

6.

And then to the Ting† I rode away,
Where the judges twelve were seated;
Of six to avenge my brother I begg'd,
And of six protection intreated.

7.

For the third time rode I to the Ting,
For deep revenge I lusted,
Up stood the liege-man of the King,
And at me fiercely thrust.

8.

Up stood the liege-man of the King,
With a furious thrust toward me,
And the judges twelve rose in the Ting,
And an outlaw'd man declared me.

* Pourer out of the wine.

† The hall of judgment.

9.

Then I laid an arrow on my good bow,
And the bow to its utmost bent I,
And into the heart of the king's liege-
man,
The sharp, sharp arrow sent I.

10.

Then away from the Ting again I sped,
And my good steed clomb in hurry,
There was nothing for me but to hasten
and flee,
And myself 'mong the woods to bury.

11.

And hidden for eight long years I lay
Amid the woods so lonely,
I'd nothing to eat in that dark retreat
But grass and green leaves only.

12.

I'd nothing to eat in that dark retreat,
Save the grass and leaves I devoured ;

The story of Aager and Eliza has given rise to many of the most remarkable ballads of modern date. It may be questioned if any one of them, terrible as they are, equals in substantial merit this emphatic composition. The subject can hardly be new to our readers, though it may not be unwelcome in a guise which suits the unadorned simplicity of the original.

AAGER AND ELIZA.*

1.

'Twas the valiant knight, Sir Aager,
He to the far island hied,
There he wedded sweet Eliza,
She of maidens was the pride.

2.

There he married sweet Eliza,
With her lands and ruddy gold,
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead he lay beneath the mould.

3.

In her bower sate sweet Eliza,
Scream'd, and would not be consol'd;
And the good Sir Aager listen'd,
Underneath the dingy mould.

4.

Up Sir Aager rose, his coffin
Bore he on his bended back.
Tow'rs the bower of sweet Eliza
Was his sad and silent track.

No bed fellows crept to the place where I
slept,
Save bears that brooned and roared.

13.

So near at hand was our Lady's day,
So near was that holy tide then,
When the King of the Swedes his followers
leads,
And rides to the church in his pride then.

14.

So I laid an arrow on my good bow,
And the bow in fury bent I,
And into the heart of the Swedish king
The yard-long arrow sent I.

15.

Now lies on the ground the Swedish king,
And the blood from his death wound
showers ;
So blythe is my breast, though still I must
rest
Amid the forest bowers.

5.

He the door tapp'd with his coffin,
For his fingers had no skin ;
" Rise, O rise, my sweet Eliza !
Rise, and let thy bridegroom in."

5.

Straightway answer'd fair Eliza :
" I will not undo my door
"Till thou name the name of Jesus,
Even as thou could'st before."

7.

" Rise, O rise, mine own Eliza !
And undo thy chamber door ;
I can name the name of Jesus,
Even as I could of yore."

8.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Down her cheek tears streaming ran ;
Unto her, within the bower,
She admits the spectre man.

* Del var Ridder Herr Aage
Han red sig under ö
Fæstet' han yomfru Elselille
Hun var saa væn en Mø.—i. p. 210.

9.

She her golden comb has taken,
And has comb'd his yellow hair,
On each lock that she adjusted,
Fell a hot and briny tear.

10.

"Listen now, my good Sir Aager!
Dearest bridegroom, all I crave
Is to know how it goes with thee
In that lonely place, the grave?"

11.

"Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,
Are my lonely grave's recesses,
All with leaves of roses lin'd.

12.

"Every time that, love, thou grieve'st,
And dost shed the briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Fill'd with black and loathsome
blood.

13.

"Heard I not the red cock crowing?
I, my dearest, must away;
Down to earth the dead are going,
And behind I must not stay.

14.

"Hear I not the black cock crowing?
To the grave I down must go;
Now the gates of heaven are opening,
Fare thee well for ever moe."

15.

Up Sir Aager stood, the coffin
Takes he on his bended back;
To the dark and distant church-yard,
Is his melancholy track.

16.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Full courageous was her mood;
And her bridegroom she attended
Through the dark and dreary wood.

17.

When the forest they had travers'd,
And within the church-yard were,
Faded then of good Sir Aager
Straight the lovely yellow hair.

18.

When the church-yard they had tra-
vers'd,
And the church's threshold cross'd,
Straight the cheek of good Sir Aager
All its rosy colours lost.

19.

"Listen, now, my sweet Eliza!
If my peace be dear to thee,
Never thou, from this time forward,
Pine or shed a tear for me.

20.

"Turn, I pray thee, up to heaven
To the little stars thy sight:
Then thou mayest know for certain
How it fareth with the knight."

21.

Soon as e'er her eyes to heaven
To the little stars she rear'd,
Into earth the dead man glided,
And to her no more appear'd.

22.

Homeward went the sweet Eliza,
Grief of her had taken hold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead she lay beneath the mould.

But we must leave these regions of romance, and come to topics which we confess are far less interesting. The bustle of heroic, the vague splendour of supernatural, events must be succeeded by the common place of daily deeds and uninteresting actors. We have no longer faces veiled in mystery and figures buried in the shadows of the imperfectly-understood past. Realities come on the stage, and every minstrel claims his own song. If we could find the Iliads we should be at no loss for the Homer. The earliest known poet of distinction among the Danes was Anders Arrebo. He was born at Cørrøeskjöbing, in 1587, and was made bishop of Trondhjem in 1717. He was accused of violating Episcopal decorum, and was displaced from his see by a decree of the *Herredag*, in 1622. He sought not in-

spiration from the hill of Parnassus, but from Mount Sion; his master was not Apollo, but David, and his productions resembled those religious compositions of which at the same period such a plenitude was to be found in England, all very devout and very execrable. The quaintness of their titles probably served to recommend them. One of the bishop's stands thus: "Plague powder, such as all God's children may use.* His great work is his *Hexaëmeron*, or an Account of the Creation, in heroic rhyme.

Anders Bording, who was born in 1619, was the editor of the *Danish Mercury*, in which he published a variety of poetical productions. As his name is introduced to fill an epoch sadly barren of song, his merits have been very unduly exaggerated. Wielandt has placed many of his pieces in his collection of *Danish Poets*, to which portion of the work Gram wrote a recommendatory preface, and Brunsman has done him similar honour in his *Melodious Heaven-Pleasure*, (*Sjungende Himmellyst*.) Of the Dr. Watts of Denmark, Thomas Kingo, born at Slangstrup, in 1634, whose psalms and devotional songs (*Psalmer og aandelige Sange*) have deeply impressed the minds of the religious Danes, we must say a word or two; not so much because we think highly of his merits, but because he is the object of reverential affection even to the first men of his country. A better man will be sooner forgotten than the venerable Bishop of Fynen, from whose grave, to use the thought of Ingemann, in his ode composed on the spot,

" Music's eternal melancholy strains
Mount heavenwards."

His praises have been sung by Gruntvig; his psalms were lately reprinted, with a long list of subscribers, an evidence that he is highly estimated now: while his contemporaries honoured him with the titles of the star-ascending muse, the glory and grace of his country;—so true is it that the hold on the sympathies may be as strong as that on the understanding. National vanity always seeks something to praise, and is satisfied with mediocrity until it obtains excellence; and when this excellence is really found, men are not willing to confess that they had erred before, but cling to their old misjudgments with a greater tenacity, perhaps, because they want a foundation. As a conviction weakens, a prejudice frequently strengthens; and the idols occupy their places long after we have discovered them to be naught. It is not impossible that the dull prosaic temper of the times might have extinguished such fires as Arrebo and Kingo possessed. Yet the true spring of poetry will break out however it may be overlaid; and in the case of Dr. Watts himself there are passages of astonishing power

* Pestpulver som af alle Guds Børn bruges kan. Kjöb, 1618.

and beauty, in which the sublimest conceptions of the inspired writers are dressed in strains of perfect harmony.

The following is a favourable specimen of Kingo's manner. It is somewhat in the style of Quarles :—

MORNING SONG.

Nu rinder Solen op.

From eastern quarters now
The sun's up-wandering,
His rays on the rock's brow
And hill's side squandering;
Be glad, my soul! and sing amidst thy
pleasure,
Fly from the house of dust,
Up with thy thanks, and trust
To heaven's azure!

O, countless as the grains
Of sand so tiny,
Measureless as the main's
Deep waters briny,
God's mercy is, which He upon me show-
ereth:
Each morning in my shell,
A grace immeasurable
To me down-pourereth.

Thou best dost understand,
Lord God! my needing,
And plac'd is in thy hand
My fortune's speeding,
And Thou foreseest what is for me most
fitting;
Be still, then, O my soul!
To manage in the whole
Thy God permitting!

May fruit the land array,
And corn for eating!
May truth e'er make its way,
With justice meeting!
Give thou to me my share with every
other,
Till down my stuff I lay,
And from this world away
Wend to another!

The reign of Frederick IV. (1700-30) was in every respect unfavourable to science and to literature. The study of the useful arts had sunk so low, that, when the king and queen were attacked with severe illness, not a physician could be found in the country to undertake their cure. The king himself was an uncultivated creature, trained under the old maxim that monarchs are too exalted to need learning; and learning of course suffered from being held in contempt at court. A few men shone forth resplendent amidst the gloom of this period. Arne Magnussen, better known by the name of Arnas Magnæus, an Icelfander by birth (nat. 1663), became the librarian of Copenhagen University in 1721; and after having by his researches illustrated many curious points of history, left his valuable collections to the establishment with which he was so honourably associated, where they still remain—a treasure whose value is little understood beyond the Danish territory. He not only filled the shelves of the library with important literary gifts, but endowed it with considerable pecuniary donations for the encouragement of Scandinavian learning. In 1723, Albert Thura published at Hamburgh his *Idea Historiæ litterariæ Danorum*, a work of very valuable materials. Poetry and the drama too found no unworthy representative in Ludvig Holberg, born at Bergen in 1684, who claims attention as one of the most remarkable men of his country and his time. His talents were various; his learning considerable. He had a ready wit,

an acute perception of the ludicrous, and a great facility of expression. He wrote his own life in Latin (Havniæ, 1727).^{*} The Danes honour him, and with good reason, as the father of their national literature. He adventured into every domain of learning—sometimes to succeed, at others signally to fail. He tried to moralize in fable, and, as Eichhorn says, won there no single leaf to add to his laurel crown.

Holberg's more serious productions were highly welcome to his nation, yet his spirit seemed most to revel in the regions of wit and fancy. His (Latin) *Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterraneum* was one of the most successful satires of the last century, and was translated into Danish, Swedish, English,† German, French, Dutch, and Hungarian. Nay, so strong was his perception of the ludicrous, that in treating even of the graver points of history it frequently led him astray.

His *Peder Paars* is a masterpiece of biting irony, though often vulgar and unbecoming. There is no book more popular in Denmark, and we have a quarto edition before us (Kjöben. 1772) which does great honour to the Danish press, from the excellence of the paper and printing, and the beauty of the plates with which it is adorned. They are in the Hogarth style, and many of them are worthy of that eminent master, whose mind was as much the counterpart of Holberg's as can well be conceived. Had Holberg been a painter, he would have painted like Hogarth: had Hogarth been a poet, he would have written like Holberg. The same originality, the same vigor, the same disregard to decencies in both. Both happy in ludicrous conceptions, in contrasts, in comparisons; both failing at times from the very overflowing of comic associations. Too playful to finish—even to retouch—what they left; both coarse and dirty, yet extracting from every body homage to their inventive, their creative, their thought-awakening genius.

In Holberg the Hudibrastic spirit is rife. His measure has been objected to: it is the Alexandrine; and sometimes, most truly, it, "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along;" but it is matter of wonder how he should have managed the stanza with so much dexterity as seldom to leave a disposition to complain.

Before the time of Holberg, the Danish Drama was in melancholy plight. A few pieces had been written as early as the sixteenth century by a schoolmaster of Odense, named Christen Hansen, and a Danish Bishop (Hegelund) published five scrip-

^{*} Of this life a well executed translation appeared in one of the volumes of the *Collection of Autobiographies*, in 18mo, originally published by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke.

† London, 1742, and another edition recently.

tural dramas. A preacher in Jutland printed three other dramatic productions. The following century brought forward several new competitors for scenic fame. In the whole period there is no one author worth attention. Holberg's first dramatic piece (published in 1729) was the work of a superior order of intellect. There seems not even a link of communion to associate him with his predecessors. If there had been rules and chains of art, they were insufficient to fetter him; he marched his own original way, with a sense of power sufficient to his support and his success. It has been said of him, with some truth, that he was original even in his servility, and made the very models he studied subservient to his plastic genius. Of all the productions of the Danish press, his works are the best known, and being in the hands of most of those who are interested in this particular topic, there is the less demand for elaborate criticism upon them. As pictures of the Danish manners of his time, they are not always intelligible to strangers, but their influence upon the minds of his countrymen must be received by us as evidence of their sterling excellence; for though it is true that he stood in splendid contrast to the poor dramatists whom he found in possession of the field, it is not the less so that he appealed to a cultivated and intellectual nation, and made good his title in minds trained to estimate correctly and to judge sagaciously of what was offered to their admiration. His writings sank deep too among the people; he became the favourite of the many: he formed the national taste: he created the national drama. He was during his lifetime sole regent of the stage, and his reign, though less bright in his later days, was full of honour and glory to his native land. When he died, his kingdom was divided, but he really left no heir, till after the lapse of another generation Oehlenschläger has appeared; not indeed to introduce that sparkling and successful touch—that fine sense of the ludicrous—that happy portraiture of every-day life, in its prominent relief and strange extravagancies,—but to bring a higher tone of polish and of poetry, a tragic effect and dignity, an epic spirit—in a word, to elevate the literature of the stage.

Christian Falster obtained no small reputation as a satirist. He was a better poet than Holberg, and wrote in a bitterer, bolder tone; but he obtained less applause. He was born in 1690, and died in 1752.

Great services were rendered to literature by Hans Gram (who died in 1748), the Archivarius of Denmark. He was an acute and industrious historian; and there is no subject of research in which he was engaged where he failed to collect valu-

able and minute details. His successor, Langebek, followed in his footsteps; and his *Danish Library* and *Danish Magazine* contain useful materials for the literary inquirer.

Pontoppidan, whose real name is Brobye, the bishop of Bergen, who had previously obtained some distinction as a theological writer, published a *Sketch of Norwegian History*, which was welcomed with much enthusiasm, but has not maintained the elevation to which it was exalted. His *Origines Havnenses* (1760) is a work of standard authority; and his productions on political economy, though not of much value, now that the facts and bearings of this important subject are collected and classed in scientific arrangement, were in their day deemed of high importance.

P. F. Suhm's historical labours (born 1720, died 1798) must not be passed over in silence. He was the son of a Danish admiral, and having studied jurisprudence, he lived for many years at Trondhjem, where he married, and returned to Copenhagen in 1765, after fourteen years absence. Nyerup published an account of his life and writings, which is attached to the fifteenth volume of his works. His *History of Denmark* (in eleven volumes, of which six were published in his life-time and five after his death,) is one of the most elaborate historical productions of the North. He wrote a great variety of essays and pamphlets, supplied many of the periodicals and learned societies of his country with valuable compositions, translated several classical works from the Latin—in a word, the mere titles of his different publications occupy six columns of the *Literary Lexicon of Denmark*.

Christian VII., who was honoured with Voltaire's famous epistle, on account of his decree in favour of the freedom of the press, was undoubtedly an efficient patron of letters and of learned men. It has been foolishly contended that this liberty was injurious in its consequences, because the country was not *ripe* for its exercise—this want of ripeness being the ever-repeated fallacy by which all improvement is deprecated. No doubt, when the flood-gates were opened, the stream bore with it much matter that was valueless; but this was as nothing compared with the important accession which almost every department of knowledge received from the universal emulation which was excited. The French Revolution, however, was made the plea for again interfering with the press, and in 1793 a rescript restored it to its former condition, which gave occasion to the sentiment—

“The press is free—the press is free,
And many mighty bards there be,

To sing the glory-giving strain—
The press is chain'd—but where's the bard
The bold enchain'er to reward,
Or waken music from the chain?"

Sneedorf died, aged 40, in 1764. He published a weekly newspaper, *The Patriotic Observer*, which was of great utility to literature. His allegorical poems were much admired, but a better taste has introduced a better class of composition. His son, the admiral, produced one or two ballads which are highly valued, especially that in which he chants the merits of Herr Henrik, the improver of the Copenhagen docks. This was one of the first modern imitations of the style of the *Kiæmpe Viser*, and owes its success rather to this circumstance than to any real excellence. Poetry it has none, but harmony it has much.

Tullin can hardly be deemed a poet of the first order; and his merits, great as they were, were overshadowed by the surprising vigour and lyrical concentration of Ewald, who so soon followed him. But Tullin's first production—which is pre-eminently sweet and graceful, and which exhibited charms of language such as had never before been awakened—was received with an enthusiasm the memory of which has been preserved to another generation. His taste was correct, his facility great, and to all conceptions he gave the most appropriate and melodious expression. Before his time, Danish poetry had not got out of that rugged versification, which, though tolerable when employed for the stirring events of vigorous descriptions of the *Kiæmpe Viser*, had made the common places of public pens altogether beyond endurance. Tullin brought from foreign study that polish which had become universal in the civilized nations of the south. The French school is that in which he sought and found his models. The harmony of his compositions was a new discovery for the patriotic feeling of his nation, and the wonder is, not that Tullin should have met with the success that awaited him, but that the singular aptitude of the Danish language for poetical melody should not have been developed long before, especially as there are in the ancient Scandinavian ballads passages of the most attractive sweetness. Yet it must be owned, that the style of his compositions was very dangerous to the poetical taste of his country—that the sound of his harmonious song was likely to distract and divert attention from the sense it conveyed. And, in truth, Tullin opened the door to a shoal of verse-makers, sufficiently trained to the production of agreeable sounds—masters of the corporeal forms of song—but who were unable to add an iota to the stock of thought, or to vivify their works with anything of the immortal

spirit of true eloquence. Yet such pleasing rhymers have their day and their admirers, who do not look beneath the ripples of the surface, nor ask whether under the sparkling and beyond the murmuring, there is depth or power.

John Ewald may, without hesitation, be pronounced one of the most perfect lyric poets the world has ever seen. Campbell in his happiest moments, in his *Battle of the Baltic* for example, approaches him nearly; but Campbell himself has never produced anything so simple, so strong, so exciting, so complete in all its parts, as the poem which is now become the national song of Denmark, and of which many English translations exist. His allegorical "*Temple of Fortune*" was honoured with praises which it well deserved, but it unites the false notions of his day. When removed from the influence of this enfeebling spirit, Ewald is one of the most vigorous masters of lyric song; his is a concentrated strength which seems never to want appropriate expression. He smote the lyre with a master's mighty hand, and stands far above every competitor in all the higher qualities of poetical genius. But notwithstanding his noble discovery, he made slow progress to the admiration of his countrymen, who had been fascinated by the sweeter and feebler strains of Tullin. Time, which ultimately takes charge of all honest and honourable reputations, has given to Ewald the position which he merits,—has lowered Tullin, and elevated his follower.

As we can hardly find a more appropriate specimen of the Danish language, we will give the national song with a metrical translation, which, we are very willing to confess, is in every respect far removed from the concentrated excellence of the original.

Kong Christjan stod ved høien Mast

I Røg og Damp.

Hans Vørge hamrede saa fast

At Gothens Hielm og Hierne brast.

Da sank hvert fiendligt Speil og Mast

I Røg og Damp

"Fly," skreg de, "fly, hvad flygte kan!

Hvo staaer for Danmarks Christian

I Kamp?"

Niels Juel gav Agt paa Stormens Brag.

"Nu er det Tid!"

Han heisde det røde Flag

Og slog paa Fienden Slag i Slag,

Da skreg de høit blandt Stormens Brag

"Nu er det Tid!"

"Fly," skreg de, "Hver, som veed et

Skiul!

Hvo kan bestaae for Danmarks Juel

I Strid?

King Christian by the main-mast stood

In smoke and mist!

So pour'd his guns their fiery flood

That Gothmen's heads and helmets bow'd;

Their sterns, their masts fell crashing loud

In smoke and mist.

"Fly," cried they, "let him fly who can,

For who shall Denmark's Christian

Resist?"

Juel look'd on the tempestuous fight

"Now's the time—now!"

He reared the red-flag high in sight,

With doubled zeal the foe they smite,

Loud shouting in the stormy fight

"Now's the time—now!"

Now let them—now—for shelter flee,

Jewel of Denmark! all to thee

Must bow."

O Nordhav ! Glimt af Vessel brød
 Din mørke Sky,
 Da tyede Kæmper til dit Skiød :
 Thi med ham lynte Skræk og Død !
 Fra Vallen hörtes Vraal, som brød
 Din tykke Sky.
 Fra Danmark lyner Tordenskiold ;
 " Hver give sig i Himlens Vold
 Og flye !"

Du Danskes Vei til Roes og Magt
 Sortladne Hav !
 Modtag din Ven som uforsagt
 Tör möde Faren med Foragt
 Saa stolt, som du, mod Stormens Magt
 Sortladne Hav !
 Og rask igiennem Larm og Spil
 Og Kamp, og Seier för mig til
 Min Grav !

Thou North-Sea ! Vessel's* lightnings
 Thy deep-blue sky, [wreath
 And warriors sink thy waves beneath,
 The glare but shows the path of death,
 The war-shouts agitating breath
 Shakes thy blue sky.
 See, Denmark's foes ! See Tordenskiold
 Heaven's thunderbolts of terror hold—
 And fly !

Pathway of Denmark's fame and might,
 Dark-rolling wave !
 Welcome thy friend who with delight
 Braves all the dangers of the fight,
 And scorns, like thee, the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave !
 Still,—still the songs of victory teach,
 Still tell of glory, till I reach
 My grave !

Ewald had the good fortune at last to obtain the attention of some of those whose opinions act influentially upon society. But all his early history was an impediment to his reaching any considerable distinction. He was born in 1743, in a low station; was the son of a schoolmaster, who died when the boy was in his ninth year. In his sixteenth he left his country, and entered the Prussian military service as a drummer; this he soon abandoned to occupy the same station in the Austrian. He returned to Copenhagen in 1760, and in 1762 became an alumnus in Volken-dorf college. He seems to have passed most of his life in obscurity, and died in 1781. His *Fiskerne* (Fishermen), when represented on the stage excited great applause, and it may be certainly said of him that his glory has spread like a circle on the water, ever widening, but not as it widens losing its distinctness. Of his lighter compositions this is a fair sample.

THE SEAMAN.

En Sömand med et modigt Bryst.

A seaman with a bosom light,
 He can lack money never.
 Loss sharps for gain his appetite,
 And poverty's to him a fight,
 Which cannot last for ever.
 When plundered by his friend, the main,
 And set on heavy trial,
 He laughs, and what from him she's ta'en
 Ten-fold makes her restore again,
 And will have no denial.

The sea he saddles, bold of mood,
 Whene'er his heart it pleases,
 And high upon the billows rude,
 To distant coasts, with gold bestrew'd,
 He canters 'fore the breezes.
 When rich as e'er he craves to be,
 And as the richest merry,
 He hoists sail on his good sail-tree,
 And hastes, with sport and song and glee,
 Back to his bosom's dearie.

* The name of the admiral's ship.

Ewald's dramas are Greek tragedies Scandinavianized. His *Balder's Death* is founded wholly on the Icelandic, or Edda, mythology, and is relieved by lyrical choruses, in the style of the classics. With an instrument of sweetness like the Danish, Ewald produced *cantatas* of great excellence, which served, perhaps, more than any of his works, to show the aptitude of the language for melodious results. The first national tragedy of the Danes was Ewald's *Rolf Krage*; his genius is undoubtedly in the composition, but he has not made a very happy choice of a story. Still, there is in all his writings a loftier tone, a more sustained elevation, than is to be found in the writings of any of those who preceded him.

J. H. Wessel has written some admirable comic stories. He was a Norwegian by birth, and died in the prime of his life at Copenhagen, where he held the office of translator to the theatre, having rendered great services to the dramatic fame of his country. To judge of him according to the testimony of some of his contemporaries, he would be deemed the first poet of Denmark. His reputation has not maintained the station given to it, while that of his contemporary has towered far above it, though Ewald was considered in their life-time greatly inferior to Wessel. His *Kjærlighed uden Strømper*, (Love without Stockings,) stands at the head of all the humorous parodies of the Danes. His *Gaffelen* (The Fork) is a very laughable tale of a good woman, who being visited by several of the gods, is allowed to choose three things as a recompense for the entertainment she provided for them. She quarrels with her husband about a dainty they desiderate, and then wishes that his fork were stuck through his nose, which being accomplished, her third wish is that it should be taken out again, and so her hopes and the story end.*

Edward Storm appears to us to have preserved more of the old spirit in his "Sir Sinclair" ballad than is to be found in any modern Danish author. Most of the later poets of Denmark have indeed drunk deep at the ancient Scandinavian well, and their thoughts and their machinery seem borrowed from the poetry of their forefathers; but Storm, in his admirable ballads, rather gives a wave from the fountain itself, or a poem precisely such as a skald would have written, had he taken the subject in hand. We cannot refrain from giving a version of his *Sir Sinclair*. It has all the raciness of the *Kiæmpe Viser*.

* The same story has been told by our own Prior, in his "Baucis and Philemon."

SIR SINCLAIR.

Sir Sinclair sail'd from the Scottish ground,
To Norrway land he hasted,
'Mongst Guldbrand's rocks his grave he
found,
Where his corse in its gore is wasted.

Sir Sinclair sail'd o'er the blue, blue wave,
For Swedish pay he hath sold him,
God help the Scot! for the Norsemen
brave,
Shall biting the grass behold him.

The moon at night spread pale its light,
The billows were gently playing:
See a mermaid merge from the briny surge,
To Sir Sinclair evil spacing.

"Turn back, turn back, thou bonny Scot!
Thy purpose straight abandon,
To return will not be Sir Sinclair's lot,
If Sir Sinclair Norrway land on."

"A curse on thy strain, thou imp of the
main!

Whom nought but to bode ill pleases,
Far other thou'dst preach, wert thou but
in my reach,

I would hack thee all to pieces."

He sail'd for a day, he sail'd for three,
With all his hired legions,
Upon the fourth morn, Sir Sinclair he
saw Norrway's rocky regions.

By Romsdal's strand he reaches land,
Himself for a foe declaring;
Him fourteen hundred men followed close,
Such evil intentions bearing.

They vex'd the people, wherever they
came,

With pillage and conflagration,
Old age's feebleness mov'd not them,
Nor the widow's lamentation.

The child was slain on the mother's breast,
Though it smil'd on the murderous savage;
But soon went tidings east and west
Of all this woe and ravage.

From neighbour to neighbour the message
runs,

On the mountains blazed the beacon.
Intolurking-holes crept not the vallies' sons,
As the Scots perhaps might reckon.

"The soldiers have follow'd the King to
war,

Ourselves must arm us, brothers!
And he who here his blood will spare,
Shall be damn'd as a cur by the others!"

The peasants of Vaage, of Leso and Lom,
Bearing axes sharp and heavy,
To the gathering at Bredaboigd one and
all come,
On the Scots fierce war to levy.

A road, which all men Kringe call,
By the foot of the mountain goeth,
The Lange,* wherein the foes shall fall,
Close over against it floweth.

The grey-hair'd shooters are taking aim,
Each gun has been call'd into duty,
The Naikt† his wet beard uplifts from the
stream,

And with longing expects his booty.

Sir Sinclair fell, the first—with a yell
His soul escap'd him for ever!
Each Scot loudly cried when the captain
died,

"God us from this peril deliver!"

"Now fierce on the dogs, ye jolly Norse-
men!

Smite, smite with all your power!"
Then the Scots had fain been athome again,
His courage had ne'er been lower.

The Kringe was spread with the corpses
dead,

The ravens were glutted with slaughter;
Long wept for the young blood there that
was shed,

Of Scotland many a daughter.

Not one living soul went home, not one,
To his landsmen to tell the story.
'Tis a perilous thing to invade who wone
On Norrway's mountains hoary.

A pillar still towers on that self-same spot,
Which Norrway's foes defieeth.
To the Norseman woe, whose blood glows
not,

Whenever that pillar he eyeth!

His Thorvald is less admired, but we do not feel inclined to pass it over, feeling that by the introduction of these ballads we are relieved from the necessity of criticism, by putting the best materials of criticism into the hands of our readers.

* A river in the valley of Guldbrand.

† The water-god or spirit.

THORVALD.

Svend Tveskæg havde sig en Mand.

Swayne Tveskæg did a man possess,
Sir Thorvald hight;
Though fierce in war, kind acts in peace
Were his delight.
From port to port his vessels fast
Sail'd wide around,
And made, where'er they anchor cast,
His name renown'd.

But Thorvald has freed his King.

Pris'ners he bought—clothes, liberty,
On them bestowed,
And sent men home from slavery
To their abode.
And many an old man got his boy,
His age's stay;
And many a maid her youth's sole joy,
Her lover gay.

But Thorvald has freed his King.

A brave fight Thorvald lov'd full dear,
For brave his mood;
But never did he dip his spear
In feeble blood.

He follow'd Swayne to many a fray
With war-shield bright,
And his mere presence scar'd away
Foul deeds of might.

But Thorvald has freed his King.

They hoist sail on the lofty mast,
It was King Swayne,
He o'er the bluey billows pass'd
With armed train.
His mind to harry Bretland* boil'd;
He leapt on shore:

And every, every thing recoil'd
His might before.

But Thorvald has freed his King.

Yet slept not Bretland's chieftain good;
He speedily
Collects a host in the dark wood
Of cavalry.
And evil through that subtle plan
Befell the Dane;

They were ta'en pris'ners every man,
And last King Swayne.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

"Now hear thou prison-foogd!† and pray
My message heed:

Unto the castle take thy way,
Thence Thorvald lead!
Prison and chains become him not,
Whose gallant hand

So many a handsome lad has brought
From slavery's band."

But Thorvald has freed his King.

The man brought this intelligence
To the bower's door,
But Thorvald, with loud vehemence,
"I'll not go," swore.

"What—go, and leave my sovereign
here,

In durance sore?
No! Thorvald then ne'er worthy were
To lift shield more."

But Thorvald has freed his King.

What cannot noble souls effect?
Both freedom gain
Through Thorvald's prayer, and the
respect
His deeds obtain.

And from that hour unto his grave,
Swayne ever show'd
Towards his youth's friend so true and
brave,
Fit gratitude.

But Thorvald has freed his King.

Swayne Tveskæg sat with kings one tide,
O'er mead and beer,
The cushion soft he stroak'd and cried,
"Sit, Thorvald, here.

Thy father ne'er rul'd land like me
And my compeers!

But yarl and nobleman is he
Whose fame thine nears.

For Thorvald has freed the King."

Storm's comic epic *Bræger* is a failure in almost every particular. It is in hexameters, rough and unmusical—the laborious work of many, many years; and though there are some passages not wanting in ludicrousness, they are not thickly scattered enough to redeem the whole.

Storm's Fables (*Originale Fabler og Fortælinger*) have much originality, and in his comic displays he is particularly felicitous.

* Britain.

† Prison-foogd, the governor of the prison, Dan fogd.

The ludicrous has always been a favourite and a successful pursuit among the Danes. Bruun in his *Fritimer* (Leisure hours) has also produced many amusing stories, and happily versified those of Bocaccio and La Fontaine.

H. Tode's *Fables* are good. He wrote two Dramas which have many admirers, but are not to be reckoned among the masterpieces of the art. His works are numerous, in Latin, German, and Danish. He died (*Æt.* 70,) in 1806. He had a considerable reputation both as a medical and chirurgical writer. He translated several of Smollett's novels, published some original romances, several philological works, and wrote a great quantity of periodical criticism.

The Danes have their epics: there is the *Stærkodder* of Pram, there is *Det befriede Israel* of Hertz. Our readers would like to know something about these hero-poems. We cannot oblige them, notwithstanding a long habit of self-sacrifice. We have opened the volumes; the last is in lumbering hexameters. We found ourselves in a poppy-field; around us was an indistinct buz. We cannot say more, for we were awfully weary, and can only recommend others to "beware of trespassing on these grounds." But it must be said for Pram, that he did not claim for his poem the "great argument of an epic;" he called it modestly a rhyme chronicle. Both he and Hertz have developed many beauties in their mother-tongue; but this is a consideration removed from their claims to distinction as poets. Hertz is constantly running away from his subject, in chase of episodes, and when he has caught them, they are not worth having. In all this, we are sensible of treading on dangerous ground. To have an epic poet is a point of honour among all nations, and we are sorry to say the Danes are touched with the universal passion. They err. They can make out far better titles to fame.

Samsøe's (1759—1796) *Dyveke* is one of the most renowned tragedies of the Danish stage; there are three several translations of it into German, as well as a Dutch version. He wrote also two volumes of poetry, which are not elevated above mediocrity.

Thaarup's poetical tone is majestic, though perhaps he does not always preserve that dignified character which is obviously the object of his ambition. In his operas he is graceful and harmonious. On the marriage of the present King he wrote his *Høstgildet* (Harvest Home), the songs of which passed speedily into the mouths of the people. The author introduced characters from many parts of the Danish dominions, and made his opera attractive both for its groupings and its music. It has been translated into German. This success led him to attempt the

farther developement of his operatic talent; but, except in the songs, he failed; some of these are very pretty, especially those beginning *I Östen sövblaa Dagen smiler* and *Du Split af Jord*. The *Höstgildet* is a sort of domestic idyl, as is the *Peter's Wedding*, (*Peter's Bryllup*). We have heard of an intention of translating these into English, but doubt the success of the project, however well executed; it would be hardly possible to make the Danish pictures so familiar to English senses as to excite any considerable interest.

Christian Levin Sander must be deemed one of the successful dramatic authors of Denmark. His writings are multifarious, both in German and Danish. The most celebrated of his pieces is *Niels Ebbesen af Nörrieris*, a tragedy in five acts, which has been translated into other languages. The *Eropolis* is a drama intended to *Danicize* the Italian opera; it is agreeably written, but deserves no praise beyond this.

Of Jens Baggesen's voluminous writings a new, complete, and enlarged edition is now passing through the press. We regret to say *complete*, for it would have been better for his fame had many of his writings not been republished. He was an ardent and somewhat irritable man; engaged in many a controversy, and flinging round him sparks, many of which might have been more properly left to themselves, and they would have been soon extinguished. But he had many merits; he had travelled much, and with much benefit; he possessed remarkable comic powers. Notwithstanding his exuberance, he now and then mounts into elevation, and sometimes pours out extremely sweet and musical strains: he trenches often on the borders of impropriety, and sweeps an Anacreontic string with a lascivious hand. His lyrics are frequently as harmonious as if intended to be sung. He had imbued himself with the spirit of Italy while journeying in that delightful land, and he endeavoured, not very successfully, to naturalize the Italian opera. His comic tales are very good, and one of them, *The Origin of the Censorship*, or the *Chronicle of Calundberg*, is very lively and felicitous. One of his songs is so much admired, especially by the ladies, that we must find room for a version of it.

WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

Der var en Tid, da jeg var meget lille.

There was a time when I was very tiny,
My dwarfish form had scarce an ell's
length won;
Oft when I think thereon, fall tear-drops
briny,
And yet I think full many a time thereon.

Then I upon my mother's bosom toy'd me,
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more
annoy'd me,
Than ancient Greek, or modern minstrelsy.

If smaller, then, the world to me was
seeming,
Alas! much better was it in mine eyes;
For I beheld the stars like sparklets gleam-
ing,
And wish'd for wings to make them all
my prize.

When I, behind the hill the moon saw
gliding,
Oft thought I, (earth had then no mystery,)
That I could learn, and bring my mother
tiding,
How large, how round, and what that
moon might be!

Wond'ring I trac'd God's flaming sun
careering,
Towards the west, unto the ocean bed;
And yet again at morn in east appearing,
And dying the whole orient scarlet red.

And then I thought on Him, the great, the
gracious,
Who me created, and that beacon bright,

And those pearl-rows which all heaven's
arches spacious,
From pole to pole, illuminate at night.

My youthful lip would pray in deep devo-
tion,
The prayer my blessed mother taught to
me;
Thy wisdom, God! thy mercy, shall the
emotion
Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.

Then pray'd I for my father, for my mother,
My sister too, and all the family;
For unknown things, and for our wretched
brother,
The cripple, who went sighing, staggering
by.

They slid away—my childhood's days of
pleasure!

Away with them my joy and quiet slid;
Remembrance but remains, and of that
treasure,

That I should be bereav'd, O God! forbid!

It was Baggesen's fate, we cannot deem it his good fortune, to be set up in a sort of rivalry against Oehlenschläger. The latter, perhaps, valued him, as a controversialist always values his adversary, at too low a rate; and Baggesen was repaid by those who brought their incense to him as the great poet of the age. It cannot be denied, that as the reputation of Oehlenschläger rose, that of Baggesen fell—fell beneath the fair level of his merits.

A great impulse was given to the poetical literature of Denmark by Henry Steffens, who, in 1802, delivered a course of belle-lettre lectures at Copenhagen. His mind was enriched with a large store of philosophical knowledge: he had written mineralogical, botanical, and zoographical works, and had had the benefits of travel and of intercourse with learned men. He had especially been long in Germany, (he is at this moment professor of natural history at Breslau,) and he came to Denmark full of the enthusiasm which the new school of German poetry had awakened within him. He first made this nation thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Göthe, and unveiled those workings of thought and sentiment which had produced such rich and beautiful results. Though his lectures blended philosophy with literature, they made their deepest impression on the young poetical spirits that attended, and Oehlenschläger instantly caught the infection of his mind. He stirred up the imaginative spirit of the young bard—led his fancy to those higher ranges to which

Shakespeare and the dramatists of nature invited him—and created that new and nobler ambition which at once broke through the fetters of a petrified and prosaic temperament.

Oehlenschläger's merit is resplendent in these pieces, which have their source in Scandinavian history or mythology. He is initiated into the mysteries of Odin, and touches his harp gloriously in the halls of Valhalla. He has struck with the hammer of Thor at the portal of our social sympathies, and poured out the metheglin of the past for our present delicious enjoyment. He followed a series of poets who certainly had drunk deep of the streams of popular poetry. Ewald, Frimann, Thaarup, and others, had found the same sources of inspiration in these ancient ballads, which are the genuine representations of the Danish poetical spirit. To the fire and vigour of old romance, Oehlenschläger brought the exquisite polish of civilization. With a fancy rich as was possessed by the minstrels of the past, he has united a more delicate sympathy for what is harmonious and sensitive. The romancers of the earlier time pourtrayed the purer and more heroic passions in powerful outline. Oehlenschläger has filled up the pictures with the finest touches of sentiment, and with those gentler shades and blendings of varied thought and feeling which leave the complete result of pleasure and approval.

Of a writer so voluminous as Oehlenschläger, and one who has most fully occupied so large a portion of the field so long, it is difficult to give any compositions as samples of the whole. His devotional pieces have the charm which belongs to some of Moore's happiest productions, in which the religious feeling is exquisitely set off, and adorned by a chaste and appropriate imagery. Such a piece is the

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Hver Vaar naar Taagerne flygte hen.

Each spring,—when the mists have abandon'd the earth,
And the little child Jesus awakes to birth,
The angels of forest, and field, and sea,
All shout the Redeemer—'tis he!—'tis he!
And Nature delighted again is seen
With her smiles of joy and her mantle of green.
For the young and innocent shepherd, lo!
The angels of heaven are watching so;
In the fields on the clear and beautiful night
They wander and wave in the pale moon's light.
They are singing,—“To-day is the Saviour come,
Born from the Virgin's holy womb.”

His drink is made of the purest dew,
His glances of beauty flow heavenward too.
Heavenward he lifts his infantine hands—
He is bound to the earth with rosy bands :
His lisplings are zephyrs, his cradle hay,
And his eyes are a sparkling heaven-blue ray.

Ye shepherds ! to Bethlehem all repair,
And bow to the babe that is suffering there ;
And bid them come from the fields to see
The lovely child on the straw, for he
Has an innocent smile, and a voice so sweet,
They will waft earthly bosoms to Heaven's own seat.

So soar'd the angels to heaven,—and then
To Bethlehem came the shepherd-men :
They list to Salvation's holy call,
And are met by scorners and doubters all,
Again they go forth to the field's green sod,
Where they worship the infant and glorify God.

And the stars shine bright in their golden rings,
And welcome homewards the orient kings,
And radiant ones join the choral hymn,—
And earth is touch'd by the cherubim,
Praising the babe—while the holy child
Sweet on his mother's bosom smil'd.

And see, there spring from the darksome mould
Flowers clad in purple, velvet, and gold ;—
Beautiful things of wonderful birth
Ascending to heaven tho' bound to earth ;
Perfuming the urns, where their glories meet,
With fragrant myrrh and with incense sweet.

There is a pleasing moral—an agreeable flow of versification, and an originality of manner in his “*Time's Perspective*,” which tempt us to introduce it.

TIME'S PERSPECTIVE.

I den store snever Stad.

Through the city sped a youth,
He was little gay, in truth,
'Twas an evening dark and dim,
And a desert place to him.
From his childhood he was wont
High upon the mountain front,
In a castle old to dwell,
Where Sol's earliest lustre fell,
And where last his purple look
Dwelt, when he departure took

Learn'd and pious was the lad,
Many a book he studied had,
Liv'd, by aid of fancy strong,
Long departed days among :
Could from ancient scripts repeat
Every hero's every feat ;
And in modern pages sought
Heroes—'twas an idle thought :
So he flung contempt and scorn
On the days when he was born.

As he trod the city ground
 Comfortless, he look'd around.
 As the sun went down to rest,
 Gloomier thoughts his mind possess'd.
 In the mile-long street he stood
 Sore dissatisfied of mood;
 Down the row of houses tall
 Look'd he with contempt and gall:
 "What a nest 'tis, what a den!
 Worms its dwellers are, not men."

Whilst indulging thoughts like these,
 Him a vigorous old man sees;
 Hears him mourn the sad decays
 Of our too degenerate days.
 Save the past he deem'd that nought
 Merits even a passing thought;
 Setting up in sad array
 Our to-day 'gainst yesterday—
 Paradise and Noah's ark
 'Gainst a hut of birch-tree bark.

When the old man saw the lad,
 And the wandering thoughts he had,
 He approach'd to him and cried,—
 "I with you quite coincide:
 Nothing like the past is dear.
 What 'gainst yonder is there here?
 When in chronicles we gaze
 On the long since vanish'd days,
 And then turn to what we see,
 Wormwood must the contrast be.

"What a difference! there a bright
 Galaxy of deeds of might,—
 But as time advancing flows,
 Duller, duller still it grows;
 Till, in gloom divided far,
 Here and there appears a star
 Pale, and blent with vapours foul,
 Powerless to move my soul;—
 Just as when we cast our view
 Down this street's lamp-avenue."

"Sir, you're right," replied the youth;—
 "Who'll deny so plain a truth?"
 Then the old man bid him go
 Down with him the long long row;
 And when they, slow pacing on,
 To its end at length had won,
 The old man with placid look
 By the hand young dreamer took,
 Turn'd him, saying, "See if thou
 Midst the galaxy art now."

"No, no, no," the young man said:
 "Hence the galaxy is fled.
 Far divided in the night,
 Burneth here and there a light;
 There, where I outspit my gall,
 Gleameth now the lustre all."
 Then the old man: "I nor you
 Time can penetrate 'tis true:—
 Gaz'd awhile his face upon—
 Smil'd, embrac'd him, and was gone.

In another tone is the following extract from his "*Morgen-Vandring*."

THE MORNING WALK.

Saa huldt til den venlige Bøgeskov.

"To the beech grove with so sweet an air
 It beckon'd me.
 O earth! that never the cruel plough
 share
 Had furrow'd thee!
 In their dark shelter the flowerets grew,
 Bright to the eye,
 And smil'd by my foot on the cloudlets
 blue,
 Which deck'd the sky.
 To the wood through a field I took my
 way;
 There I could see
 On the field an uppill'd stone heap lay,
 'Twixt hillocks three;
 So anciently grayly white it stood,
 An oblong ring:
 Here doubtless was held in the old time
 good
 A royal Ting.*

The royal stone, which there doth stand,
 The Stol-king press'd,
 With crown on head, and sceptre in hand,
 In sables drest.
 And every warrior solemnly pac'd,
 Peaceful in thought,
 And down on his stone himself calmly
 plac'd—
 No sword he brought.
 The king's house stood on yonder height,
 With walls of power,
 On yon had his daughter, the damsel
 bright,
 Her maiden bower:
 And upon the third the temple stood,
 Through the North fam'd wide,
 Where to Thor was offer'd the he-goat's
 blood
 In reeking tide.

* A kind of parliament, where the affairs of the nation were discussed.

O, lovely field! and forest fair,
And meads grass-clad;
Her bride-bed Freya every where
Enameled had.
The corn-flowers rose in azure band
From earthy cell;
Nought else could I do but stop and stand,
And greet them well.

"Welcome on earth's green breast again
Ye flow'rets dear!

In spring how charming 'mid the grain
Your heads ye rear.

Like stars 'midst lightning's yellow ray
Ye shine red, blue:

O, how your summer aspect gay
Delights my view."

"O poet! poet! silence keep—
God help thy case!

Our owner holds us sadly cheap,
And scorns our race.

Each time he sees, he calls us scum,
Or worthless tares,

Hell-weeds that but to vex him come
'Midst his corn-ears.

"The greatest grace done for our sake
In all his life,

Is from his pocket deep to take
His huge clasp knife;

And heavy handful then to cut,
'Midst grumbling much—

Us with tobacco leaves to put
In seal-skin pouch.

"He says, he says, that smok'd this way,
We dross of the field,
To the world by chance, by poor chance
may

Some benefit yield;
But as for our beauty, our blue and red
hues

'Tis folly indeed—
The mouth is his only test of use,
And that's his creed."

"O wretched mortals!—O wretched man!
O wretched crowd!—

No pleasures ye pluck—no pleasures ye
plan

In life's lone road:—

Whose eyes are blind to the glories great
Of the works of God;

And dream that the mouth is the nearest
gate

To joy's abode.

"Come flowers! for we to each other be-
long,

Come graceful elf,
And around my lute in sympathy strong

Now wind thyself;
And quake as if mov'd by zephyr's wing,

'Neath the clang of the chord,
And a morning song with glee we'll sing

To our Maker and Lord."

Contemporaneous with Oehlenschläger, and formed to a great extent under the same circumstances, was Nicholas Grundtvig, an eloquent preacher and poet, whose services have not been alone in the regions of fancy, but in those of learned research. His productions ought to have excited more attention in England, which he visited last year, unknown and unnoticed; for he has mainly occupied himself with topics of deep interest to all Anglo-Saxon students; and be it allowed us to remark, that there is no portion of the field of our literature which has been less successfully cultivated than the Anglo-Saxon—while the foreign authors, Thorkelin for example, who have obtained most reputation for their contributions, are perhaps the least deserving of commendation. Grundtvig's *Bjowulf's Drape*, and poetical translation of this Anglo-Saxon epic, is honourable to his taste, talent, and erudition. The introduction is valuable for its facts—and the notes acute and useful, proposing various emendations, and suggesting much matter for intelligent criticism.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann is the poet of woman. His verses are in the highest degree sweet and flowing. One of his best productions, which he calls a romantic epos, is *De sarte Riddere*,

(The Black Knights.) It is to be regretted that he took for it so ambitious a title. Of his long pieces, his *Waldemar and followers* is the one which displays the highest poetical character. His allegorical allusions and adorning of the *Black Knights* interfere with its many beauties of versification. Great imaginative strength Ingemann has not,—but he has other poetical attributes which will provide for his lasting reputation. We think he is not generally valued in Denmark as he deserves. Critics too frequently compare and contrast merits which are to be judged of by very different standards—and such questions as—is Wordsworth not greater than Byron, or Oehlenschläger than Ingemann?—are not to be answered by a monosyllable. Many of Ingemann's lyrics are interesting in the highest degree. It is a pity he should have wasted himself on idyls and pastorals, even with the Shepherdess of Tolosa, (*Hyrden af Tolose*.) The title is pretty enough—but Guipuzcoa is not the land for keepers of flocks.

His versified legend of the *Aspen tree* is pathetically poetical:

THE ASPEN.

Hvad hvisker saa salsomt i Midnattens Stund.

What whispers so strange at the hour of
midnight

From the aspen's leaves trembling so
wildly?

Why in the lone wood sings it sad, when
the bright

Full-moon beams upon it so mildly.

It soundeth as 'mid the harp-strings the
wind-gust,

Or like sighs of ghosts wandering in sor-
row;

In the meadow the small flowers hear it,
and must

With tears close themselves till the mor-
row.

"O tell me, poor wretch! why thou shi-
verest so?

Why the moans of distraction thou pour-
est?

Say can thy heart harbour repentance and
woe?

Can sin reach the child of the forest?"

"Yes,"—sigh'd forth the tremulous voice
—"for thy race

Has not alone fall'n from its station;

Not alone art thou seeking for comfort
and grace,

Nor alone art thou called to salvation.

"I've heard too the voice, which with
heaven reconcil'd

The earth to destruction devoted;

But the storm from my happiness hurried
me wild,

Though round me joy's melodies floated.

"By Kedron I stood, and the bright
beaming eye

I view'd of the pitying power;

Each tree bow'd its head, as the Saviour
pass'd by,

But I deign'd not my proud head to
lower.

"I tower'd to the cloud whilst the lilies
sang sweet,

And the rose bent its stem in devotion;

I strew'd not my leaves 'fore the Holy
One's feet,

Nor bough nor twig set I in motion.

"Then sounded a sigh from the Saviour's
breast;

And I quak'd, for that sigh through me
darted.

"Quake so till I come!" said the voice
of the Blest—

My repose then for ever departed.

"And now must I tremble by night and
by day,

For me there no moment of ease is;

I must sigh with regret in such dolorous
way,

Whilst each flow'ret can smile when it
pleases.

"And tremble shall I till the Last Day
arrive,

And I view the Redeemer returning.

My sorrow and punishment long will sur-
vive,

Till the world shall in blazes be burning."

So whispers the doom'd one at midnight ; The small flowers hear it within the wood
its tone lone,
Is that of ghosts wandering in sorrow ; And with tears close themselves till the
morrow.

Nor can we refrain from giving his Dame Martha, which has all the characters of a ballad of the *Kiæmpe Viser* era.

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN.

Fru Marthe sad paa Karisegaard.

Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard, So many kind deeds she wrought : If the winter were sharp, and the rich man hard, Her gate the indigent sought. With her hand the hungry she lov'd to feed, To the sick she lent her aid ; The prisoner oft from his chains she freed, And for souls of sinners she pray'd. But Denmark's land was in peril dire : The Swede around burnt and slew, The castle of Martha they wrapp'd in fire, To the church the good lady flew. She dwelt in the tower both night and day, There unto her none repair'd ; 'Neath the church-roof sat the dull owl gray, And upon the good lady glar'd. And in the Lord's house she dwelt safe and content, Till the foes their departure had ta'en ; Then back to her castle in ruins she went, And bade it be builded again. There found the houseless a cover once more, And the mouths of the hungry bread ;	But all in Karise By* wept sore, As soon as Dame Martha was dead. And when the Dame lay in her coffin, and smil'd So calm with her pallid face, O there was never so little a child, But was brought on her to gaze. The bell on the day of the burial toll'd, And youth and age shed the tear ; And there was no man so weak and old But help'd to lift the bier. And when they the bier set down for a space, And rested upon the church road, A fountain sprang forth in that very same place, And there to this hour has it flow'd. God bless for ever the pious soul ! Her blessings no lips can tell : Oft straight have the sick become sound and whole, Who've drank at Dame Martha's well. The tower yet stands with the gloomy nook, Where Dame Martha sat of old ; Oft comes a stranger thereon to look, And with joy hears the story told.
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K. L. Rahbek's literary industry, aided by no small portion of taste and knowledge, and especially by an earnest and patriotic spirit which is wont to awaken in the bosoms of others those feelings that are eloquent in its own—did much by the periodical supply of interesting matter to spread the love and the cultivation of letters. Magazines are everywhere important instruments of popular instruction, but they are so in the highest degree where no professional authors exist, where the rewards which attach to literature are small, transient and uncertain. Magazines are excellent preparatory schools for aspiring students, and being generally in the hands of men of tolerable judgment, they bring young competitors for fame at once before the tribunal of an editor—a

sort of grand-jury examination—and the greater tribunal of the public. Who, of all the men that have obtained distinction in our day, has not first fluttered his pinions in a newspaper or a magazine? In Denmark such productions hold some of the choicest gems of their poetical literature. Rahbek was the editor of the *Minerva*, a monthly review, and the *Danish Observer* (*Den Danske Tilskuer*) a weekly one. The criticisms, which are very numerous, are generally either instructive or amusing. It is not criticism of the highest order, which is hardly obtainable in countries where the quantity of literature is small, and where literary men are thrown much into contact with one another. Our public judgments of those with whom we hold frequent intercourse will, for the most part, be very indulgent. The pleasure of exercising a severe estimate will not counterbalance the pain which may be inflicted by those whom we have lowered in the standard of public opinion. Even as it is, the literary jealousies which always exist in the Danish capital will surprise, and perhaps amuse the stranger. Men there depend too much upon one another. The range of independent thought, as to the literary merits of competitors, is constantly checked by personal and private considerations. Yet, notwithstanding this, literature, like politics, manages to create its coteries, to define its parties, and to mark their individual advocates. In larger societies there is always a vast extent of neutral ground, where men of all opinions may congregate, and on which the intellect is free to expatiate at will. This neutral ground grows narrower and narrower as the social circle diminishes, and in extremely small societies leaves only a concentrated spirit of faction. The scandal-mongers of a village might, in a thousand cases, become the judicious critics of a large capital, where their severity might find a sufficient number of subjects for its more equitable diffusion. Rahbek's drinking songs are lively and frequent companions of the social board; and to our taste there are few lyrics superior to his *Peter Colbiornsen*.

PETER COLBIORSEN.

'Fore Fredereksteen King Carl he lay	But ah, they fought like Northern men,
With mighty host;	For much lov'd land,
But Frederekshal from day to day,	And it was Peter Colbiornsen
Much trouble cost.	That led the band.
To seize the sword each citizen	Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.
His tools let fall,	Such heavy blows the Norsemen deal
And valiant Peter Colbiornsen	Anid the foe,
Was first of all.	Like ripe corn fore the reaper's steel
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.	The Swedes sink low.
'Gainst Frederekshald so fierce and grim	But sturdiest reaper weary will,
Turn'd Carl his might,	So happ'd it here;
The citizens encountered him	Though many the Norwegians kill,
In numbers slight,	More, more appear.
	Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Before superior force they flew,
As Norsemen fly,
They but retir'd, the fight anew
Unaw'd to ply.
Now o'er the bodies of his slain
His way Carl makes;
He thinks he has the city ta'en,
But he mistakes.
Thus for Norrøway fight the Norsemen.

A speedy death his soldiers found
Where'er they came;
For Norse were posted all around,
And greeted them;
Then Carl he sent, but sorely vext,
To Fredereksteen,
And begg'd that he might bury next
His slaughter'd men.
Thus for Norrøway fight the Norsemen.

"No time, no time to squander e'er
Have Norsemen bold,
He came self-bidden 'mongst us here,"
Thus Carl was told;
"If we can drive him back agen,
We now must try?"
And it was Peter Colbiørnsen
Made that reply.
Thus for Norrøway fight the Norsemen.

So large a portion of the life of P. A. Heiberg has been passed in exile, that he has not borne that share in the literary history of his country which his earlier successes promised. Banished by a decree of the State Tribunal of Copenhagen, in 1800, he made no appeal against the decision, but has pursued a life of study and literary labour in France, his second country,—a country, to his eager and generous interest in whose reforms he probably owed his banishment. He was born at Vordingborg in 1758. He has written several dramatic pieces, translations from other languages, especially an excellent version of Churchill's Ode to Independence, and many political tracts connected with the public events of Norway. Heiberg's dramas have many comic scenes, which are painted with great felicity. He errs by overstretching his characters; they go too far and say too much. Of his lyrics the *Ruins of Uranienborg* afford a fair, though perhaps a favourable specimen.

THE RUINS OF URANIENBORG.

Der Vandringsmand ved Söen.

Thou by the strand dost wander,—
Yet here, O stranger, stay!
Turn tow'rd the island yonder,
And listen to my lay:
Thy every meditation
Bid thither, thither haste;
A castle had its station
On yon banks ages past.

Lo! from the town the flames outburst,
High-minded men!
And he who fired his house the first
Was Colbiørnsen.
Eager to quench the fire, the foes
Make quick resort,
But bullets fell as fast as snows
Down from the fort.
Thus for Norrøway fight the Norsemen.

Now rose the blazes tow'rd the sky,
Red, terrible,
His heroes' death the King thereby
Could see right well.
Sir Peter's word he then made good,
His host retires;
But in his path the steen it stood,
And on him fires.
Thus for Norrøway fight the Norsemen.

Magnificent midst corse and blood
Glow'd Frederekshal;
Illum'd its own men's courage proud,
And Swedesmen's fall.
Whoe'er saw pile funereal flame
So bright as then?
Sure never shall expire thy name,
O Colbiørnsen!
Thus for Norrøway fight the Norsemen.

In long past days in glory
It stood, and grandeur sheen;
Now—'twas so transitory—
Its ruins scarce are seen.
But it in ancient tide was
For height and size renown'd,
It seen from every side was
Uprising from the ground,

For no sea-king intended,
 I ween, was yonder hold;
 Urania! it ascended
 In praise of thee so bold.
 Close by the ocean roaring,
 Far, far from mortal jars,
 It stood tow'rds heaven soaring,
 And tow'rds the little stars.
 A gate in the wall eastward,
 Show'd like a mighty mouth.
 There was another westward,
 And spires stood north and south.
 The castle dome high rearing
 Itself, a spirelet bore,
 Where stood, 'fore the wind veering,
 A Pegasus, gilt o'er.
 Towers, which the sight astounded,
 In north and south were plac'd,
 Upon strong pillars founded,
 And both with galleries grac'd.
 And there they caught attention
 Of all, who thither stroll'd,
 Quadrants of large dimension,
 And spheres in flames that roll'd.
 One from the castle staring,
 Across the island spied,
 The woods' green foliage bearing,
 And ocean's bluey tide.
 The halls the sight enchanted,
 With colours bright of blee;
 The gardens they were planted
 With many a flower and tree.
 When down came night careering,
 And vanish'd was the sun;
 The stars were seen appearing
 All heaven's arch upon.
 Far, far was heard the yelling,
 (When one thereto gave heed,)
 Of those who watch'd the dwelling,
 Four hounds of mastiff breed.

The good knight ceas'd to walk on
 The fields of war and gore;
 His helm and sword the balk on
 He hung, to use no more.
 From earth, its woe and riot,
 His mind had taken flight,
 When in his chamber quiet
 He sat at depth of night.
 Then he his eye erected
 Into the night so far,
 And keen the course inspected
 Of every twinkling star;
 The stars his fame transported
 Wide over sea and land;
 And kings his friendship courted,
 And sought his islet's strand.
 But the stars pointed serious
 To other countries' track;
 His fate call'd him imperious,
 He went, and came not back.
 The haughty walls, through sorrow,
 Have long since sunken low;
 The heavy ploughshares furrow
 Thy house, Urania! now.
 Each time the sun is sinking,
 It friendly looks on Hveen;
 Its rays there linger, thiinking
 On what that place has been.
 The moon hastes, melancholy,
 Past, past her coast so dear;
 And in love's pleasure holy
 Shines Freya's starlet clear:
 Then suddenly takes to heaving—
 Of that same ruin old,
 The basis deep, believing,
 Some evening, 'tis oft told—
 For many moments gladly
 'Twould rise up from the mould;
 It may not—so it sadly
 Sinks in Death's slumber cold.

His son, J. L. Heiberg, at this moment the popular director of the Copenhagen theatre, has obtained great applause by the introduction of Danish vaudevilles, which, representing national, local, and personal peculiarities, have been objects of great attraction, especially on account of their novelty. The drama seems to have been at all times the object of his attention. One of his earliest works is a Latin dissertation on the merits of Calderon, which left on our minds, we remember, a very favourable impression of the critical acumen of the young dramatist.

There are crowds of writers of whom we know hardly how to speak, yet dare not pass over in absolute silence. Jein Smith's *Josepha*, an Italian poetical tale, has considerable deservings. Schak Staffeld's Romances are among the best of the second order. Brunn's *Rimener* and *Skriftemaalet* (Confession) maintain a place in the good opinion of the Danes. The brothers Fri-

mann, (there were four of them,) all authors, and two of them tolerable poets, contributed largely to the literature of Denmark. Molbech would be entitled to particular notice, did our space allow: and Thiele, who has so illustrated the popular poetry of Denmark, by recording those superstitions which still dwell among the people, and whose existence may be traced in the old ballads of the north.

The Danish language is the softest in sound and the simplest in construction of all the Gothic dialects.* That it continued uncultivated for many hundred years is not to be wondered at, as Latin and German were, down to the seventeenth century, the idioms both of literature and of polished society. In the reign of Louis XIV. of France, it partook of the corruptions which the influence of that great period of French literature spread over Europe. The language, instead of being improved as compared with the sixteenth century, was in every respect deteriorated. Holberg must be deemed its real deliverer, and his authority has preserved it from farther pollution.

Some explanation may be required in using this phraseology. We have no objection to the introduction of any appropriate words into a language which add to its riches and its powers, but we abominate those intrusions which destroy all euphony—which answer no useful end—which merely represent the affectation of shallow tyros, and the fopperies of fashion and folly. There is nothing to our eyes and ears more essentially vulgar, graceless, and ignorant, than the interlarding conversation or writing with foreign phrases, exotic words, and sounds, which, though harmonious among kindred sounds, become harsh, discordant, and disagreeable, when planted in the midst of a language with which they claim little affinity. The nasal tones of the French,—the guttural of the Spanish,—destroy, for example, the melody of an English sentence into which they may be introduced, and break up the chain of oral and rythmical affinities which run through the whole speech of a people. In this respect, perhaps, public taste is improving, and good sense is beginning to put its veto upon that superficial pretence to the knowledge of foreign tongues, which shows itself in the slipshod vanity of dragging in some un-English word on every possible occasion. It is not thus that literature is enriched, or language improved, but by those quiet and promising studies which gather eloquence and truth in the fields of knowledge.

* The earliest Danish Grammar that exists is that of Peder Syr. *Den Danske Sprogkunst eller Grammatica*, Kjöb. 1685. He also printed specimens of a Danish Dictionary. Jens Iljsgaard published a valuable Philosophical Grammar, in 1747, entitled *Accentueret og raisonneret Grammatica som viser de Danske Sprog i sin naturlige Skikkelse*. A supplement followed in 1769.

ART. III.—*Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Endosmose et l'Exosmose, suivies de l'application expérimentale de ces actions physiques à la solution du problème de l'Irritabilité Végétale, et à la détermination de la cause de l'Ascension des Tiges et de la Descente des Racines.*—Par M. Dutrochet, Correspondent de l'Institut dans l'Académie Royale des Sciences, &c. 8vo. pp. 106. Paris. 1828.

IN the first number of this Journal we gave a review of M. Dutrochet's former work, entitled "L'Agent Immédiat du Mouvement Vital," in which we presented our readers with some account of his physiological researches. Since that period, this indefatigable and accurate observer has been incessantly occupied in pursuing the new and interesting path of inquiry which his patience had succeeded in opening; and, as might have been expected, his former views have received much modification, the necessary consequence of every fresh discovery in science.

In recalling our attention to the result of his earlier labours, M. Dutrochet begins his present treatise with the following brief exposition of the phenomenon of Endosmose and Exosmose.

"When two liquids differing in density, or chemical quality, are separated by a membranous partition, two currents are established through this partition, in opposite directions, and of unequal forces. Hence it follows, that a quantity of fluid continues to accumulate on that side towards which the stronger current is directed."

The first half of the present volume is occupied with the investigation of the cause of this peculiar property, and an inquiry into the laws which regulate its action; and, in the remaining portion of his work, M. Dutrochet attempts to account for certain phenomena in vegetation by the application of this newly discovered principle to the physiology of plants.

It was observed in our former article, (Vol. I. p. 229.) that M. Dutrochet had satisfied himself that electricity was the cause of endosmose. His theory seemed plausible enough, and the experiment upon which it was founded, apparently sufficient to sanction its adoption. By the sole action of the galvanic battery, water was made to permeate a piece of bladder, and to accumulate on the side connected with the negative pole.* In this instance, it is manifest that electricity alone can be the exciting cause of endosmose. M. Dutrochet therefore concluded that as electricity is known to be evolved upon the contact of two substances of dif-

* We refer to the experiment detailed in our Vol. I. p. 228, where the reader will observe at the 13th line from the bottom, that an oversight has been committed in stating both poles as negative. The zinc or less dense is, of course, positive.

ferent densities, or of different chemical properties, the cause of endosmose must be always attributed to an electrical current elicited by the close approximation of two heterogeneous fluids when merely separated by a thin membrane. Subsequent experiments however, have shown, that there is no electricity evolved during the continuance of the endosmose capable of being appreciated by the most delicate galvanoscope. M. Dutrochet is still unwilling to give up his theory, and considers it probable that the whole electrical effect is produced within the minute interstices or pores, where the opposing currents meet in their passage through the membrane.

Before we proceed further in commenting on the discovery of M. Dutrochet, we must caution our readers against confounding the property of endosmose with any of the causes of filtration already known. The fluid, it is true, does percolate a porous membrane, and, as was already well known, it may be made to do so either by the ordinary process of evaporation, by its own gravity, or lastly by the agency of electricity. But neither of these causes fully explain that kind of filtration which M. Dutrochet calls endosmose, although the last mentioned does indeed produce an effect in some respects similar, viz. that of an accumulation on one side of the membrane above the level of the surface of the fluid on the other, contrary to the laws of hydrostatics. But, the force of endosmose, which arises from the intra-capillary action excited upon the approximation of two heterogeneous fluids, is further accompanied by an Exosmose also.

"The cause of endosmose then, as M. Dutrochet remarks, is still enveloped in much obscurity. I had originally admitted this cause to be electricity. I am still inclined to think it so, but this is not sufficiently shown."—p. 32.

Another theory has been proposed by M. Poisson, which places the question in a different light, and seems to bring us a step nearer to its solution. For although we agree with M. Dutrochet that M. Poisson's own explanation is defective, yet we are disposed to think that this philosopher has discovered the right clue for unravelling the mystery, and that endosmose and exosmose are more likely to be owing to the combined results of capillary attraction and elective affinity, than to any known law of electricity. If future researches should ever succeed in establishing a connection between capillary attraction and electricity, then indeed endosmose also will most probably be explicable upon this same principle. But, in the present state of our knowledge, we are inclined to think, in opposition to M. Dutrochet, that the agency of causes already known will be found sufficient to explain this phenomenon.

M. Poisson's theory may be briefly stated thus. Suppose two vessels connected at the bottom by a horizontal capillary tube. Let the altitude of two fluids in the separate vessels be inversely as their densities, and the pressure of each at the opposite ends of the tube will be the same. If the tube, when placed in a vertical position, be capable of elevating these fluids by the power of capillary attraction, each will now enter it, and at first compress the air it contained between them. Afterwards that fluid whose capillary attraction is the greatest will expel the other, and at length occupy the whole tube. In this state we have the fluid in the tube pressed equally at either extremity by the fluids in the vessels; we have also the capillary attraction at each end equal. Hence no further motion would ensue from the operation of either of these causes. But if we now suppose the attraction of each fluid to be greater for the other than the attraction of either fluid for itself, then the capillary column will be more strongly attracted at that extremity of the tube where the contact of the heterogeneous fluids takes place than at the opposite extremity, and will therefore be propelled onwards, until it shall have restored the equilibrium by increasing the altitude of the fluid on the side towards which it is urged.

M. Dutrochet observes,

"It follows from this theory, that there should be only a single current through the partition separating the two heterogeneous fluids, and that this single current would be directed towards that of the two fluids which possesses the greatest attractive force for the capillary column. But observation proves that there are two opposite currents of unequal force through the partition. This fact alone is sufficient to weaken the theory of M. Poisson."—p. 2.

The defect in M. Poisson's explanation, however, we do not consider to consist so entirely in his theory not accounting for a double current, as in his not having stated the exact result produced by the action of affinity, when the heterogeneous fluids are brought into contact. Let us first select an example to which we may apply this theory, and we shall see whether it will fairly account for the facts observed. We will place pure water on one side of the membrane, and a saccharine solution (diluted treacle for instance) on the other. According to M. Poisson the treacle will attract the water in the capillary tube with a stronger force than that by which this column is attracted towards the pure water in the other vessel, and hence the water in the tube will be impelled towards the treacle. But if M. Poisson's reasoning were correct, the effect which he ascribes to the superior attraction of the syrup for the water, ought to be the same whether the tube

were capillary or not. Let us then suppose the tube not to be capillary, and now inquire what would be the result in this case. The syrup and water would certainly tend to unite, until the particles of sugar were equally diffused through both vessels. This diffusion would be assisted at first by some of the heavier fluid displacing a portion of the lighter, and passing along the bottom of the tube to the opposite vessel; but it would be perfected only by the affinity of the water for the sugar, by which action some of the particles in the dense solution would be gradually abstracted and dispersed through the pure water. So far, then, from the whole of the water passing over to dilute the syrup, the reverse would for the most part be the case, for the particles of sugar would pass over to the water. If the tube, therefore, were not capillary, it should seem that we should have the phenomenon ascribed to exosmose more especially exhibited, viz. a portion of the denser medium, or rather of the substance in solution, passing through the tube to the lighter. This would be accomplished by the known laws of affinity, without any increase in the volume of the fluid by which they were attracted, and through which they become dispersed. If now, during this progression of the saccharine particles, we imagine the tube to become capillary, there is no reason why this action should cease. But then it should seem, that we shall have the exact conditions upon which M. Poisson illustrates his theory completely restored. We have a capillary column of fluid, one end of which is denser than the other, and consequently a difference in the capillary actions at the opposite extremities, which will begin to operate in propelling the column towards the syrup. Why the solvent (water) only should be propelled forward, and the substance (sugar) in solution still continue to advance in an opposite direction appears very strange; but experiment seems to show us that this is actually the case. The most plausible conjecture therefore which we can offer is, that we have here exhibited the effects resulting from the simultaneous operation of two forces (capillary attraction and affinity) of different kinds, and acting in opposite directions. Nor must we neglect to remark upon the extreme shortness of the capillary tubes. We can scarcely imagine the particles to have entered them before they have already arrived at their opposite extremity.

In a note in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, for Aug. 1827, M. Dutochet has recorded, as an objection to M. Poisson's theory, that in the case of endosmose produced by the contact of two heterogeneous fluids, the accumulation is not always on the side of that fluid which rises to the least height in capillary tubes. But as he has not repeated this objection in his present work, he has probably since considered this argument of no great

value. Where the fluids possess different chemical properties, we must remember that the result of their union within the capillary tubes, would be the production of a fresh substance, and it would be necessary first to investigate the law of capillary attraction for this also, before we could venture to speculate upon the manner in which its presence might modify the action of the endosmose.

It is easy also to diminish the weight of another objection, which M. Dutrochet has raised against M. Poisson's theory. Having found that although the albumen of an egg was capable of exciting a very powerful endosmose, yet if water were carefully poured upon it, these two substances would remain in contact without any apparent intermixture, he concluded that the endosmose must here be attributed to some other cause than the mutual attraction of the albumen and water. Albumen, however, is known to be partly soluble, which is quite sufficient to account for the commencement of the action, by means of that portion which is contiguous to the membrane.

M. Dutrochet remarks, that another explanation might be offered to account for the double phenomenon of endosmose and exosmose, by supposing each fluid to be conveyed through the capillary pores with a facility of permeation, proportional to the force with which it rises in capillary tubes.

We might also suggest the possibility, that each effect is the result of affinity alone, so soon as the capillary action has ceased in the manner described by M. Poisson; and that the water is propelled through the pores in one direction, by its attraction towards the particles in the solution on the one side of the membrane, while the particles of sugar are propelled through the same pores, in the contrary direction, by their attraction for the water on the other side. The difference in the strength of the two currents thus produced, might then be supposed to arise from the greater facility with which the water is capable of permeating the membrane. But on either of these hypotheses, we shall have only one force producing simultaneously two effects in opposite directions, which seems less likely to be the case, than that two forces, of different kinds, should each be exhibited by separate results.

With these suggestions, then, we leave the question, as to what may be the real cause of endosmose, to the further interrogation of a more varied series of experiments than those to which it has been hitherto subjected.

M. Dutrochet has also ascertained, in contradiction to his former views, that acids in general produce an endosmose as well as alkalis, and not an exosmose, as he had originally imagined.

His error arose from his mistaking the nature of the action produced by sulphuric acid. This acid, as well as sulphuretted hydrogen, when added to any liquid producing an endosmose, cause the action to cease altogether; or, as he expresses it, they are "enemies to endosmose." Hence he proposes to class fluids as *active* and *inactive* with respect to this property. This suggestion, however, must be considered as provisional, until something be more accurately determined respecting the true cause of endosmose, when all such apparent anomalies will most probably admit of easy solution.

A more important fact, however, has been at length clearly established by his later experiments. From these it appears that certain inorganic substances have the power of producing endosmose. In his former treatise he had obtained no satisfactory results of this nature with thin laminæ of freestone and limestone; but he has now shown, that with thin plates of baked clay, varying from $\frac{1}{25}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch in thickness, precisely the same effects can be produced as with a membrane of an animal or vegetable substance. This fact, therefore, clearly removes the phenomenon of endosmose from the exclusive dominion of physiology. The force of the endosmose increased as the thickness of the plates diminished, which further tends to confirm a remark we have already made, that the length of the capillary tubes is an important element in this inquiry.

M. Dutrochet also proposes to separate inorganic substances into *active* and *inactive*, confining the former class to some aluminous minerals, and including in the latter such as are siliceous and calcareous.

By means of a simple contrivance, which M. Dutrochet names an endosmometer, he has compared the velocity and force of endosmose produced by syrups of different densities. A piece of bladder is stretched over the mouth of a funnel-shaped receiver, which ends in a long tube. The quantity of fluid introduced into this vessel, in a given time, is then observed by noting the different altitudes to which it rises in the tube. But as the strengths of the syrups placed in the receiver are continually diminishing by the influx of the exterior fluid, he is obliged to assume the mean, between the specific gravities at the beginning and end of his experiment, as the actual specific gravities of the syrups employed. Notwithstanding the rude character of such an experiment, the results obtained are sufficiently satisfactory to convince us, that the velocity of the endosmose varies as the excess of the specific gravity of the syrup above the water. M. Dutrochet has represented his results somewhat clumsily, and we have therefore reduced them, in the following Tables, to a more convenient form

for comparison.* The first columns, under the word *Diff.*, represent the proportions between the differences of the specific gravities of water and the syrups employed, and the second columns, under the word *Alt.*, represent the proportions between the corresponding altitudes to which the fluid is raised in the tube in the same time. Experiments 1 and 2 were made with bladder, 3 and 4 with porous baked clay.

1.		2.		3.		4.	
<i>Diff.</i>	<i>Alt.</i>	<i>Diff.</i>	<i>Alt.</i>	<i>Diff.</i>	<i>Alt.</i>	<i>Diff.</i>	<i>Alt.</i>
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1,76	1,74	1,59	1,65	1,71	1,50	5,66	5,55
2,77	2,71	3,19	3,17	3,15	3,33		

These results are sufficiently striking, but, from the mode of experimenting, not so satisfactory as those obtained in his attempts to establish the law which regulates the force of endosmose by the following process. The tube of his endosmometer is lengthened and twice bent until the two portions become parallel. The receiver is then filled with syrup through an opening above, which is afterwards closely stoppered. The apparatus is then placed with the mouth downwards in water, and the parallel portions of the tube become vertical. Mercury is afterwards introduced at the open extremity of the tube, until the pressure of its column become equal to the force of endosmose, which is readily ascertained by observing when the column ceases to rise, which it does when the fluid ceases to be introduced. This experiment is precisely the same in kind as that by which Hales ascertained the force of sap issuing from the stem of a vine in spring. The superior advantage of this experiment over the last consists in the weakening of the syrup being of no importance, since the force observed upon stopping the experiment will correspond to the specific gravity of the syrup at that instant.

	<i>Diff.</i>	<i>Alt.</i>
1.	1	1
2.	2,12	2,19
3.	4,4	4,48

Since the velocity is proportional to the force, each series of experiments establishes the same law, viz. that the endosmose varies as the excess of the specific gravity of the syrup above that of the water.

* We have merely reduced the first term in his several proportions to unity, by dividing all the terms in each by the first.

An altitude of $45\frac{3}{4}$ inches was obtained by the action of a solution composed of one part sugar to three parts water. On the same scale, as he observes, a syrup whose specific gravity is 1.3 would produce an endosmose capable of sustaining a column of mercury of 127 inches, which is equivalent to the pressure of $4\frac{1}{2}$ atmospheres. The greatest force observed by Hales, whilst the sap was issuing from a vine in April, was equivalent to the pressure of 38 inches of mercury.

We have occupied so much space in discussing the cause of endosmose, that we have left ourselves little room for noticing its application by M. Dutrochet, to the mechanism by which nature operates in producing some of the most interesting and hitherto inexplicable phenomena in vegetable statics. These are referred to under the following heads: "Observations and Experiments upon the Irritability of the Balsam, (*Impatiens Balsamina*,) p. 57—of the *Momordica Elaterium*, p. 66—of the Sensitive Plant, (*Mimosa Pudica*,) p. 73—of the Oscillating Saintfoin, (*Hedysarum Gyrens*,) p. 78—and, lastly, "of the Direction of Stems towards the Sky, and Roots towards the Earth."

As we cannot enter upon a separate examination of each of these interesting topics, we must content ourselves with a general description of that peculiar mechanism which seems to guide us towards the explanation of them all.

Suppose, then, one row of small, and another of large cells, or vesicles, to be united longitudinally; and that when these are partially filled with fluid, the compound row is straight; if now, by endosmose, the cells were all to become turgid, since the larger cells will receive more fluid than the smaller, the compound row will be more stretched on the side composed of the former than on the side composed of the latter, and will hence assume a curvilinear shape, with the smallest cells inwards. But if, by exosmose, the cells should all become nearly exhausted, then the larger cells, having parted with more fluid than the smaller, the curvature will take place in the opposite direction. Keeping this in our view, we may perhaps venture to attempt a much abridged description of the last of the phenomena investigated by M. Dutrochet.

Vegetables are composed of two concentric systems, the cortical and the central, which are made up of similar parts, but arranged in a contrary order. In the central system the pith occupies the centre; whereas in the cortical system, the parenchyma (which is analogous to pith) occupies the circumference. Now in the young stem the bulk of the pith far exceeds that of the parenchyma, whilst in the young root the reverse is the case. It is a fact hitherto unobserved, says M. Dutrochet, that the largest

of the vesicles composing the parenchyma are placed externally, and the smallest internally; whilst, on the contrary, in the pith the smallest vesicles occupy the outward portion, and the largest the inward portion, of its substance. This disposition may even be observed in hollow stems. Hence, if longitudinal strips be taken from the cortical system, and from the central system, of young and herbaceous stems and roots, and these be subjected to the effects of endosmose, the former will be found to curve inwardly, and the latter outwardly. If, then, a plant were held in a horizontal position, and, from some cause or other, the part which is turned towards the earth were to become weak and less turgid than that which is uppermost, the superior elasticity of the whole of the upper part would cause the stem to bend upwards and the root downwards. This weakening of the inferior portion of a plant retained in such a position, is actually found to be the case, and the cause of it is attributed by M. Dutrochet to the subsiding of the denser portions of the sap towards the lower side. For, as the supply of sap promotes the endosmose, and consequently the turgidity of the vesicles, these effects will be least on that side where the difference between the fluid within and without the vesicles is the least. It is not necessary that the plant should be perfectly horizontal in order that this effect may take place. Every deviation from verticality will be accompanied by a corresponding and proportional subsidence of the denser sap towards the lower side. This view is supported by the very simple, yet ingenious experiment of placing two portions of a stem, divided longitudinally, in syrup, and then diluting the solution until that part of the stem which was lowest in position is found to sink, though the other still continues to float. Perhaps this account will hardly be found sufficiently intelligible, but we would wish to refer our readers to the work itself.

By the general inquirer the whole of the second portion of M. Dutrochet's volume will be considered the most interesting. In it we are often called upon to admire the singular dexterity with which he seizes upon some simple experiment whereby to illustrate his reasoning. Indeed this department of his subject may be regarded as more peculiarly his own, for though he is unquestionably deserving of all praise as the discoverer of endosmose, still we think it probable (though here we are speaking without information) that he is not sufficiently master of the higher branches of analysis to carry on his investigations into the cause of endosmose with much hope of ultimate success. The investigation of the laws of capillary attraction is among the most difficult problems which La Place himself has attempted, and therefore it is no discredit to any one, who may not chance to be a profound mathematician,

if he find himself foiled in his endeavours to elucidate them further. Should M. Poisson ever be induced to turn his attention again to this subject, we might expect to receive much additional light from his investigations, and not improbably a more satisfactory and complete solution of the phenomenon of capillary attraction, than that which we at present possess.

ART. IV.—*Journal d'un Voyage à Temboctoo et à Jenné, dans l'Afrique Centrale; précédé d'observations faites chez les Maures Braknas, les Nalous et d'autres Peuples, pendant les années 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828.* Par René Caillié. Avec une Carte Itinéraire et des Remarques Géographiques. Par M. Jomard, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1830. 3 vols. 8vo. et Atlas.

IF the prosecution of African discovery arose from religious zeal, from a desire that the Gospel should supersede the superstitions of the idolater and the fanaticism of the Mohammedan, so noble a motive would be worthy of the undertaking, and one from which every nation of Europe might be called upon to act: if it be occasioned by a wish to extinguish the traffic in our fellow-creatures, such tardy reparation is due to human nature from the two nations especially, one of which introduced this most nefarious commerce, and the other, before the new light broke, so vigorously fought for the *Assiento* contract. To neither of these causes, however, do we attribute the researches that have hitherto been pursued, and are still carrying on in Africa: curiosity must be regarded, we think, as, in a certain degree, the governing motive of all of them. In the British government, and in those who are acting under its auspices, this is certainly a liberal and enlightened scientific curiosity, in administering to whose gratification the spirit of censure can find little to reprehend.

The great desiderata in African geography have been the source of the western branch of the Nile, the Bahr el Abiad, the course and termination of the Niger, with the locality and state of the city of Timbuctoo. To these objects, as to the absurdly vicious practice of duelling, the most enterprising spirits have been sacrificed. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that in most cases they have been wantonly sacrificed, either by neglect of the precautions which the climate rendered indispensable, or by a pertinacious adherence to a route of which each successive expedition proved the inevitable and almost insurmountable dangers. While the south-eastern shores of Africa were comparatively open, we have always been disposed to question the policy

of endeavouring to penetrate into its interior from the western side, through nations upon whom the slave trade has produced its most demoralizing effects, and who, having derived only what was bad from their limited intercourse with Europeans, have aggravated the worst qualities of the savage by the vices of civilization. With people so constituted, a mixed desire of vengeance upon the authors of their misery on the one hand, and a feeling of cupidity on the other, would render a white man an object at least of plunder along the whole extent of the western shores of Africa. That the tribes on the eastern side of this vast continent are in themselves less savage than those toward the Atlantic, we do not contend; but they have not been depraved to the same extent by the slave trade, with all the horrors it induces. Barbarous nations will always be much alike, except when accidental circumstances supervene to deteriorate their moral qualities. Now the slave trade has had this effect upon the idolatrous tribes of western Africa; and the Mohammedans, independently of their religious detestation of Christians, are actuated by a mingled feeling of apprehension and jealousy of them, arising from a traditionary knowledge of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and vague statements of the British conquests in India. Yet, in defiance of almost every obstacle to success, very much has been accomplished in Africa by British resolution and enterprize, of both which it has been the theatre and the grave; and if we can no longer hope—what till the catastrophe of Major Laing and the treatment which Clapperton and Lander received, was generally believed—that the sterling worth of our travellers and nation is practically recognised even in Africa, still, as far as that continent is concerned, we may compare with no ordinary pride the state of geographical knowledge at the present day, and what it was before British travellers had undertaken to explore it. The results obtained are too generally known for us to do more than allude to them. Park, in his last voyage, sailed down the Niger past Timbuctoo, and Major Laing, in 1826, visited it. Previously to the journey of M. Caillié they were the only Europeans who had done so.* Of the papers belonging to either none have

* So much reliance has been placed, even lately, in this country upon Adams and his story, that we think it of consequence to insert the following conclusive statement respecting them from the pen of M. Gräberg di Hemsö, the Swedish Consul at Tripoli, inserted in No. 197 of the *Florence Antologia*.

“Such persons as are fond of reading descriptions made for mere amusement, will find wherewithal to gratify them in the work above referred to, and published in London, in the year 1816, under the title of *Narrative of Robert Adams, &c. &c.* This new Damberger, whose real name, as I have already said, was Benjamin Rose, a native of Hudson, near New York, in the United States of North America, was as much at Timbuctoo, as Damberger had been at Haussa, or Paulmanazaar in the Island of Formosa. His narrative begins in the year 1810, and it is matter of public notoriety,

as yet been recovered; on their fate (that, indeed, of Park was fully ascertained by Clapperton) no additional light has been thrown by the work before us, and some of the declarations of the natives contained therein respecting the latter are clearly incompatible with the authentic information published last year in the *Quarterly Review*. Of the present state of this quondam mercantile capital of central Africa very little is consequently known, and that but imperfectly. We shall speak of it hereafter.

The source and early direction of the Niger, or Joliba, have been determined by Major Laing; in its subsequent course it may be said almost to have been traced as far as Funda; and Richard Lander, the faithful companion of poor Clapperton, will, it is hoped, soon set the question at rest whether the Quorra, as it is there called, makes its way from thence to the sea in the bight of Benin, the Formosa being one of its mouths,—or, taking an easterly direction, becomes identified with the Shary, (not the *Yeou*, as stated by M. Jomard in a dissertation annexed to these volumes,) and falling into the lake Tchad, communicates ultimately, by a series of marshy lakes, with the western branch of the Nile,—or, issuing from the Shary under the name of Bahr

that the brig Charles, on board of which he was a seaman, was not shipwrecked until the 11th of October, 1811, a fact which Rose himself deposed to, upon oath, at the American consulate at Tangier, in the presence of the late Consul, James Simpson, who redeemed him from slavery in the year 1813, and who, three years after, gave me this very deposition of Rose to read. Afterwards, at Gibraltar, I saw with my own eyes, and read the official Government Gazette of the 4th October, 1811, in which the sailing of the brig Charles was announced. It follows that every fact and incident, described by this impostor to have happened before that period in the year 1811, must be set down as completely false and invented; the more so, as two of Rose's companions in misfortune, both of them seamen in the same vessel, and both Americans, viz. James Davidson and Martin Clarke, (the latter Rose's own brother-in-law,) and an Englishman who had been shipwrecked in another vessel in the same year 1811, all unanimously swore before Consul Simpson, that Rose had always remained with them, or at a short distance, in the environs of Wad-Nun, during the whole period of their slavery, and that not one of them had ever been to the south of the parallel of Cape Blanc. Consul Simpson was not the only depository of a narrative dictated by Rose, previously to the one published in London. Charles Hall, an American merchant, settled at Cadiz, with whom Rose lived as a servant during the year 1814, drew up another under his dictation, which I have also had an opportunity of comparing with the one at Tangier, and with the other printed in 1816 by Mr. Samuel Coxe, Secretary of the African Association in London, to whom he had the cunning or the good fortune to sell his tinsel for gold, (*i suoi picchi per pappagalli*), notwithstanding the doubts and the cogent objections of the sagacious and venerable Sir Joseph Banks, and the most learned John Barrow. . . . Notwithstanding, I am very far from refusing to his pseudonymous narrative every species of merit and confidence. . . . As the narrator understood and spoke Arabic tolerably well, and appears to have been endowed with an excellent memory and a certain spirit of inquiry, it is more than probable that he had really collected from Moors and negroes, who had visited Timbuctoo, the information which he afterwards related at Mogadore, Tangier, Cadiz, and London. . . . Such as it is, the narrative published under his name is perhaps the best which we yet possess relative to that famous city, thanks to the notes and observations of M. Dupuis."

Kulla, becomes ultimately the Bahr el Abiad itself. It is probable that the present generation will yet see the physical outline of African geography accurately traced; to enter into further details, or fix the precise boundaries of the territory belonging to its various tribes, would be an endless task; successive years bring some new change, as the conquerors in one generation become the conquered in the next.

But it is time to proceed to the examination of the work before us. René Caillié, like our own Richard Lander, whose senior he is by only four years, having been born in 1800, was the child of parents in the more humble walks of life residing at Mauzé, in the department of the Deux-Sèvres. Having been brought up in the village charity-school, and his head being turned by the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, he, contrary to the will of his uncle, (his parents having died in his infancy,) proceeded to Rochefort with sixty francs in his pocket, and in 1816 entered on board *La Loire*, a tender to the unfortunate *La Méduse*, bound for Senegal; after remaining a few months at Dakar, a village of Cape Verd, he set off for St. Louis when the English gave up that colony to the French. Hearing there of Major Gray's expedition, and that hands were in request, he wished to avail himself of so favourable an opportunity, and, with the intention of offering his services, he went towards the Gambia on foot, as far as Dakar, and from thence in a small boat to Goree. But what he had gone through in his over-land journey had so far damped his ardour, that no great difficulty was found in inducing him to relinquish his project, accept a free passage to Guadaloupe, and remain there for six months in some petty situation. Here, however, the perusal of the travels of Mungo Park confirmed the impression which Robinson Crusoe had left, and in his thirst for African discovery he quitted Pointe-à-Pitre for Bordeaux, and returned, in very humble circumstances, to St. Louis in the end of 1818. At this place he joined, as a volunteer, M. Adrien Partarrieu, who had been sent by Major Gray to purchase the merchandize required by the king of Bondou. The subsequent sufferings of this party, and of Major Gray's expedition generally, are well known.* Poor Caillié had his full share of them, so that upon reaching Bakel he was taken ill with a fever. To re-establish himself from the effects of this he returned to France, and in 1824, still cherishing his favourite project of visit-

* At length we reached a village, where some negroes readily brought us some calabashes of water. . . . I received only as much as a large glass-full. But scarcely had we begun to drink, when swarms of bees settled upon the vessels which contained the water, and in attempting to drive them away, they fastened upon our lips: supplice affreux, douleurs cuisantes, auxquels nous avons été plusieurs fois exposés dans notre voyage.—vol. i. p. 12.

ing the interior of Africa, he again repaired to Senegal with a small quantity of merchandize, with which he had been generously supplied. Barou Roger was then in command of the colony, and this distinguished friend of science, unable to check the ardour of the young traveller, advanced to him, on account of the government, some goods with which he would be enabled to live among the Braknas, acquire from them a knowledge of the Arabic language and the ceremonies of the Mohammedan worship, so as afterwards to penetrate with greater facility into the interior. From August 3, 1824, to May 11 of the following year, he remained among this tribe of Moors, professing to be a conscientious renegade, seeking for religious instruction. The Braknas are established a little to the north of the Senegal, and it is with them principally that the traffic in gum is carried on. But before mentioning the few particulars regarding them which our limits admit, we must enter our protest against the system adopted by M. Caillié. Between respecting the prejudices of the natives, and pretending to receive them, there is a manifest difference. Laying aside the religious question, on which there cannot be two opinions, we are bold enough to doubt if the advantage compensate the risk. To profess Mohammedanism, and act like a Christian, is impossible,—at least for a white man. To embrace Islamism is to embrace its ignorance. An enlightened native Mussulman would be sacrificed to the fanaticism of those around him; much more a renegade, of whom they are always jealously suspicious. All note-taking, except clandestinely, must be at an end; all scientific research is precluded; observations with instruments, so absolutely indispensable in the present state of human knowledge, are entirely impracticable; the sphere of investigation, as in the case of Burkhart, must be limited to usages and customs, habits and manners. M. Caillié professes to have succeeded in keeping a journal of bearings with the needle, which would be quite invaluable, and in this case the end would have justified the means. It may be said that to him, travelling as he did, no other course was open; that he could only act as a geographical pioneer, and clear the way; others must measure it. To determine astronomically the positions of the different stations, to collect scientific information, such as Christians alone possess, requires a Christian professing to be such, and like Denham, Clapperton, and Laing, boldly confronting the perils of their undertaking, conciliating where conciliation is possible, but, where mildness fails, prepared to act with resolution.

From the extremely abstemious habits of the Braknas, among whom he had established himself, Caillié was nearly famished.

"During a month that he remained in the camp of the king, he did not once see him take any solid food, but always drink milk." "Such of the Moors as possess young slaves of from ten to twelve years old, make them remain at milking time near the inclosures wherein the calves are kept, and from every cow they are allowed a mouthful of milk; this is their only sustenance, and consequently they suffer much from hunger.—vol. i. p. 10.

Meat, in very small quantities, and as a great rarity, the traveller occasionally received, when it became an object for a general scramble; and thus we can see nothing but folly in what he regards as a merit, viz., his not having laid the different camps in which he sojourned under contribution, at least for necessaries, when obliged, like most other Europeans, to play the part of physician. The extreme temperance, however, of these people, for the most part prevents their being subject to any serious maladies, but they have no fortitude to bear even the slightest pain. Wherever he went, he was an object of most annoying curiosity; on one occasion they made him recite prayers during part of the evening. Many females asked if he would share their couch, and on his answering in the affirmative they ran away laughing immoderately. "One of them wished to examine me to ascertain if I had fulfilled the law of the prophet; but I did not think it right to satisfy her." In fact it was the opinion of the priests that from his mature years this ceremony might be dispensed with.

Among these Moors, as among the nations further north, something more than the absence of all angles is the criterion of beauty, and to produce something like Clapperton's pinguetudinous *belle*, the tender widow Zuma, the following process is resorted to.

"Beauty among the female Moors consists in extreme embonpoint: the young girls are forced to drink milk to excess: they who are somewhat grown up voluntarily drink an enormous quantity of it, but the children are compelled to do so by their parents, and frequently by a slave, whose duty is to make them swallow their allowance. This slave avails herself of the brief authority allowed her over these weak creatures to revenge herself with a sort of cruelty for the tyranny of her masters. I have seen these unhappy little girls cry, roll themselves on the ground, even reject from their stomachs the milk they had just taken; neither their cries nor their sufferings stopped the cruel slave, who beat them, pinched them till the blood came, and tormented them in a thousand ways to oblige them to swallow the quantity of milk she thought proper to give them. If their diet were more substantial, such a system might have the most injurious effects, but far from impairing the health of the children, they become sensibly stronger and fatter. At the age of twelve years they are of an enormous bulk, but at twenty or twenty-two they lose much of their embonpoint, and I did not see one woman of that age remarkably corpulent. The women of the

greatest size are considered the most beautiful. The Moors are attached neither by personal nor mental charms; on the contrary, what we esteem a capital defect is regarded by them in an opposite light: they like their women to have the two incisor teeth of their upper jaw projecting beyond the mouth; hence intriguing mothers employ all possible means to force the teeth of their daughters to take this direction."—vol. i. p. 100.

The above system will scarcely suffer by comparison with the most approved method of incapacitating a Chinese lady from walking, or of lacing into a consumption a modern English dandizette.

"Polygamy does not exist among the Moors of this part of Africa; their wives would not allow of their having concubines. The king himself has only one wife like his subjects." Perhaps the reason may be found in their poverty. "They are extreme gormandisers; but if they wished to satisfy their appetite their flocks would be insufficient. It is only when travelling they satisfy their voracity, where they can lay their hosts under contribution." "I never saw the Moors embrace;" he says, "even a lover does not salute his mistress: he places his hand upon her mouth and then transfers it to his own, doubtless to take the kiss she has impressed on it."

The following anecdote is most characteristic.

"On quitting the camp of the king, I gave a cloak to the slave who had taken care to supply me with sanglé (a sort of porridge made with meal from millet, or any other grain): my marabout (priest) who perceived it, took it from her and scolded her severely. I insisted that my present should be restored to her, which he would not consent to, but scolded me in my turn, and told me to recollect that a marabout should never give, but always receive. He gave back the article to my guide to be put among my other effects. This trait paints their character well."

We think so too, and it will save our entering into any further details respecting them.

The following particulars, however, concerning the gum, in trading for which the absurd competition between the French merchants has been most injurious, will be found of interest. The jealousy of the natives prevented M. Caillié from witnessing what he describes, and his information was derived from the wife of his host.

"It has been erroneously believed up to the present time that forests of gum trees were found in the desert; a mistake which has been sanctioned by all travellers who have written from the inexact accounts derived from the Moors, who, to exalt their country, aver that every thing is found there in abundance. The *acacia*, which supplies the gum, grows singly in all the high parts of the desert, never in argillaceous or alluvial

ground, but on a sandy and dry soil; it is very rare on the banks of the Senegal. It is not the *mimosa gummifera* of botanists, which I had learned to distinguish in our colonies; its leaves, equally pinnate, have the leaflets larger, thicker, and of a deeper green: it approaches nearer in its form and appearance to the acacia cultivated in France. Wells dug in the interior, at the places where the gum is generally collected, give their name to the country in which they are situated; such has been the origin of the names bestowed upon the supposed forests. Near these wells the marabouts establish themselves. The slaves cut straw for the construction of huts: one marabout superintends the slaves of all his family or of several friends: he assembles them all, frequently to the number of forty or fifty, under the same roof. Every marabout sends as many slaves as he can spare; and sometimes adds some unhappy tributaries. The proprietor gives to each of his slaves a milch cow for his maintenance, a pair of sandals, and two small leather sacks. The superintending marabout takes two cows and carries with him a sack of millet for his provision. When a tributary joins the slaves, he applies to a marabout, who furnishes him with a cow and what is necessary; then when the gathering is over, he receives half of the gum which he has collected. The tributaries are allowed to participate in the gathering only on this condition; if they went on their own account, they would be pillaged by the Hassanes (warriors). Each gang is provided with a pulley, with a cord for the wells, and with a leather sack, which serves as a bucket to draw the water. I have been assured that these wells are very deep: the cords which I have seen were from thirty to forty fathoms long. The pulley is fixed to two stakes planted, one on each side of the well, and united at their extremity. The end of the cord passes through, it is tied to the neck of an ass, which, driven by a marabout, raises the bucket; another remains to receive it, and empty it into a wooden trough in which the cows drink. The superintending marabouts are charged with this employment. The slaves every morning fill one of their leather sacks with water, and, provided with a great forked pole, traverse the plains in pursuit of gum: the gum trees being all full of thorns, the pole serves to detach from the branches the globules of gum which they are unable to reach with their hands. As this is gathered, it is placed in their second leather sack. In this way they pass the day without taking any other nutriment than a small quantity of water to quench their thirst. At sunset they return to their hut; a woman prepares the sanglé for the marabout's supper: another milks the cows, and each person drinks the milk of that one which is designed for their support. When the gum is abundant, every individual collects about six pounds daily; which proves that the gum trees stand singly, and are not united in forests, as the Moors assert; as in that case, having to hunt about less, they would collect more. The superintending marabout receives a remuneration, which he deducts from the gum: the slaves work during five days for their master, and the sixth is for the benefit of the superintendent, who in this way obtains the best part of what is collected. The Moors have neither vessels nor sacks to carry away the gum; when they have a certain quantity, the slaves of each make a hole in the

earth and deposit therein what they have collected, and when the holes are full, they are covered over with ox hides, straw and earth: in covering them, care is taken to imitate the soil around, for if the hoard were discovered, it would be plundered by other Moors. On any change of place a mark is made upon some tree or stone in the neighbourhood, and the collection remains there until it is carried to the mart on the river for sale; it is then put into great leather sacks and transported upon the backs of oxen and camels. The gum trees are not the property of individuals: all the marabouts have a right to send to them as many slaves as they please, without being subject to any formality or paying any consideration. This might be a source of great riches to some of them if they understood their interests better; but in consequence of their natural indolence, they not only do not endeavour to increase the number of their slaves, but even neglect to send for the crop as many as they might. Their wants are very limited; a single garment is sufficient for them."—vol. i. p. 133.

Not being able to obtain from the colonial government of Saint Louis any farther advances, which would enable him to complete his education among the Braknas or proceed to Timbuctoo, (M. Beaufort having already received from it 20,000 francs for the latter purpose,) M. Caillié, after having experienced much vexation among his countrymen, repaired to Sierra Leone. There he was well received by Sir Charles Turner, who gave him some small appointment. But soon afterwards, in 1826, Sir Charles being succeeded by Sir Neil Campbell, our traveller applied to him for 6000 francs "pour faire son grand voyage;" Sir Neal refused his request, alleging that the glory of being the first to reach Timbuctoo was not to be taken away from Major Laing. This statement we do not believe. Between two and three hundred pounds is more than most officers can afford to bestow out of their own private purses, which must have been the case here; for it was not to be expected that the English government, having already expended large sums of money on African expeditions, would allow a charge for an unknown adventurer, who might or might not apply the money in the way specified. There were too many adequate reasons for refusing M. Caillié, to allow of our believing that jealousy would have been the dominant cause. But we can imagine that he was told government, having fitted out Major Laing, would not incur any farther expense. However, M. Caillié having given up an allowance of fifty francs per month when he quitted Saint Louis, now relinquished his appointment at Sierra Leone, and having laid out in such commodities as were likely to be profitable in the interior, the greater part of 2000 francs, which he had saved, and putting the remainder into his belt, provided also with some medicines, by the generosity of his friends, proceeded on his expedition.

During his stay at the British colony, this adventurous traveller had connected himself with some Mandingos and Saracolets, members of a corporation of travelling merchants which exists in Africa. The story he told them, and to which he subsequently adhered, was, that when the French army visited Egypt at the commencement of this century, they took him away from his parents, who were Moslem merchants at Alexandria, and carried him with them to France; that having accompanied his master to Senegal, and effected his escape from the Christians, he was, at length, returning to his home. The costume he adopted in consequence was Arabian, and his pockets were filled with the leaves of a Koran, which he had torn up for the purpose.

On March 22, 1827, M. Caillié left Sierra Leone for the Rio Nuñez; arriving at the mouth of it on the 31st, he landed and remained in Kakondy and the neighbourhood, receiving much attention both from the French and English inhabitants, till the 19th of April, when he quitted his hospitable friends and set forward on his journey.

Among the people inhabiting the shores of the Rio Nuñez, M. Caillié states the existence of a society bearing some analogy to the Free Masons; the details which he gives are too long to be inserted here, and by no means establish his analogy. An institution similar to Free Masonry, if not identical with it, does exist in Africa. Not many years since a British officer, wrecked on the coast, had reason to be most grateful for the benefits he received from it; but it has nothing to do with the Simo and his roguish superstitions.

In this neighbourhood the bees "are so abundant that it is not uncommon to see them take possession of the huts, and oblige the families which live there to give them up. To expel them recourse must be had to smoke." Of the Bagos, a people in the vicinity, he states that he was "assured they took for a divinity the first objects which came into their thoughts, such as the horn of a ram; the tail of an ox, a reptile, &c. receive equally their sacrifice."—p. 248.

Travelling on foot, with a slave to carry his baggage, and in the company of a greater or less number of native traders, the vexatious annoyances and impositions to which M. Caillié was exposed, were not inferior to what every European, professing to be such, has undergone in the same districts. The first volume of the work terminates with the author's arrival at Timé, a village inhabited by Mohammedan Mandingos, and the most southern point of his route; its latitude seems to be about 9° 20' N. and its longitude 9° 10' W. of Paris. We shall insert only a few of the remarks which occur in the intervening route. Lander

mentions having fallen in with a white negro and negress, in whom this colour was not the effect of disease. At Cambaya, a white infant, the child of black parents, was brought to M. Caillié.

"He was about eighteen or twenty months old. His mother trusted him to me, and I took him upon my knees and examined him attentively; his hair was curly and white, his eyelashes and brows of a bright flaxen hue, his forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin, were of a light red, his eyes of a beautiful sky blue, very bright, the pupil red as fire, his lips rather a dark red, and the rest of a bright flaxen white. I remarked that his sight was very weak; I induced him to look up, drawing his attention with my rosary:* he appeared to have some difficulty, cried and put down his head. He was beginning to cut his teeth; his nose was very flat, and lips rather thick; he had altogether the physiognomy of a Mandingo, and appeared in very good health. The negroes have no repugnance to this colour. I was assured that children born of parents of this description, that is to say Albinos, were black."—p. 311.

In addition to the causes we have already enumerated as operating so powerfully against every Christian in Africa, the Foulahs of Fouta, it seems, are persuaded that the former "wish to take possession of the gold mines situated to the east of Fouta." While in the interior of Soudan an idea is prevalent "that we inhabit small islands in the midst of seas, and that the Europeans desire to gain possession of their country, which they believe the most beautiful in the world."—pp. 328—843. The lively, merry character of the negroes, of which so much was made by the English travellers, who joined in their sports and encouraged their amusements, was lost on M. Caillié; he bears ample testimony to their frolicsome hilarity, but his assumed character imposed unceasing restraint. His being supposed to come from the country in which the prophet was born, made him frequently be looked up to with religious awe and astonishment; but those freedoms, which in so many instances seemed to identify our countrymen with the natives and endeared them to each other, M. Caillié did not dare to indulge. "Music and dancing are forbidden among the Mussulmans; their diversions are far from equalling the joy and gaiety which reign among the pagans."—p. 332. At Courouassa, a pretty village surrounded with a mud wall ten or twelve feet high, and eight or ten inches thick, he crossed the Joliba. On first coming up he ran to the river, which had so long been the object of his wishes; it came from the south-west-by-south point, and was slowly rolling east-north-east for some miles, when it turns east. The current appears to run about two miles and a half or three miles an hour, and the water was about eight or nine feet deep, its breadth equal to that

* The Comboloio or Mohammedan rosary is composed of ninety-nine beads.

of the Senegal at Podor; unluckily this is not specified, but would appear to amount nearly to a quarter of a mile. Although this place was a well known ferry, there were but four canoes, each twenty-five feet long by three broad and one deep, to transport at least 200 persons. We have no doubt that Mr. Macauley will feel amply compensated, in this world at least, for the responsibility he has incurred by so pertinaciously maintaining that charnel-house, Sierra Leone, when he learns that among the negroes he is regarded as "the king of the whites" in that colony. His name is well known throughout this part of Africa, and at Kankan, M. Caillié made it available by representing that this individual had endeavoured to retain him, whereas he preferred returning amid privations to his family and the exercise of his religion.

"All the merchants carry small scales made in the country, and which appeared to be very correct; they have no other weights than the seeds of a tree which is found in the Fouta-Jalon, the name of which I have forgotten. These seeds are black, of the size and shape of those of the corossol, but rather heavier: the weight in gold of two of these seeds is of the value of six francs. The dealers are never deceived; their weights are as exact as ours."—p. 391. At Diecoura he remarked the use among the men of "large pipes, of which the stem is about the thickness of a man's little finger, and three feet in length; they are made of a grey-coloured earth, and very well glazed; the part which contains the tobacco is about the size of a coffee cup, and ornamented with designs so well executed that I could scarcely believe they were manufactured in the country; but I was so well assured of it as to be finally convinced."—p. 428.

At Timé M. Caillié was detained four months by a severe attack of the scurvy. Among Mohammedans the religion he professed was partially a safeguard, but it could not protect him from petty vexations and the most annoying importunity. When he quitted his hut, the women, who seem to have been an unceasing plague, followed him clamorously vociferating, "the Arab is not good! he gives nothing to any one." Sometimes he got rid of them by distributing a few glass beads, but they returned to the charge too frequently. The first month he was not so much harassed, but when they were more accustomed to him they became intolerable.

"The wound in my foot was the object of their raillery, and the difficulty that I had in walking excited their immoderate laughter: such were the beings with whom I was obliged to live! Not that I precisely accuse them of maliciousness, it was rather stupid ignorance; they are a species of savages. Sometimes I asked for water those who tormented me the most, and they gave it to me with eagerness. The men were

not more hospitable than the women: if they did not amuse themselves at my expense, they reproached me with giving them nothing. On their reiterated demands, I represented to them that I had a long journey to perform to reach Mecca, that the little merchandize I had would probably not be sufficient for the way, and that then I should run the risk of remaining upon the road. They were little affected by this observation, and pointing out my woollen wrapper and leathern bag said, "see, here is a wrapper and a bag in which are many stuffs and various merchandize: the Arab gives nothing to any one—he is not good." They have a great idea of the riches of the whites, and even of that of the Arabs, whom they place on a par; from whence they conclude that a white man passing through their country should make them considerable presents."—pp. 20, 21.

At length an astringent medicine, consisting of a decoction of the bark of a tree usually employed in such cases, which are by no means uncommon in this part of the country, restored M. Caillié to health, and he set forward on his way to Jenné on the 9th of January, 1828. His companions were his guide, with his guide's brother and wife, the latter to carry his baggage. Here, as among other savages, the women are little better than beasts of burthen. The loads they are forced to carry are frequently enormous. Their treatment, indeed, is frequently disgusting. The luxury of smoking, so freely indulged in by the men, is unknown to the softer sex; snuff-taking, however, is by no means uncommon.

"With regard to physical suffering, the women are very courageous, (we should rather have said display great fortitude,) they undergo the hardest labour during their pregnancy, and up to the very moment of their confinement; they are delivered without uttering a groan; one would imagine they feel no pain, and the following day they resume their occupations. I remarked that the infant comes into the world white, only with a yellowish tinge, and that it gets progressively darker till the tenth day, when it is perfectly black."—p. 65.

Among the Mandingoes, indeed, among the Negroes generally, he remarked what he considered a very singular custom.

"At the end of every repast they return thanks mutually, and then run through the village thanking all whom they meet, which signifies they have dined or supped—(they have usually but two meals a-day—a breakfast about eleven, and a supper at seven in the evening:) one may easily judge of the quality of the repast they have partaken according to the greater or less degree of gaiety displayed in uttering the word *thanks*. Some also came to the door of my hut to return me thanks."—p. 61.

In his journey to the N.E. he remarked, that in the village of Borandou, the women who had goods to sell cried them about

the streets, and carried them on their heads as in Europe: and at the gate of Syenso, a large walled-village,

"A strangely dressed man was seated under a large baobab; only his feet and hands, which were bare, were visible: his dress was entirely black, his trowsers, waistcoat, and bonnet, which also covered his face, were of one single piece, closed with a running string; his cap, of a square form, was ornamented with handsome white ostrich feathers; the place for the mouth, nose, and eyes, was edged with scarlet. The personage thus masked, who, they informed me, was the officer of customs and the magistrate, was armed with a whip; the inhabitants call him Naferi; he received the tolls; they are paid in couries by all the strangers of the neighbourhood, as well as the caravans which arrive there. The men and the women stop as they pass near him, and if any one refused to pay what was demanded, he had recourse to his whip. I perceived under a tree, at a small distance from him, a great heap of couries guarded by a man who was not masked; it was, I imagine, what he had received during the day. The duties are levied according to the quantity of merchandize, and not upon each person: from five to one and two hundred couries are paid. As the market of Syenso is always well supplied, the tax that is levied upon the merchants renders the chief of this village very rich. These custom-house officers are also entrusted with the police; they chase with their whips the children who make a noise in the village: but they exercise their authority only when in uniform."—vol. ii. p. 85.

In Bambara he fell in with another species of initiation, more absurd if possible than that upon the banks of the Rio Nuñez, a strange mixture of self-illusion and of voluntary fraud. Although the natives in this part of Africa make palm oil in considerable quantities, it seems they are unacquainted with the property of this tree to furnish an intoxicating liquor.

As M. Caillié proceeded northward, he found the costume nearly the same as that in the south, except that it was more cleanly; the gaiety of the inhabitants, however, seemed to have vanished; he never saw them dancing and amusing themselves. On March 10, the traveller reached the Joliba, opposite to Jenné. The river was flowing from the W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N.W. to the N.E. at the rate of about a mile and a half per hour, and about 500 feet in breadth—the depth was considerable. After having crossed the main stream, and subsequently two other branches of the Joliba, M. Caillié arrived at the city of Jenné. From the account he gives of it, it would appear that this is the principal commercial city of Central Africa. The shops were well furnished with European goods, principally of English manufacture. The gunpowder made by the natives, which is thought but little of in comparison with foreign, instead of producing a regular detonation, frequently goes off like a squib. Slaves were cried about the streets without any clothing, and for the price of 25, 30, and 40,000 couries. The city itself is about two and a half

miles in circumference, surrounded with a wall of earth badly built, ten feet high, and fourteen inches thick; it has several gates, but they are all small; the houses are built of sun-dried bricks, which are round, but solid; they are about the size of those of European villages, and one story high, with terraced roofs, and the windows looking into an inner court-yard. The environs are marshy and without any trees. One observation that occurs here is whimsical enough:—"I say with pleasure, that in this country a pocket handkerchief might be carried without exciting ridicule; the inhabitants employ it, whereas along the whole route I had traversed it would have been dangerous to use it."—p. 212. Passing an evening with a wealthy Moor established in the city, M. Caillié and the other guests were served after dinner with tea in a set of small porcelain. From this individual, as well as from some others, the traveller in his assumed character received much kind attention, his expenses to Timbuctoo were defrayed, and on the 23rd of March he proceeded down the river in a boat of 12 or 15 tons burthen. The intercourse between these two cities is carried on in decked boats of from 90 to 100 feet long, by 12 or 14 broad in the middle, and six or seven feet deep in the hold. They are composed of planks five feet long by eight inches broad, and one thick, apparently cut with a saw, and tied together with ropes made from the leaves of the palm tree. The crew consists of 16 or 18 sailors, two steersmen, and a commander: sometimes they proceed in little fleets of from 60 to 80 vessels. Their course varied between N. and N.E., and on April 2, he entered the Lake Debo, (Dibbie of all the geographers,) and most characteristically named three islands that he fell in with, Saint Charles, Henri, and Marie Thérèse, in honour of his King, the Duke of Bordeaux, and the Dauphine. The land may be seen on every side of this lake, except the west, where it expands like an inland sea. Having passed this and pursuing their course, they reached Cabra on the 19th of April, M. Caillié having been for the most part confined below during the intervening time, for fear of attracting the cupidity of the wandering Touarics, who infest the banks of the river, and lay under contribution the vessels as they pass. A channel, navigable only for small vessels, leads from the Joliba to Cabra: were this channel cleared of weeds, it would admit of the passage of boats of 25 tons, but such as it is, if we understand the author, it forms the port of Cabra, being half a mile in length and about seventy paces broad. The town itself is of a moderate size and neat, but very trifling notice is taken of it, and the following day the traveller proceeded to Timbuctoo, the object of his wishes, in company with the slaves and a merchant belonging

to that city, to whom he had been recommended. From Cabra to Timbuctoo the distance is five miles in a northern direction.

The very meagre description M. Caillié affords of the latter city may be thus briefly summed up:—

“The spectacle before me did not answer my expectations: at first sight it presents but a heap of houses badly built of earth—it is neither so large nor so well peopled as I expected: its commerce is less considerable than is stated by public report: a great concourse of strangers coming from every part of Soudan is not seen here as at Jenné. I met in the streets only the camels coming from Cabra. The city is inhabited by negroes of the Kissour nation; they form the principal population—many Moors are established here for commercial purposes. They have much influence over the natives: nevertheless the king or governor, with whom he had an interview, is a negro—is named Osman—is much respected by his subjects—his dignity is hereditary—his eldest son should succeed him. The city may be three miles in circumference; its form is a sort of triangle—the houses are large, not lofty, and have only a ground floor; in some a small room is raised above the entrance; they are built of round bricks rolled in the hand and dried in the sun; the walls resemble in height those of Jenné. The streets are clean and sufficiently broad for three horsemen to pass abreast; both within and without the city are many straw huts, almost round like those of the Foulah shepherds. There are seven mosques;—in another place he says eight,—of which two are large, each surmounted with a brick tower. The city is without any walls—open on all sides, and may contain 10 or 12,000 inhabitants, including the Moors. All the native inhabitants of Timbuctoo are zealous Mohammedans. The commerce of this place is much restrained by the neighbourhood of the Touarics, a warlike nation, which renders tributary the inhabitants of this city. The western part of the great western mosque appears very ancient.”

Of this edifice there is a very ample description, and two illustrative plates: there is also a view of Timbuctoo itself, a sort of bird's-eye view, professing to be taken from a mound outside of the town—but no more resembling the account in the text than the city of London. The house in which M. Caillié lodged was opposite to that which had been occupied by the unfortunate Major Laing,—but as the details collected respecting him are clearly incompatible, as we have already remarked, with the authentic account contained in Number LXXVII of the *Quarterly Review*, we shall notice them no farther. But before we accompany the traveller in his journey across the desert, after staying fourteen days at Timbuctoo, we shall state all that is accurately known of this metropolis of Central Africa, referring to the conclusion of this article for a probable solution of the discrepancies between these accounts and the information contained in M. Caillié's pages.

Mr. James Gräberg de Hemsö, whose account of Robert Adams we have already quoted, and who resided for many years in Morocco and Tripoli, has collected and arranged the following data:—

1. The population of Timbuctoo cannot exceed 100,000 souls. Abd-es-Salam Sciabini, in his account published a few years since by Mr. Gray Jackson, does not allow more than 50,000, which other and more modern estimates reduce to much less. A merchant scheik of Gadamis, who had performed several journeys to that mysterious city, in which he possesses some houses, wives, and slaves, and sometimes has been resident for a year, positively assured Mr. de Hemsö, that it was not more populous than Tripoli. But the latter is convinced that he alluded only to the native and fixed population, while the highest numbers will refer to the period of the arrival of the caravans from every country of Africa in this celebrated emporium.

2. The government of Timbuctoo was independent, and in the hands of native pagan negroes before its recent conquest by the Falatahs, a new and warlike nation, who are making a conspicuous figure in Central Africa under their Sultan Bello, whose father Danfodio laid the foundation of their empire. When Sciabini travelled some forty years ago, he found Timbuctoo dependent upon Houssa, after which it was subject to the king of Bambara.

3. The Joliba, or Nile of the Negroes, does not pass close to Timbuctoo. The celebrated traveller, Ibnu Batuta, had settled this point at the beginning of the 14th century. There is another river that runs near the city and falls into the Joliba, which is called by the natives *Guin*.

4. Timbuctoo is not surrounded with walls, and never had any. The houses have only one floor, and are built without any attention to regularity or external appearance. Some Moors, who had remained a long time at Timbuctoo, wishing to give an idea of it to M. Lesseps, now Consul General of France in Tunis, significantly said, "take a heap of cabins in your hand—cast them into the air—let them fall upon the ground, and you will see Timbuctoo." The Mohammedans inhabit a particular suburb, and are not permitted to establish themselves within the city.

5. The dominant religion at Timbuctoo, a few years back, was paganism: it seems improbable that the Falatahs should have altogether substituted Mohammedanism in its place.

6. The women of Timbuctoo are in general very handsome, and appear to enjoy great liberty. Abd-es-Salam-Sciabini assures us of it, and the scheik of Gadamis has frequently corroborated it to me.

7. From the, in such cases, paramount authority of the *Quarterly Review*, from an official paper and a letter of Major Laing, contained in the number for April, we learn that Calva (the port) is five miles distant from the city, which is four miles in circumference, and that a personage named Osman is "lieutenant-governor for Sultan Ahmad Ben Mohammed Labo, the lord and sovereign of all those countries," who is a Falatah and in alliance with, or dependence upon, Sultan Bello.

To return to M. Caillié. On the 4th of May, 1828, having resisted a friendly offer to prolong his stay at Timbuctoo, he proceeded with a caravan to cross the great Sahara. "I thought," he says, "that if I returned by Sego, Sansanding, and our establishments in Galem, those who envied the success of my journey, the undertaking of which had already made me so many enemies, would doubt my arrival and stay at Timbuctoo, whereas by returning through the Barbary States, the point that I should reach would silence envy."—p. 332. That many sceptics should exist as to this Captain Cochrane sort of expedition we are by no means surprised, and although the above reasoning in particular has been sneered at, we are disposed to allow it considerable weight. The departure of the traveller from the settlements on the Rio Nuñez, and his arrival at Tangier being ascertained, it does not seem possible for him to have gotten from one of these points to the other but in some such way as he has described, and if so, why should not the narrative itself be received?—Of this more hereafter.

The caravan for El-Arawan to which M. Caillié belonged was to proceed at sunrise: prior to this "my host was stirring so early that I had time, before we set off, to breakfast with him upon tea, fresh bread and butter." "Hot rolls and butter in the dog days," says the dramatist, and this is still more whimsical.

Travelling in a northern direction, they reached El Arawan on the 9th of May. This city has a very extensive commerce in salt obtained from the mines of Tudeyne, which is forwarded by caravans to Sansanding, twenty-five days march to the west (S.S.W.) and to Yamina. "Caravans from Taflet, Cape Mogador, Drah, Tawat, the cities of Aghdamas and Tripoli, arrive here. They bring European merchandise, manufactures, such as fire-arms and gunpowder, stuffs, and some productions of their own country, tobacco, dates," &c.—p. 377. On their arrival there they passed the spot, which was pointed out to M. Caillié, where Major Laing had been assassinated; but as we have already observed, the details are utterly untrue, and appear to have been founded upon rumours circulated as facts, if the whole were not invented at the time. In this city the author was at first an object of sus-

picion; from his zealous observance however of the ceremonies of the Mohammedan law, this distrust gradually wore off, and after having suffered severely from the effects of an east wind, he again set forward on the 19th of May in a caravan of 1400 camels, destined for Tafiilet, not a city but a district, at the principal town of which, Ghourland, they arrived on the 23d of July. During the march the whole caravan suffered extremely from the want of water, and M. Caillié in particular, through the roguery of a hypocritical Moor to whose care he had been entrusted; he was frequently obliged to beg for a drop of water with his rosary in his hand. On the 23d of May they were overtaken by a whirlwind carrying with it a column of sand; being encamped at the time, the tents and every thing within its reach were spun round and tumbled together "like straws;" this danger passed away, but not so the persecutions of which M. Caillié was the object. From his having been affected with the scurvy the Moors regarded him with horror, and would not eat with him, and "notwithstanding the care with which he had studied their manners and habits, they remarked that he could not, like them, jerk the rice into his hand, make it into a small ball, and pitch it into his mouth; and when they intended to offend him, repeated that he ate like a Christian."—p. 407. Their slaves were encouraged to offer him every sort of insult and annoyance, and the burthen of all their abuse was, "he resembles a Christian." One man, on hearing that a Christian slave would fetch 1000 piastres, proposed to sell him as such.

"On June 5, having reached the wells of Amoul Gragim, the night seemed to me cooler than what we had hitherto experienced; but I was disturbed by the appearance of a serpent, which made me spring up from my sleep: it was preparing to mount upon my head when I perceived it. I got up quickly; the noise which I made frightened it, and it immediately entered a hole which was not far off: this reptile was five feet and a half long, and as thick as the thigh of a child twelve years old. The idea of such an unpleasant neighbour prevented my sleeping the rest of the night: my fellow travellers had also similar visits, and seemed not less terrified than myself. The 6th we retired to rest, and, as on the preceding night, I was tormented with seeing enormous snakes."—vol. iii. p. 2.

A peculiarity which he thinks worthy of remark is, that his health was better in the desert, notwithstanding the privations of every sort met with there. He was only apprehensive of dying from thirst.—vol. iii. p. 10. This fear, added to the effects of hunger, rendered M. Caillié less scrupulous than he had been at the commencement of writing charms and amulets, and the fair sex most liberally supplied him with messes, in which the butter

with which they had previously greased their hair was introduced as a delicacy, in consideration of receiving amulets which should procure husbands for all their relatives; as his stay in the country was but short, little risk was incurred by the measure. In visiting some Berbers encamped near a spot where the caravan halted, the author had a narrow escape of being devoured by their dogs.

“The Berbers have numerous dogs to guard their flocks: they are so unaccustomed to allow any stranger to approach the habitation they are set to guard, that the robbers, so frequent in this country, are restrained by fear of being eaten by them. Even Berbers, if they belonged to another camp, would not dare to approach without precaution that where they are not known; but if any business call them there, this is the method they employ to escape the rage of these merciless guardians: the stranger comes up slowly and goes round the tents at a certain distance; the dogs bark, but on account of the distance do not attack; as soon as the owners appear he mentions what brings him, and they are eager to satisfy him; if it be hospitality he requires, a mat is spread for him at a little distance from the tents, and supper is given him; but no one approaches any dwelling.”—vol. iii. p. 50.

We were not a little surprised by the statement that the richest inhabitants of Tafilet breakfast upon tea, bread, and figs.—p. 71. Having gone to Boheim, a small village three miles from Ghourland, to solicit, but in vain, some assistance from the governor to enable him to proceed to Fez, our traveller's career was nearly terminated. Having gone with other poor wretches to spend the night under the roof of the mosque, he met with an adventure, which we shall give in his own words:—

“La cour de ce lieu fermait à clef, et l'on ne pouvait en sortir; circonstance qui faillit m'attirer une très-fâcheuse affaire. Dans cette cour se trouvait la tombe d'un saint chérif décédé depuis long-temps: le lendemain, à leur grand scandale, mes compagnons de gîte s'aperçurent que cette sépulture révéree avait été salie pendant la nuit; alors il s'éleva un cri général d'indignation, et tous les regards se tournèrent sur moi. Confus et épouvanté, je n'eus pas le courage de nier que je fusse le coupable; je m'excusai sur mon ignorance des localités, et protestai, ce qui était bien vrai, que le hasard seul, et non la volonté de commettre une profanation, m'avait conduit vers cette place. Malgré cette allégation sincère, les têtes étaient loin de se calmer, et je ne sais trop ce qui m'en serait advenu, si par bonheur quelques vieillards n'avaient pris le parti d'intercéder en ma faveur. Ils représentèrent que l'on devait avoir égard à ma qualité d'étranger; que j'ignorais sûrement qu'il y eût une tombe dans cet endroit; mais que, lors même que je l'aurais su, je n'avais pas pu apprendre, chez les Chrétiens, à respecter ce qui est l'objet des hommages de tout bon musulman; qu'il fallait donc avoir quelque indulgence pour mon défaut d'instruction. Ce plaidoyer fit son effet, et l'affaire en resta-là.”—vol. iii. p. 82.

By disposing of his cloak and whatever else he could spare, M. Caillié was enabled to hire an ass to carry him, in company with a small caravan, to Fez, where, having left Ghourland on the 2d of August, he arrived on the 13th. This city he mentions as the most beautiful that he had seen in Africa; but the work of Mr. James Grey Jackson has rendered the description of it familiar to the English reader. From Fez he proceeded to Mequinez, where he met with more inhospitality than even the Moors are in the habit of showing; the mosques, which in other places serve as an asylum for the destitute, were here cleared and closed at ten at night. Quitting this town on the 16th of August, on the 18th he reached the sea-port of Rabat, the ancient Sallee. The French consul in this town being absent with the emperor, and the vice-consul, a Jew, refusing to assist him, M. Caillié hired an ass, and went to Tangier. Here also there was no French consul; he was, indeed, but recently dead; the vice-consul however, M. Delaporte, received the traveller with kindness, and having taken such precautions as were indispensable for his security while in the country, and attended him during a severe fit of illness, the result of the fatigues and privations he had undergone, he induced the French commander on the Cadiz station to send a small vessel, by which he was landed at Toulon. M. Delaporte entertained at first many suspicions as to the correctness of M. Caillié's statement, which, however, were dissipated upon a careful investigation, and the traveller, having passed through a more severe ordeal before the Geographical Society of Paris, was awarded by them the highest honours and rewards in their power to bestow, and, on their representation, he has received from the king the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Such may be termed M. Caillié's "personal narrative," and we are willing to receive it as authentic and genuine. But our readers may recollect the zeal with which, even in 1829, the spurious narrative of Adams was defended in the *Quarterly Review*, and we have no higher claims to infallibility than the official writers in that periodical. The idea that the papers of the deceased Major Laing have served as the basis of this work is preposterous. If Baron Rousseau, the late French consul at Tripoli, upon whom, from the statement in the last *Quarterly Review*, (a statement which has not yet met with any contradiction,) such strong suspicions lie at this moment, of having most villainously possessed himself of these papers, be disposed to make any use thereof, we may be sure it will be on his own account. Besides, had any of the documents on which it is founded passed through his hands, they would bear the impress of his inquisitive, vigorous, and intelligent mind. Nothing of the

sort appears; there is not one particle of novel information from the commencement to the end of the book. It is precisely such as would be written by a man like what M. Caillié describes himself, uneducated and curious, to whom every thing, consequently, was new. The errors and mistakes into which he falls are those of one but imperfectly acquainted with the language which is the medium of communication, and having arranged no system of investigation in his mind. The repetitions, discrepancies, incongruities, contradictions, are just such as might be expected from a person supplying imperfect and half-effaced memoranda, (*notes écrites au crayon . . . fatiguées, effacées par le temps*) by the doubtful aid of his memory, and the help of *leading questions*: on these we are disposed to lay great stress, and to their effect, against which it is, under similar circumstances, almost impossible to guard, we ascribe the most palpable objections that have been raised to "the personal narrative" in the work before us. On both sides of the Channel it has been estimated too highly. Quoad M. Caillié's share of the book, it is undeserving the serious and elaborate criticism which it has met with here, and certainly it does not merit the pompous eulogies it has received from his countrymen. Still, the latter were natural enough; the *ad captandum* spirit in which it is addressed to them, and the prejudices it flatters, which would be regarded with disgust or contempt by every other nation, are admirably calculated to delight the French. At Marca, a young Moor, who was interested in his history, invited him, or rather allowed the traveller to invite himself, into a garden, when he presented him with some fruit without having previously selected the best for his own eating, and M. Caillié "was astonished to find in him *un genre de politesse Française*." When he wished to ingratiate himself with any Moor, we are told in another place, "I said, to flatter him, that his gun was of French manufacture." Then a French Jew, in the service of the vice-consul of Tangier, advised him to carry to England the fruits of his journey; "he assured me that this nation had offered £25,000 sterling as a reward for travelling to Timbuctoo. Far from listening to such a contemptible proposition, I replied, *que j'étais Français*, and I added, the rewards of my government will doubtless not be so considerable, but I will not hesitate a single moment to offer to my country, and my king, the homage of my modest labours." There is something very whimsical in the compound of national and personal vanity with which the worthy traveller exults over the anticipated disappointment of the English, that after having expended more than eighteen millions of francs (£750,000 sterling) in the prosecution of African research, the palm for which they have been contending should be snatched

from them by the intrepid perseverance of an individual Frenchman, travelling upon his own resources—they, by the by, consisting of some eighty pounds he had saved in an appointment conferred by an English officer. This is too ridiculous to dwell upon. We certainly do admire the patient endurance and enterprise of an illiterate man undertaking an enterprise to gratify his curiosity and pride, without the possibility of any beneficial result accruing to science from his labours. After all, we, like M. Caillié's countrymen, may have been imposed upon; we do not think this is the case; still it may be so. For ourselves, we would rather prefer being imposed upon, if thereby encouragement can be given to any rising enthusiast in the same career, than run the risk, by chilling scepticism, of extinguishing in any youthful breast the spark of daring intrepidity which must animate every man who hopes to tread with advantage the shores of Africa. The Geographical Society of Paris will be no worse off than their brethren of the Institute, who, but a very few years since, bestowed their highest honours upon a work which the philosophers of Europe have ever since regarded as apocryphal; and Charles X. will be much in the same situation as our Most Gracious Sovereign, who, by a bare-faced fraud, was led to confer the honour of knighthood upon a pair of most impudent and consummate quacks.

But while we are disposed to receive as authentic and genuine what we have denominated "the personal narrative" of M. Caillié, the Geographical memoir and the map and the scientific details, if such they are to be called, upon which it is founded, we regard as entirely of Paris manufacture. The name of M. Jomard, of the Institute, by no means excludes such a supposition; quite the reverse. To English readers his name must be familiar; among other things, from the reiterated charges brought against him of plundering, without acknowledgment, our most valuable periodicals, and presenting the original information contained therein to support hypotheses of his own. He is likewise "most advantageously known" from his connection with the great French work upon Egypt; the utter worthlessness of which has been shown by the Gallo-Tuscan expedition under Champollion and Rosetti; for in works of that sort it is *accuracy* alone which constitutes worth. Now the system of laying down a map for any particular book of travels, and then writing a journal of bearings, &c. from the map so protracted, is one to which we are no strangers in this country. Of late years, too, we have seen *official* maps got up to authenticate hypotheses in a distinguished journal, and *vice versâ*. There is nothing, therefore, very monstrous in our supposition that the atlas before us was produced in

the same way. If this map, constructed by M. Jomard upon M. Caillié's data, is to be regarded as correct, then every preceding geographer and traveller has toiled in vain. Let us briefly examine the grounds on which it is proposed to throw again into confusion all that has hitherto been determined of African geography.

"M. Caillié was not provided with astronomical instruments; he had no watch, and he guessed the hour by the sun's altitude; but he possessed two compasses, which were of great use to him. All his bearings have been carefully noted by means of this instrument during the day, or the stars during the night. As for the distances, they were estimated from many experiments made by himself at Sierra Leone, during the time he was preparing for his enterprise. He was accustomed to traverse a distance measured exactly in English miles, and to observe the time in which he described it. It is in this way that he rated the number of miles in each of his journeys."—vol. iii. p. 282.

We request our readers to consider attentively the different statements in the foregoing extract, and then to decide for themselves, if, even in laying down a rough map, much more in presuming to correct one in which many points were approximately known, upon such authority, a more barefaced attempt were ever made by impudence to impose on credulity. But it seems the routes thus obtained agree most harmoniously with the itineraries published by other travellers, and the latitude of Timbuctoo, resulting therefrom, differs only one minute from that deduced from measuring the length of a shadow cast at midday by a stick about two feet long. "*Tant pis pour les faits.*" This is proving too much; for when it is considered, what every practical man will avow, that such accuracy could not be obtained by such means in a survey carried round a parish, much less over one-third of the African continent, we think no more conclusive proof can be afforded of what we have already declared, that the journal was drawn up from the map, not the map protracted from the bearings. Adducing a lieutenant-colonel of engineers to calculate the latitude from the length of the shadow cast by a style when the sun was in the meridian, was intended, we presume, to authenticate the original observations; we feel for M. Corabœuf, the officer in question.

Our statement that every thing in these volumes approaching to what might be designated a scientific memorandum is an interpolation, is not lightly made; although, possibly it *may* not be the work of M. Jomard. Take the following:—

"It is by this (the pole) star that the Arabs are guided in all their journeys across the Desert; the oldest guides in the caravans take the lead to point out the road to the others; a sand hill, a rock, the diffe-

rence of the colour of the sand, some tufts of grass, are for them infallible signs by which they know where they are. Without a compass, without any other method of observation, they have such a habit of remarking the smallest things, that they never lose their way, although there is no road traced, and the tracks of the camels are in an instant filled up and effaced by the wind."—vol. ii. p. 362.

(On the 7th of May, 1828,) "the night was warm and calm; the sky, which was serene, allowed us to see its starry vault: before us (their course was due north) we had the Great and Less Bear, which appeared very near the horizon. Not being able to sleep upon the beast that was carrying me, I observed the stars describe their course; I remarked in the east the group of stars so remarkable, called the Constellation of Orion; I still observed it nearly in the middle of its course almost in our zenith; at the approach of day it disappeared, and seemed to bury itself in an ocean of sand."—vol. ii. p. 367.

Any boarding-school miss, who can rectify a globe for the latitude of 18° N., may have the satisfaction of exposing this misstatement.

The two vocabularies of the Mandingo and Kissour language, published in this work, agree nearly enough with those already made known in the writings of English travellers. The Kissour at least, more extensive than that of Denham, agrees pretty closely with him, but not with what has appeared in the volumes of Adams, Bowdich, and Lyon. From these, however, no conclusive inference could be drawn.

In taking leave of this work, we cannot help expressing our deep regret at the way in which it has been brought forward. Had no undue attempts been made to push it into disproportionate prominence, had there been no suspicious concealment, no contemptible mystification on the part of the Geographical Society of Paris, nor so much to-do-about-nothing by M. Jomard, the distrust with which it has been received would not have been excited, and M. Caillié would have been universally recognised as a man intrepid and zealous, from whose efforts, with more ample means at his disposal, and with adequate instruction, great benefit might accrue to science. Every government in Europe would have been proud to enlist such a man in their service; whereas we now think that the cloud of suspicion which hangs over him will never be dispelled, for we see no method by which to separate the true statements of M. Caillié from the fabrications of his editor.

ART. V.—*Swensk Anthologi*. (Swedish Anthology.) 3 vols. 16mo. Stockholm. 1828.

THIS florid Greek title means in plain English nothing more than Elegant Extracts, and of course if these were in a language with which, or with the translated literature of which, the British public were familiar, such a compilation would not deserve notice. This, however, is far from being the case with Swedish. By scientific men Sweden is, indeed, revered as the birth-place of Linné, of Berzelius, and of some other distinguished natural philosophers; but prior to the appearance of the FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, not a score of readers in this country, we apprehend, were aware of her possessing any authors whatever. In our very first Number we afforded some glimpses of information upon this subject, showing that the Belles Lettres neither then were, nor ever had been, neglected in the Scandinavian Peninsula; and subsequently the account we gave of the Bishop of Wexio's extraordinary poem, must have convinced our readers that the Hyperborean Muse is by no means to be utterly despised. Still, however, little is known here of her votaries beyond their names, and we are glad of the means the *Swensk Anthologi* offers of making our readers somewhat better acquainted with Swedish poetry; to diffuse a knowledge of which was, we are told, one principal object that induced the editor, P. A. Wallmark, a privy counsellor and ci-devant Swedish preceptor to the Crown Prince, to undertake the present publication. Another object was to facilitate the initiation of youth into the beauties of poetry, which Counsellor Wallmark esteems an important part of education. In his preface he says—

“The sense of poetic beauty is closely allied to the sense of moral beauty, and cannot be developed without lending a prop to virtue. It is, if I may be allowed the expression, the invisible Church that unites all under one shepherd. And what is good taste, which I will call the Warden of the Temple, but right judgment; or bad taste, but obliquity of judgment? But if the heart be governed by the judgment, how important is it that the latter should be sound and right, and that it should be moulded accordingly as early as possible. The former will hardly follow the right path if the latter do not. He who loves what is depraved in thought and expression, is not far from equally loving it in conduct; and he who is without sense of beauty will readily become as insensible to the dignity of virtue.”

Herr Wallmark has divided and subdivided his collection agreeably to a classification of his own of the different species of poetry, which appears perfectly original, and which we confess ourselves at a loss to comprehend. Without, however, either entering into

or following its details, we shall select from some of the divisions usually recognised, such pieces as seem best adapted to exhibit the genius of Swedish poetry, both as it was and as it is, at least so far as this Anthology supplies us with the means. It would more fully have answered the purpose had its compiler observed a strict neutrality between the two factions of the Gallican and anti-Gallican, or national, schools. This was, perhaps, too much to expect; and the privy counsellor unluckily belongs to that school, of which, even if we thought it comprised most talent, we should still be the least desirous to see, or to offer our readers, specimens. Wallmark has, we believe, succeeded to Leopold as the head of the French party. His volumes accordingly abound with the productions of Gallican writers; whilst of the others, although we do not mean to charge him with actually passing them by, he affords us but few specimens, not always favourably chosen; and he altogether omits some names of considerable Swedish celebrity. The *national* author whose name recurs most frequently in the Anthology is Tegner, and though we certainly cannot object to this preference, Tegner's works are those we are, upon the present occasion, least inclined to translate, inasmuch as our review of his *Frithiof's Saga* has made his talents and his style sufficiently known to our readers. In consequence of Wallmark's partiality we shall feel ourselves compelled to bestow a shorter article than we might otherwise have done upon his publication. We intend ere long to notice separately some of the anti-Gallican writers.

We shall not translate any of the editor's epic or dramatic extracts. A poem of either description must be judged as a whole, and cannot be fairly appreciated by extracts, since a bad poem or play may afford a fine passage or scene; and the converse of the proposition will hardly, we fear, admit of cavil. With respect therefore to the first of these loftiest branches of poesy, we shall merely say that our editor separates the epopœa from narrative poetry, (we cannot conceive why,) placing it after that, descriptive poetry, and the idyl, and gives extracts from several epics: *e. g.* a "Choice of Hercules," in hexameters by Stiernholm, one of the oldest of the modern Swedish poets; a "Sweden's Liberty," by Von Dalin, who lived in the beginning of the last century, and wrote in Alexandrine couplets exactly modelled upon the French *vers heroïques*—a favourite measure with all the disciples of the Gallican school, who, further, to prove their devotion to their French masters we presume, usually adopt the Frenchified form of classical names, as *Orfée*, *Pompée*, &c. To return to the epic poems, respecting which our compiler has shown more liberality than in any other division of his collection:—he gives extracts

from six more epic poems, two upon Scandinavian Mythology by Ling and Skiöldebrand; three upon Charles X., Gustavus Wasa and Gustavus Adolphus, by Count Gyllenborg, Celsius and Professor Franzen; and one upon the conversion of the Russians to Christianity, by Stagnelius, a young and promising poet, not long since prematurely cut off. His *Wladimir den Store*, or the Strong, merits a degree of attention which we hope soon to afford it. In addition to these we must mention a mock-heroic poem, by Rudbeck, upon the municipal squabbles of a country town unknown to us even by name.

We cannot equally praise Wallmark's liberality as to the drama. He confines his extracts to three dull tragedies of Leopold and Adlerbeth, all most sedulously fashioned to the French pattern, entirely omitting Ling's numerous tragedies. In comedy he gives some scenes from Count Gyllenborg's *Nya Herrskapet*, New Lordship, (which seems to offer, as far as we can judge upon such *data*, an amusing picture of Swedish manners,) and, complaining of great national poverty in this department, nearly completes his very brief dramatic division, with a few scenes from dramas and operas of Kellgren, an author of high and merited reputation, but to us insupportably French in thought and feeling, as well as in style. Voltaire is evidently the god of Kellgren's as of Leopold's idolatry. We said "nearly completes," for the editor gives us two scenes from a dramatic poem by Stagnelius, entitled "the Martyrs;" and as this is a production of a species better to be appreciated by extracts than the epopœa or regular drama, we shall translate part of a dialogue between a Pagan mother and her Christian daughter, which may, we trust, awaken some curiosity respecting this author's works.

"*Emilia*. If that thou love me, wherefore not intrust
 Thy sorrows and thy pleasures to my bosom?
 Confidence is the holy aliment
 That nourishes the fire of tender feeling,
 As the lamp's flame by Pallas' oil is fed.
 Believe me, he, who, silent visionary,
 Shuts up within himself his joy and grief,
 Nought but self-love within his bosom kindles.
 For even as the fire will in its eddy
 Whirl up tow'rds Heaven whatever owns its power;
 As iron by the magnet's witchery
 Attracted, will forsake its resting place;
 So tenderness, wherever found, rests not
 Until united to its likeness. Where,
 Oh where are fled those former happy days,
 When in thy laughing eye each new-born thought
 I read?—when into a fond mother's breast

Thy hopes and fears, thy weal and woe were poured?
 Now bathed in tears, a gloomy wanderer
 I find thee evermore. Thou sufferest—
 May not thy mother with thee mourn? Is she
 Unworthy to compassionate her child?

Perpetua. Mother, I suffer not! Oh couldst thou know
 The blessedness of tears! Not sweeter falls,
 I'the hour of evening's crimson glow, the dew
 On Syria's nardus rose. The myrrh-tree's sweat drops
 In Saba's groves less precious are than tears.

Em. Aye, truly, they yield solace; but that solace
 By burning agony must be preceded;
 Their balm, Fate's sun, with scorching noontide rays,
 Expresses. Hapless child! Thou sufferest.
 Strive not to laugh—a ghost-like laughter only
 Hovers round thy cold lips.

Per. Alas! This earth
 Deserves not gladness. Like the butterfly
 That has outlived the rose's day of bliss,
 Our soul on dusky pinions here below
 Round desarts flies, pining incessantly.

Em. My daughter, others praise life's plenteousness;
 Why pinest thou alone? Youth's cup for thee
 Still mantles, and each wafture of Heaven's breath
 Should pleasure thee. Thou lovest not. Lo! this,
 The single reason of thy melancholy;
 Love and be happy! with an hundred tongues
 Nature exhorts thee thus.—Obey her voice!
 The hand of death quenched thy first nuptial torch.
 Venus for thee superior bliss prepares
 I'the second's light. Oh bid her kindle it,
 And by its golden beams begin a new
 Olympian life! Cornelius loves thee. Yet
 In life's mid season, like the stately palm
 He blooms, and Fortune dwells in his proud halls.
 Present him with thy hand at Hymen's altar,
 And bid the Fates spin a rose-coloured thread
 Of many joyful years for both of you.

Per. Oh, I conjure you, utter not a word
 Of earthly happiness, of earthly love!
 Not theirs to satisfy the soul—I know them.
 Oh force me not on my heart's higher longings
 To act a murder, and false sacrifices
 Offer to gods whose impotence I've proved!

Em. Wilt thou then, daughter, haughtily reject
 Each solace proffered by a mother's heart?
 Like the delusive light in forest shades,
 Fly'st thou injuriously our outstretched arms?
 Then let my tenderness no longer speak,

But mine upbraidings storm thy soul! Now hear,
 And answer. Wherefore dost thou thus forsake
 Thy mother's home, thy father's ancient halls?
 Wherefore dost thou no longer celebrate
 Our yearly festivals? No longer crown
 Our household gods with rosemary and myrtle,
 Or offer holy salt on their chaste altars?
 Hast thou thy heart changed with thy residence,
 And to the house that sheltered thee in childhood
 Does no soft fire now draw thy soul? Have all
 The rosy recollections of thy youth
 Fled with the hours' still circling dance?

Per. My heart

God sees, and in high Heaven hears the sighs
 I for your welfare breathe.

Em. With fiction's blossoms

Thou'dst decorate the winter of thy heart.
 Like serpent amidst roses does thy soul
 Conceal itself. Thou breathe a sigh for us
 To Heaven? No! The cloudy heights to which
 In solitary piety thou prayest,
 For us have only wrath and thunderbolts.
 Oh grievous word, die not upon my lips!
 Infernal thought, embody thee in sound!
 Let it howl mournful as the north wind's sigh
 In forest, or owl's hoot from moss-clad grave!
 Come hither, daughter! Look into mine eyes.
 Traitor, come hither! Sink not to the ground
 Like vapour; what thou think'st in night eternal
 To hide—before thy mother's gaze severe
 It lies unveiled. Wretched one! Thou'rt a Christian.

Per. Oh woe is me, unhappy, that myself
 I was not first mine honour to proclaim!
 Yes, mother, I'm a Christian. Holy waves
 Have purified my soul; from darkness' errors
 The blessed mystery of the high Cross
 Has called me to the path of light and truth.
 The hidden manna I've already tasted
 That feeds the soul in deserts—I have gathered
 The golden fruit, in Eden's morning dew,
 That shines seraphically o'er life's stream.
 Oh grudge not to thy daughter her delight,
 But share thyself her happiness, her glory.

Em. Alas! What sorceress from Thessalian huts
 Has with her witcheries bewildered thee?
 What dream, of subterranean vapours formed,
 Deceives thy heart? Which of th' Eumenides
 Has lured thee criminally to abandon
 Thy childhood's faith, thy maidenhood's golden gods?

Per. Those gods are visionary, and the poets
Say truly, that by Night, black, desolate,
Void, unexisting Night, they were engendered.

* * * * *

Em. Oh, cruel daughter, that into her grave
Precipitat'st thy mother ! Ne'er believe
I can survive thee. Thou'rt the sun, whose rays
Of softened purple brighten my late autumn,
And open life's last flowers of gladness.
If thou art lost, what should remain for me
Save Death's cold winter night, and sleep eternal ?

* * * * *

Believe as likes thee, but conceal thy faith.

Per. Thy tender counsel I may not obey ;
Thou biddest me against my conscience act :
Believe, and own thy faith, are life's conditions.

Em. Have mercy on the heart that throbbed for thee
Whilst thine was yet unmoved. Oh ! turn again !
Be as thou wast of yore !

Per. Thou, who in sorrow,
To sorrow bor'st me, and a deathful life,
Take back thy gift ! I to the sacrifice
Offer me willingly.

* * * * *

Oh, God ! Amongst the many habitations
That shine above, the thousand rose-formed bowers
In Paradise—is there no place for her ?”

We should willingly translate a few Odes, from the abundant lyrical stores of the Swedish muse ; but their great length obliges us to limit our selection. The following philosophical *Ode upon the Desire of Deathless Fame*, is by Leopold, the chief leader of the Gallican party, and a prime favorite with Gustavus III. We shall take the liberty of shortening it by three heavy stanzas.

“ Vainly, amidst the headlong course
Of cent'ries, centuries on that urge,
Earth's self, despite her weight and force,
Becomes the prey of time's wild surge ;
Vainly Oblivion's depths profound
Bury of former names the sound,
With manners, arts, and deeds gone by :
Born amidst ruins, we survey
Sixty long centuries decay,
And dare time's sov'reignty defy ;

“ Ev'n when by Fame's impetuous car
Our glory round the world is spread,
A breath from eastern caves afar
Comes poison-fraught—The Hero's dead !

A worm, condemned in dust to crawl,
 Concealed in grass, from thy foot-fall,
 Thy soaring flight for ever stays ;—
 A splinter starts ;—thy race is run ;
 Shines on thy pride the rising sun,
 Thine ashes meet his setting rays.

“ And thou, the insect of an hour,
 O'er time to triumph wouldst pretend ;
 With nerves of grass wouldst brave the power
 Beneath which pyramids must bend !
 A slave, by every thing controlled,
 Thou canst not for an instant mould
 Thine actions' course, thy destiny ;
 In want of all, of all the sport,
 Thou, against all who need'st support,
 Boatest o'er Death the mastery !

“ Recall'st, as they would prove thy right
 To honors but to few assigned,
 Our Wasa sovereign's annals bright,
 The triumphs of a Newton's mind.
 Whilst round the globe thy glances rove,
 On works and deeds, that amply prove
 Man's strength of intellect, they fall :
 Their mysteries time and space unfold,
 New worlds are added to the old,
 Beauty and light adorning all.

“ Strange creature, go, fulfil thy fate,*
 Govern the earth, subdue the waves,
 Measure the stars' paths, regulate
 Time's clock, seek gold in Chile's graves ;
 Raise towns that lava-buried sleep,
 Harvest the rocks, build on the deep,
 Force nature, journey in the sky,
 Surpass in height each monument,
 On mountains mountains pile—content,
 Beneath their mass then putrefy !

“ Yes, fruits there are that we enjoy,
 Produce of by-gone centuries' toil ;
 The gifts remain, though time destroy
 The givers, long ago Death's spoil :
 And whilst deluded crowds believe
 Their guerdon they shall straight receive
 In admiration's empty cries,
 Their whitening and forgotten bones
 Repose, unconscious as the stones
 Where burns th' atoning sacrifice.

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* We need hardly observe, that this stanza is imitated from Pope, who is honoured with the approbation of the Gallican school.

* * * * *
 " The Poet's, Hero's golden dream,
 Olympus' Heaven, Memory's days,
 Valor enthroned in Earth's esteem,
 And Genius' never-fading bays !
 Proud names, the solace of our woes,
 That often vanity bestows
 On empty shadows, nothing worth ;
 Oh have ye giv'n in Memory's shrine
 To virtue honors more divine
 Than vice and folly gain on earth ?

" But grant we that for victory's prize
 The Hero brave fierce war's alarms ;
 His deeds are noble if unwise,
 His valor overawes and charms ;
 And pardon him, created strong,
 For energy in right or wrong ;
 Who darkling with the crowd remains,
 A son of ruin's night is he,
 Immersed in dreams of memory,
 That sound philosophy disdains.

" Go, shake the Neva's banks with dread,
 With liberal arts our Northland grace,
 With Genius' torch, or War's, blood-red,
 Enlighten, or destroy thy race ;
 A deathless name by arms, be won
 For Ingo * or for Marathon,
 Establish thrones, or overturn,
 Our Europe's tottering liberty
 Down trample, or exalt on high,
 Then crown thyself, and danger spurn.

" But when a soul of vulgarer mood,
 For shadows, fancies such as these,
 Abandons life's substantial good,
 Life's humbler duties that displease ;
 But when, seduced by dreams of praise
 From unborn worlds, ideots would raise
 A monument of baseless fame,
 Who, with false arrogance elate,
 May guilty prove, but never great,
 I blush in human nature's name.

" Still may this thirst for men's esteem
 Spur merit forward on his course !
 Deprive not earth of that fair dream,
 Her culture's and her honour's source.

* Alas! that the " deathless name" of this Swedish Marathon should be unknown to English ears.

Woe worth the day, when Reason's hand,
 Unloosing prejudice' last band,
 From the world's eye the veil shall tear,
 Shall with her blazing torch reveal
 The *nothing* that rewards our zeal,
 The errors that our steps ensnare!

" Young son of Art, thy bosom's flame
 With hopes of centuries' wonder cheer!
 Shrink, Monarch, from the voice of blame
 Whose sound shall never reach thine ear!
 And virtue, thou, in life betrayed,
 Forgotten, proudly through death's shade
 Thy memory see with honors graced!
 A God, befriending our weak kind,
 Illusion, as our balm assigned,
 By th' entrance to life's desert placed.

" To Genius, in his kindling mood,
 Statues are promised by her breath;
 She purchases the warrior's blood
 With garlands in the hand of Death;
 She animates the poet's song
 With all the raptures that belong
 To immortality divine;
 The student, o'er his night lamp bent,
 Sees through her glass, though poor, content,
 His light o'er distant ages shine.

" Break but her witchery's golden wand;—
 No longer Genius flashes bright;
 Rome shrinks from the Barbarian's brand,
 Athens and science fade from sight;
 Europe's old dread, our Northern ground
 No more with heroes shall abound,
 When threaten danger, blood, and broil;
 And paid by thanklessness, no more
 Shall birth-crowned monarchs, as of yore,
 Exchange their joys for duty's toil."

We shall next translate an *Elegiac Ode*, (as it is named by either the author or the editor) the only piece in the collection from the pen of the highly gifted and admired Atterbom; though its somewhat mystical and gloomy philosophy is not, as far as we comprehend it, to our taste, and we cannot consider it as a fairly chosen specimen of so renowned an author. It is written in the person of the Hyacinth, referring to the classical fable which produces that flower from the blood of Ajax, and inscribes upon its petals the Greek ejaculation, forming the first half of his name. As the two unrhymed lines may surprise our readers, we must state once for all, that, in our translations, we closely imitate the metrical forms of the original.

THE HYACINTH.

“ The heart’s blood am I of expiring strength,
Engraved on mine urn is its cry.
My dark glowing pangs, to thee are they known ?
Art thou too a stranger ’mid life’s shadows thrown,
Deceived by its dreamery ?
Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
Was allotted ! Their youth in the sky
With circling dances they celebrate ;
And our steps from the cradle, illuminate
To the grave.

“ Why longer endeavours thine earnest glance
To a merciless Heaven to pray ?
An adamant door bars its tower of light ;
To earth’s abyss from its dizzying height
What bridge may open a way ?
There Blessedness, Truth, may be throned in might,
But thou, canst thou destiny sway ?
Of suffering only can dust be secure ;
Who rises, thy happier lot to insure,
From the grave ?

“ Hope points indeed to a verdant shore
Where the beautiful Syrens sing,
And waken their harps while bright shines the sun ;
But the bone-whitened coast shows where murder is done,
And treachery dwells on each string.
Illusions on distaffs of Nornas spun,
To the feeble distraction bring :
He is wise who disdains to fear or implore ;
But wisest he who desires nothing more
Than a grave.

“ Yet within thee, to battle with time and fate
There blazes a fire divine.
Whate’er’s evanescent its flame shall consume ;
And if clouded the course of the planets in gloom,
Thy star on the conflict shall shine !
And soon shall the long, happy night of the tomb,
With peace and her laurels be thine.
He whose bosom of heaven and hell holds the fires
Suffices himself, and no solace requires
But the grave.”

Passing from this Elegiac Ode, to the regular Elegies, which upon the whole we think the most pleasing portion of the compilation, we shall take as our specimen of Professor Franzen (reputed the Byron or Scott of his countrymen) a Love Elegy upon his high-born and absent fair.

" Nature ! Thy sun uprises bright,
 The scattering clouds dissolve ;
 Each worm revives, and to our sight
 Earth, heav'n, new charms evolve.
 In hopelessness I only pine ;
 My sun no more shall shine.

" Gone is the drifted snow, erewhile
 Where battling whirlwinds strove.
 All seems in nuptial bliss to smile,
 Each breath's a kiss of love.
 But ah ! Amidst my bosom's pains
 A springless winter reigns.

" Unfolds its flow'r bud after bud
 Whence thousand colours glance :
 Gay butterflies around them scud
 In ever-varying dance.
 One flower alone my heart could cheer ;
 Alone it is not here.

" Hither once more the chaffinch flies
 From wintry pilgrimage,
 Nor wastes, on Orient's fairer skies,
 Thoughts, tender cares engage.
 Winter or Spring shall never more
 Mine absent one restore.

" Mark the fond pair on yonder spray
 In blissful liberty ;
 He at each trill suspends his lay,
 Awaiting her reply.
 Alas ! Unanswered by a word
 My song ; not even heard.

" What scared them midst their harmless love ?
 But see, where even now
 They meet within the nearest grove,
 And kiss upon a bough.
 We parted, and I pining roam
 Where she shall never come.

" They're parted nor by wealth nor state
 That faith and troth-plight break ;
 No care, so tender be each mate,
 They for a dwelling take :
 The grave's my dwelling ; I shall sleep
 Where she must never weep."

The following, upon the Tints of Evening, is by Ingelgren:

" The sun has sunk behind the hill,
 But over earth, and sky, and air,
 Eve's crimson tints are glowing still,
 And tidings from the morrow bear.

" Thus hope, when sinks life's happiness,
Upon our night of sorrow glows,
Promising brighter, endless bliss
After our pilgrimage of woes.

" The longing heart, whose wishes spring
To fond foreboding's unknown land,
Borrows imagination's wing,
Though fettered here in Reason's band.

" Presumptuous ! whither wouldst thou fly ?
Earth's vapours mock thine eye of clay.
Mark crimson evening's golden sky,
And HOPE the morrow's promised day."

We now turn to the Satires, from which we select one of Kellgren's, bearing a somewhat astounding, though incontrovertibly true title. It is written in alternately rhyming Alexandrines ; a measure which would, in English, be so intolerably heavy, that in our translation we must needs lop a foot off the lines, at the risk of being thereby a little cramped.

FOLLY IS NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

" I grant 'tis oft of greatest men the lot
To stumble now and then, or darkling grope ;
Extremes for ever border on a blot,
And loftiest mountains' sides abruptest slope.

" Mortals, observe what ills on genius wait.
Now god, now worm—why fallen ?—a dizzy head !
The energy that lifts thee to heaven's gate,
What is it but a hair—a distaff's thread ?

" He, who o'er twenty centuries, twenty climes,
Has reigned, whom all will first of poets vote,
E'en our good father Homer nods at times ;
So Horace says,—your pardon, I but quote.

" Thou, Eden's bard, next him claim'st genius' throne ;—
But is the tale of Satan, Death, and Sin,
Of heav'n's artillery,—the poet's tone ?
More like street-drunkard's prate inspired by gin.

" Is madness only amongst poets found ?
Grows folly but on literature's tree ?
No ! wisdom's self is to fixed limits bound,
And passing those—resembles idiotcy.

" He, who the planetary laws could scan,
Dissected light, and numbers' mystic force
Explored, to Bedlam once that wondrous man
Rode on th' Apocalypse' mouse-coloured horse.

- “ Thou, whose stern precept against sophists hurled,
 Taught that to truth doubt only leads the mind,
 Thy law forgot'st,—and in a vortex whirled,
 Thou wander'st, as a Mesmer, mad and blind.
- “ But though some spots bedim the star of day,
 The moon, despite her spots, remains the moon ;
 And though great Newton once delirious lay,
 Swedenborg's nothing but a crazy loon,
- “ Fond dunces ! ye who claim to be inspired,
 In letters and philosophy unversed,
 Who deem the poet's fame may be acquired
 By faults with which great poets have been cursed !
- “ Ye Swedenborgian, Rosicrusian schools,
 Ye number-prickers, ye physiognomists,
 Ye dream-expounding, treasure-seeking fools,
 Alchemists, magnetizers, caballists !
- “ Ye're wrong—though error to the wisest clings,
 And judgments, perfect here, may there be shaken,
 That genius therefore out of madness springs
 When ye assert, ye're deucedly mistaken.
- “ Vain reasoning !—all would easily succeed,
 Was Pope deformed, were Milton, Homer blind ?
 To be their very likeness, what should need
 But just to crook the back, the eyes to bind ?
- “ But leave we jest—weak weapon jest, in sooth,
 When justice and religion bleeding lie,
 Society disordered, and 'gainst truth
 Error dares strike, upheld by treachery.
- “ Arouse thee, muse ! snatch from the murderer
 His dagger, plunging it in his vile breast !
 By nature thou, Reason's interpreter
 Wast meant ; obey—and nobly—her behest !
- “ Manhem !* so named from olden Manhood's sense
 And olden Manhood's force ; from error's wave
 What haven shelters thee ? Some few years hence
 One spacious Bedlam shall the Baltic lave.
- “ Virtue from light, and vice from folly springs ;
 To sin 'gainst wisdom's precept is high treason
 Against the majesty of man, and kings !
 Fanaticism leads on rebellion's season.
- “ Pardon, my liege, the virtuous honesty
 That swells the poet's breast and utterance craves !
 Th' enthusiast for thy fame must blush to see
 Thy sceptre raised to favour fools or slaves.

* The abode of men ; an ancient, poetical, and somewhat arrogant, name for Sweden.

- " But you who to his eyes obscure the light,
 What is't you seek ? what recompense high prized ?
 I see't !—Oh, fame ! all, all confess thy might ;
 And even fools would be immortalized.
- " Ye shall be so ! your brows and mind await
 A thistle, and a laurel crown. To thee,
 Posterity, their names I dedicate,
 Thy laughing-stock to all eternity !"

We shall next translate a tale by Fru Lengren, a lady highly esteemed by her countrymen, and habitually designated the Tenth Muse—no very uncommon compliment, by the way, to poetesses. We select her *Portraits*, as our specimen of the Tales (since Wallmark so classes it, though we think it might have been quite as justly placed under some of his other heads,) and we have two reasons for so doing; the first, its affording us a curious and not unamusing peep at the manners and education of Swedish noble ladies, at least, of those whose fortunes confine them to a country life; the second, its brevity. Count Oxenstierna's *Disa*, which we might have preferred, is longer than we intend this whole article to be; and even Von Dalin's modernized version of the old ballad of *Stolts* (proud) *Ingeborg*, which tempts us hugely, would occupy four pages, and thus oblige us either to neglect all other poets and kinds of poetry, or to extend the article beyond the limits befitting a compilation that does not include the best works of all the best authors.

THE PORTRAITS.

" Upon an old estate, her father's heritage,
 A shrivelled countess dowager
 Had vegetated half an age;
 She drank her tea mingled with elder-flow'rs,
 By aching bones foretold the weather,
 Scolded at times, but not for long together,
 And mostly yawned away her hours.
 One day, (God knows how such things should occur !)
 Sitting beside her chambermaid
 In her saloon, whose walls displayed
 Gilt leather hangings, and the pictured face
 Of many a member of her noble race,
 She pondered thus : ' I almost doubt
 Whether, if I could condescend
 Some talk on this dull wench to spend,
 It might not call my thoughts off from my gout.
 And though the mawkin cannot comprehend
 The charms of polished conversation,
 'Twill give my lungs some exercise ;
 And then the goosecap's admiration
 Of my descent, to extasy must rise.

'Susan,' she said, 'you sweep this drawing-room,
 And sweep it almost every day;
 You see these pictures, yet your looks betray
 You're absolutely ignorant whom
 You clear from cobwebs with your broom.
 Now mind! That's my great grandsire to the right,
 The learned and travelled president,
 Who knew the Greek and Latin names of flies,
 And to th' Academy, in form polite,
 Was pleased an earthworm to present
 That he from India brought; a prize
 Well worth its weight in gold.—
 That next him, in the corner hung by chance,
 The ensign is, my dear, lost, only son,
 A pattern in the graces of the dance,
 My pride and hope, and all the family's.
 Seven sorts of riding whips did he invent;
 But sitting by the window caught a cold,
 And so his honourable race was run.
 He soon shall have a marble monument.—
 Now, my good girl, observe that other,
 The countess grandam of my lady mother,
 A beauty in her time famed far and near;
 On Queen Christina's coronation day
 She helped her majesty, they say,
 And truly, no false tale you hear,
 To tie her under-petticoat.—
 The lady whose manteau you note,
 Was my great aunt; beside her see
 That ancient noble in the long simar;
 An uncle of the family,
 Who once played chess with Russia's mighty czar.—
 That portrait further to the left,
 Is the late colonel, my dear wedded lord;
 His equal shall the earth, of him bereft,
 In partridge-shooting never more afford!—
 But now observe the lovely dame
 In yonder splendid oval frame,
 Whose swelling bosom bears a rose;—
 Not that one, ninny;—look this way;
 What haughtiness those eyes display!
 How nobly aquiline that nose!
 King Frederick once was by her beauty caught;
 But she was virtue's self, fired as she ought,
 And scolded, reverently, the royal youth,
 Till, utterly confused, he cried, 'my charmer,
 Your virtue's positively cased in armour!'—
 Many can yet attest this story's truth.
 'Well, Susan, do you know the lady now?
 What! don't you recognize *my* lofty brow?'

But, 'Lord have mercy on me!' Susan cries,
And scissors, needle, thread, lets slip;
'Could that be ever like your ladyship!!!'—
'What! what!' the countess screams, with flashing eyes;
'Could that be like me? Idiot! Nincompoop!
Out of my doors with all thy trumpery!
Intolerable! But so must it be
If with such creatures to converse we stoop.'
A gouty twinge then seized the countess' toe,
And of her history that's all I know."

We shall now finish our extracts with a few short pieces, the first of which shall be a couple of fables by Dalin, and Count Gyllenborg. To the best of our fabular knowledge they are original.

THE FALCON AND THE BUSTARD.

"A falconer once his sport t' enjoy,
Had raced and bounded like a boy;
As hobbling grey-beard weary now,
Awhile to rest him, down he lay,
Placing his falcon on a bough.
But the poor bird got little rest,
Because he was so finely drest
With gilding, painting, helm, and crest;
And 'tis the commonalty's way
To cross themselves and gape and stare.
Thither in hundreds birds repair,
To gaze upon his grand attire.
Small compliments at first they pay,
His elegance of taste admire,
In every thing so point de vice;
And then respectfully inquire
What article's of Paris make?
Where this was bought, and what the price?
And would he just the trouble take
To name the shop where that was found?
And of his tailor the direction?
A tailor clearly all perfection.
Such questions on all sides resound,
Although most clamorously heard
From an old prosy bustard, clad
Himself in garments dark and sad;
But he was an affianced bird.
The falcon answered, with a sigh,
'That man to all may best reply,
Who with his tackle sleeps below.
'Twas he provided all this gear—
For me, I've bought my finery dear;
'Tis purchased with my liberty.'
'How!' said the bustard, 'do you glitter

In gold and satin's gorgeous show,
 And cannot fly where'er you list?
 Like me, soar idly, or desist?—
 Whence a captivity so bitter?'
 'Alas!' the falcon cried, 'bewitched
 By love of pomp and admiration,
 I weakly let myself be hitched,
 And I am splendid, but not free.'
 'Aye,' said the bustard, 'now I see,
 That under greatest ostentation
 Oft lurks the greatest slavery.' "

THE CUCKOO AND THE BEE.

" 'My dearest cuckoo,' said a bee,
 'Tis right to celebrate the spring;
 But evermore the self-same strain to sing
 Year after year, day after day,
 Is somewhat to abuse one's liberty.
 And really I must insist
 You wake us with some newer lay,
 If you'd be held a first-rate vocalist.'
 'My little friend,' the cuckoo cried,
 'It well becomes you to endeavour,
 From us to take our well-known song away,
 You, who the self-same track pursue for ever!
 Pray what new architecture have you tried,
 Through all the centuries you've spent
 In making wax and gathering honey?
 Your hexagons, they are not for my money—
 And certainly you might invent
 New shapes, without the detriment
 My voice would suffer from new trills and quavers.'
 'A most untenable excuse,'
 The bee retorts, 'buildings are not like songs;
 Your law is pleasure, ours is use;
 And as utility ne'er wavers,
 Our uniformity's an excellence;
 Yours shows deficiency of sense:
 To pleasure's essence change belongs.' "

We must needs give something of Count Oxenstierna's, and can find nothing to suit us but the following lines upon the Swedish peasantry, apparently extracted from a long poem, of the name and subject of which the compiler tells us nothing. This is not the sort of specimen we like, but the passage is good, and we have no room for a long piece.

" You, for your children who adorn
 A home, your father's heritage,
 Who laws, yourselves have made, obey,
 And live secure, from youth to age,

Beneath an equal king's just sway !
 You, of bold Gothic fathers born,
 Their laws', their blood's, their valour's heir !
 Should you 'mongst other nations see
 The peasant, doomed to slavery,
 Consuming life midst toil and care,
 Whilst you, the sons of liberty,
 Yourselves assess the land you till,
 Learn your proud lot to estimate.
 And worthy of those fathers still,
 To whom you owe your high estate,
 May you, and all who from you spring,
 With equal virtue, courage, might,
 Deserve and guard each precious right !
 Ne'er may insatiate wishes bring
 Suspicion, envy, discontent,
 To mar your cottage-hearth's blest peace !
 But whilst your grateful hearts are bent
 To gather in your fields' increase,
 Confiding in that Providence
 Whom with pure spirits you adore,
 Be't yours to give in manly guise
 A pattern still, as heretofore,
 Not less of moral excellence,
 Than of fair freedom's glorious exercise."

The songs are very *lengthy*, and less to our taste than, with the exception of the tragic extracts, any other portion of the collection. The wild Bacchanalian dythyrambics of Bellman, termed the Swedish Anacreon, are indeed jovial, original, and national, but we cannot say that to us they are pleasing. They affect to be ale-house effusions, addressed to, and written in the character of, its drunken frequenters, especially vagrant musicians. Their joviality is accordingly unrelieved by elegance of fancy, and it probably requires an intimate acquaintance with Swedish low life to appreciate them duly. We regret, nevertheless, not being able to give a specimen of them, but their peculiar character renders them pretty nearly untranslatable. The only thing we can find of Bellman's that is not so, is an epigram upon one of his favorite characters, and we insert it, though we confess it is no fair sample of his talent.

" Mollwitz fain would learn to read,
 And began with A, B, C,
 But his long red nose, indeed,
 Hindered his discovering D."

To return to the songs. The drinking songs appear to us generally to breathe rather the love of wine, than of gaiety and good fellowship; we do not think any, except Bellman's, worth

notice, and shall dismiss them with remarking the singular fact, that many of them are the production of a female, Madame Lenngren. It is satisfactory, for the lady's sake, to add, that these are by no means Bacchanalianly jolly, but the circumstance confirms a suspicion which had been growing upon our mind, that Swedish poets, instead of painting like Germans their real feelings, invent feelings and verses together for the occasion. We incline to hope that this process may be confined to the Gallican school; but to its chilling influence, the apparent coldness and dullness of the love-songs may probably be ascribed. We can find no song worth translating in Wallmark's collection, except a popular patriotic one (of which the sentiments please us better than the poetry) by J. D. Valerius, who bears the title of Foreign Secretary, though we believe he is not actually to be considered as the Swedish Lord Aberdeen.

THE SWEDISH SONG.

“Of all the lands on earth that are found,
The best is our northern Swedish ground,
So rich in all blessings of heaven;
The south's superfluities are not here,
But men and iron, bread and beer,
And maidens by God's self given!

Of all the tongues on earth that are found,
The best is that spoken on Swedish ground;
If harsher than some of its brothers,
Never can words deficient be,
When each man's heart in pain or glee
Can understand the other's.

Of all the maidens on earth that are found,
The best is the maid born on Swedish ground,
A violet in the bower;
She breathes perfume, but not too much,
Nor wound the rose's thorns our touch
By her long blooming flower.

Of all the wives on earth that are found,
The best wife dwells upon Swedish ground,
Within, without doors, duly
She labours, and her household drilled,
Her larder and her cradle filled,
Prove her a helpmate truly.

Of all the morals on earth that are found,
The best are the morals on Swedish ground,
Frank, genuine, and glowing;
Sound soul and body, household bliss,
Alternate jest and seriousness,
And goblets overflowing.

Long life to all upon earth that are found !
 But the land for the Swede, is our Swedish ground,
 He honours its worth and beauty;
 Nor cares, however he think it strange,
 If others land and morals change,
 And violate each duty."

We cannot conclude without apologizing to Privy Councillor Wallmark, for not giving any of his own productions; but those we liked best were too long for our purpose.

Since this article was written, we learn that a German song (and what is still worse, an English version of it*) exists, so closely resembling Valerius's, that the one must needs be a translation of, or adaptation from the other, and we fear we cannot claim the honour of originality for our friend the Foreign Secretary, although assuredly no translations should have been admitted into a *Svensk Anthologi*. Of this, Councillor Wallmark is so well aware, that he justifies his not giving extracts from the best comedies acting at Stockholm, upon the ground of their being translations. The song in question, however, is not the only occasion upon which he breaks his rule, Lewis's Alonso and Imogen being one of the four ballads in the collection. It is too late to change our song specimen, and we do not suppress it, because the version of the German original in the *Stray Leaves* has received some poetical embellishments from the translator, which render it a less faithful portrait of the Swedish song, than ours.

ART. VI.—*Ueber den Bund der Amphiktyonen*. Von Friedrich Wilhelm Tittmann. *Eine von der Königlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften in Berlin gekrönte Preisschrift*. (*On the Amphictyonic League*. By Fred. Will. Tittmann. *A Prize Essay, crowned by the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin.*) Berlin. 1812. 8vo.

WE propose in the present Article to give our readers an account of the nature, origin and powers of the Amphictyonic confederacy, a subject on which, as far as we are aware, little satisfactory information is to be found in any English author. The question has indeed been discussed by M. de Sainte-Croix in his well-known work on the federative governments of antiquity; but not in such a manner as to deter the philological and historical class of the University of Berlin from proposing it, some years ago, as the subject of a prize-essay. The prize was gained by the work named at the head of this article; the author of which, Dr. Titt-

* See *Stray Leaves*, including Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany, with brief Notices of their Works, by J. Macray. 12mo. London. 1827.

mann, has since been advantageously known by his elaborate work on the constitutions of the states of Ancient Greece. It is from this Essay on the Amphictyonic league, assisted by some later works of German historians, that our account is chiefly borrowed. Dr. Tittmann, indeed, has collected nearly all the information to be gleaned from ancient authors, but he has, in our opinion, taken an incorrect view of the subject, and formed much too high an estimate of the importance and powers of the confederacy whose history he has undertaken to write.

The origin of the Amphictyonic confederacy appears to lie very far beyond the period of authentic history. It is stated by Strabo, that nothing is known respecting it before the time of Acrisius, King of Argos, (who is a fabulous personage, probably derived from the worship of Minerva Acria*). Other writers ascribe its foundation to Amphictyon, a son or grandson of Deucalion. This is, however, a mere fiction of mythologists, to express a high antiquity; having no more claim to be regarded as historical than the genealogies of the Greek races; in which, as in so many other instances, the name of the author was formed subsequently from his supposed work. Other names are mentioned of persons who are supposed to have strengthened this confederacy, and even the precise year of its establishment. But setting aside these fabulous accounts and etymologies, it seems that the Amphictyons means "the neighbours" (the ἀμφικτῖνες); and that in remote times their league was formed between a number of small tribes inhabiting the district of Greece, afterwards called Thessaly. These were twelve in number, viz. the Thessalians, Bœotians, Dorians, Ionians, Perrhœbians, Magnetes, Locrians, Cētæans or Ænians, Achæan-Phthiotans, Melians, Phocians, and Dolopians. Of the nations composing this league many spread themselves by migration and conquest over wide and distant countries, and were divided into numerous independent states. This was particularly the case with the Ionians and Dorians; the former of which races does not appear ever to have dwelt in Thessaly, while the earliest settlements of the Dorians are known to have been about Mount Parnassus near the district which always retained their name. The fact then that *races* not *states* were the members of this confederacy, is both a proof of its high antiquity and that a great change in its real operation, though not in its legal constitution, must necessarily have been produced by the dispersion and disproportionate growth of the several tribes. For while the Ionic race afterwards possessed the most powerful state in Greece, and spread themselves over a large part of Asia

* See Müller's Dorians, book ii. ch. x. s. 2.

Minor and the islands of the Ægean sea; while the Dorians overran the Peloponnese and filled Magna Græcia, Sicily, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyrene, with their colonists; the Cætæans, the Magnetes, and others, never wandered beyond the limits of their original territory, and the Dolopian nation had, before the Christian era, become extinct.

From the accounts which have been preserved respecting this confederacy in later times, when its constitution had probably been little changed, it appears that it had a double object, viz. the superintendence of *religious* as well as of *political* affairs; and this coincidence of the civil and religious communion which it was established to introduce, is another proof of its great antiquity. The temple and sacred property of Delphi were always in some degree under the management of the Amphictyons (though the Delphians doubtless had the chief share of the power), and of the three Amphictyonic wars, the first was against Cirrha for encroachment of the sacred territory, when that town was razed to the ground, the inhabitants sold for slaves, the land dedicated to Apollo, and its cultivation solemnly prohibited. For the infraction of this last decree, the Amphiſſians were punished by the Amphictyons. They had also the superintendence of the Pythian games. And, in general, so numerous and exclusive are the instances of their power in religious matters, that Sainte Croix, in his work already alluded to, wishes to prove that the powers of the Amphictyonic league were exclusively confined to religion.* But the proofs against this supposition are numerous and conclusive. In the Persian war the Amphictyons erected monuments and inscriptions to the warriors of Thermopylæ, and set up in the temple of Delphi statues of Scyllis and his daughter Cyane, who had dived under the sea and cut the cables of the Persian ships. They also set a price upon the head of Ephialtes, who had betrayed the Greeks at Thermopylæ. The Lacedæmonians likewise proposed to exclude from the Amphictyonic league all those states which fought against Persia. It is also reported, that the Platæans complained to the Amphictyons of Pausanias inscribing his own name only on the tripod dedicated to Apollo by the Greeks for their victory over the Persians. As still stronger proofs of their political power, may be mentioned the Amphictyonic proceeding against the Phocéans for piracy,† the accusation of Thebes against

* Tittmann (p. 160.) remarks, with some point, that Sainte Croix should not have given the name of an *Essay on Federative Governments* to a work, of which the chief part is occupied with proving that the Amphictyonic league was *not* a federative government.

† Plutarch, Cimon. 8. This affords a good illustration of the legal and practical authority of the Amphictyons. The application of the Athenians to that tribunal shows that the case lay within its jurisdiction, but the Athenians after all were obliged to take the law into their own hands, and punish the pirates.

Sparta for the capture of the Cadmea, the dispute between Delos and Athens, &c. And the sacred wars, though undertaken for a religious purpose, were set on foot and waged by a political power; nor do we hear of anything similar to the delivering over to the civil power of modern religious tribunals; but the decree and its execution emanate from the same authority. The Amphictyons, moreover, appear to have been in some measure patrons of art and literature.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus states, that Amphictyon founded this league to protect the Greeks against the numerous barbarian nations; and Tittmann is even inclined to think that the Amphictyonic league had partially the effect of binding the Greeks into a federal union,—that it tended to foster their national spirit,—that its meetings were attended by deputies possessing full powers, and debating subjects of great practical importance,—and that it was in fact, to use the words of Cicero, “the common council of Greece.”* We are in possession either of a part or the whole of the oath taken by the members of the Amphictyonic assembly, in which there is no mention of mutual assistance against a common enemy; but it is only declared that no one of the confederate nations shall injure another. This limited condition was, perhaps, in early times enforced; but when we come to historical ages, it is only necessary to mention that the Dorians and Ionians were two of the confederate nations. This document, however, does not afford any farther information on the object of the confederacy. But whatever might have been the powers of the Amphictyons in the times of which we have no record, it is certain that its effects in consolidating and uniting the scattered and discordant forces of Greece were very inconsiderable. In the Persian war many of the states composing this league sided with the enemy, and it was chiefly by the exertions of one or at most two states, that the Greeks were enabled, in the first instance, to make head against the invader; and afterwards it was the authority of the council of the Peloponnesian confederacy, sitting at Corinth and at Sparta, which composed the differences of the Greek states, and enabled them successfully to terminate the contest. Throughout the Peloponnesian war the authority of the Amphictyons was in complete abeyance; and neither the ambitious and encroaching policy of Athens at the beginning, nor the unrelenting cruelty of Sparta at the end of the war, was in the slightest degree checked by this

* De Invent. I. 23. *Commune Græciæ Concilium*. It is also called κοινὸν τῶν Ἑλλήνων συνέδριον, by Æschines and Demosthenes, (De Coron. p. 279, in Ctesiph. p. 549); which expressions Wachsmuth (*Hellenische Alterthumskunde*, vol. i. part 1. p. 120,) accounts for by the share which all the Greeks had in the religious festivals and the oracle of Delphi.

supposed Diet.* Indeed it is quite plain, that after the political relations and balance of power in Greece had been entirely changed, so also would the constitution of the Amphictyonic league have been re-modelled, if it had, in fact, ever been an assembly representing the conflicting interests of all the Grecian states. Nor can it be conceived that in the congress of Greece, which (to use the words of Tacitus) “had the chief jurisdiction in all questions,” most of the votes should have belonged to small and insignificant tribes of Thessaly, and that the Doric and Ionic races, each containing many states *severally* far more powerful than those Thessalian nations, should *collectively* have been considered as only equal to them. The Diet of Germany was defined to be “an assembly of the states of the empire, convened by the Emperor in order to deliberate and to decide conjointly with him on the rights and wants of the empire.”† But the Amphictyonic confederacy bore no resemblance to such an assembly as this. Every state prosecuted its own rights and satisfied its own wants; nor indeed could every state, even if it was inclined, seek for redress before the national congress. The Arcadians and Eleans, two considerable nations of the Peloponnese, were entirely excluded, and at a late period the Lacedæmonians also. No regard was ever paid to the multiplication or aggrandisement of colonies. Even the confederate states slighted the powers of their own league. Thus Demosthenes ridicules “the persons who called themselves Amphictyons,” and advises the Athenians not to engage in a war “for the sake of that shadow at Delphi;” an expression which seems to imply an ancient state of greater power, of which their present weakness only served as a memorial. Again, it would be impossible, if this confederacy had possessed any real powers, that other leagues should have sprung up co-existently with it in Greece. The Achæan league, a political confederation of real influence, neither fettered nor interfered with its privileges; and when that last effort of Grecian liberty had been suppressed by the Romans, and every relic of Grecian independence carefully rooted up,‡ the Amphictyonic league was

* It has been remarked as a proof of the political unimportance of the Amphictyons that they are not once mentioned in Thucydides. It is indeed a most decisive proof, applying not only to his own but to earlier times; as he enumerates all the most important events in Greece which preceded the Peloponnesian war. Nor are they once alluded to by Aristotle in his Politics; in which work he has made use of all the great events of Greek history.

† Droit Public d'Allemagne, p. 289.

‡ At the time of the reduction of Greece by Mummius, συνίδρια κατὰ ἔθνος τὰ ἐκάστων, Ἀχαιῶν καὶ τὸ ἐν Φωκεύσιν ἢ Βοιωτοῖς ἢ ἐτέρωθι πρὸς τῆς Ἑλλάδος, κατελείμετο ὁμοίως πάντα, Pausan. lib. vii. 16. 9. But not many years afterwards (he adds) the Romans συνίδρια κατὰ ἔθνος ἀποδιδόσιν ἐκάστοις τὰ ἀρχαῖα. We must not, however, suppose that these assemblies, in the desolate and helpless state of Greece and under a

still suffered to subsist. At a somewhat later date, Augustus Cæsar, wishing to give consideration to the city of Nicopolis, which he had founded near the Promontory of Actium, took away the votes which the Magnetes, Malians, Ænians, and Phthiotans possessed in the Amphictyonic assembly, who were thenceforward reckoned as Thessalians, and these votes, together with that of the Dolopian nation, which had become extinct, he gave to the inhabitants of Nicopolis; and thus a city, not a nation, first became a member of this confederacy. By this measure Augustus doubtless added honour and dignity to his new city: but although some shadow of the national leagues, such as those of the Achæans, Phœceans, and Bœotians, might still have existed, it is evident that a Roman ruler would never have re-modelled the Amphictyonic council, if it had been a congress of the whole Greek people.

An account of the internal constitution of this confederacy, as it existed both in early and later times, will serve as a further proof of its inefficiency. Each of the twelve confederate nations had two votes; and these were sometimes divided between two cities of one nation; for example, Athens gave one, Priene, or Samos, the other vote of the Ionic race; Cytinium and Sparta shared the two votes of the Dorians. This number of votes belonging to each member, appears to have remained the same till the extinction of the independence of Greece. The place of meeting was variable. In early times probably at Anthela, or Thermopylæ, and afterwards also at Delphi. Twice a year the deputies assembled; who were of two kinds, the Hieromnemons, whose office was for life, and the Pylagoræ, who were chosen for the occasion. Demosthenes, and also Cleon the demagogue, are mentioned as having filled the former office. These delegates, however, had not full powers, and the decrees of the Amphictyons were sometimes confirmed, sometimes rejected by the federate states. It is also a fact that other persons than the delegates were admitted to the assembly of the Amphictyons;* but it seems plain that they did not vote, although Mr. Tittmann, who so strongly contends for the influence of this confederacy on the political affairs of Greece, is inclined to think that their votes were received.

These, then, being the chief points in the constitution of the assembly of the Amphictyons, we may see that the unequal dis-

Roman governor, had any real power. The Amphictyonic league, if it had been equally powerful, would have been equally obnoxious.

* In the United States, no limit was set to the number of deputies which each province might send to speak in the States General, but they had jointly only one vote.—See Sir W. Temple's *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, ch. ii.

tribution of the votes, the disproportionate weight of unimportant and the total exclusion of some important states, the infrequency of the meetings, the circumstance that the office of the chief delegate was for life, the small power which he possessed, and also the little value apparently set on the right of admission, are fresh proofs of the real insignificance of this celebrated league.

In the time of Pausanias (A.D. 174) the assemblies of the Amphictyons were still held, and were composed of the following members:—the Macedonian and Thessalian nations, and the city of Nicopolis, had each six votes; the Bœotians, Phœceans, and Delphians, each two; Ancient Doris, the Ozolian Locrians, the Locrians opposite Eubœa, the Eubœans, and the Athenians, had each one vote; and one was shared by Argos, Sicyon, Corinth and Megara, making altogether thirty votes, of which Thessaly, Macedon, and Nicopolis, had eighteen.

“The cities of Athens, Delphi, and Nicopolis,” says Pausanias, “send delegates to every assembly; but of the nations mentioned above, each state sends its deputies in turn, and at certain intervals of time, to the Amphictyonic council.”

Such was the state of this confederacy in the age of the Antonines, having survived the political death of the nation whose infancy and growth it had witnessed. It had been formed when the tribes which were once to spread themselves over Greece, lived together among the mountains of Thessaly; it had seen some of these overrun the Peloponnese, Asia Minor, Sicily, Crete, and Italy; it had bent before the Persian invader; had outlived the Peloponnesian war; had seen the supremacy of Greece pass from Sparta to Athens, from Athens to Thebes, from Thebes to Macedon; it had been spared by the foreign and native enslavers of Greece, by Philip and the Romans; and, having been remodelled by Augustus, still remained for some centuries as a memorial rather than a restorer of ancient independence among the shattered and lifeless states of Greece. The Amphictyons still continued to preside over religious festivals in the second and even in the third century of the Christian era. Nor did their power, perhaps, expire until the heathen worship and solemnities had been entirely abolished, viz. about the end of the fourth century.

ART. VII.—1. *Histoire Générale de l'Inde Ancienne et Moderne, depuis l'an 2000 avant J. C. jusqu'à nos jours ; précédée d'une notice géographique et de traités spéciaux sur la Chronologie, la Religion, la Philosophie, la Législation, la Littérature, les Sciences, les Arts et le Commerce des Hindous.* Par M. de Marlès, Auteur de l'Histoire de la Domination des Arabes en Espagne, &c. Paris. 1828. 6 vols. 8vo.

2. *Lettere sulle Indie Orientali, scritte da Lazzaro Papi. Edizione II., con aggiunte, correzioni, ed una lettera del Marchese Cesare Lucchesini all' Autore, sull' origine della Mitologia Indiana.* Lucca. 1829. 8vo.

THE publication of Bishop Heber's Journal has prepared us to appreciate whatever descriptions we may receive of a country, regarding which ignorance had long been not only tolerated as venial, but even affected as fashionable. Should a corresponding reaction ensue, and general attention be attracted towards a subject whence it has for a long time been unaccountably estranged, there is danger that we may be overwhelmed by the sudden outpouring of all those stores of information which the indifference of the reading public has hitherto locked up from the press. Into what various moulds this redundant information, if once set loose, may run, it is impossible to foretell, but probably much of it will be worked up into that species of literary ware which in the present day finds the readiest vent. Indeed, there seems to be an indistinct consciousness of the existence in British India of a precious store of incidents, in the minds not merely of the inferior members of the novel-writing craft, but even of the Grand Master himself; and although he has never been less successful than in his attempts to extend over the East the empire which he has established in the West, and to pour the treasures of our Oriental possessions into the retort in which the annals of our history and the very records of our jails have been sublimated into forms of witchery and beauty, yet even his failure is not to be ascribed to any defect in the material, but solely to that want of local experience, against which the very loftiest talents must struggle in vain, in the composition of those moral paintings whose effect depends not less upon accuracy of outline than on brilliancy of colouring.

It is, however, too true, that for novel writers as well as other adventurers the golden age of British India is past, and that the character of our countrymen in that quarter has lost many of those prominent peculiarities, which from the days of Clive to those of Cornwallis or even till a later period, rendered it so easy to sketch or to caricature the manners of a class, eminently free

—whatever its other foibles might have been—from the sins of affectation or disguise. If we regret this change, it is not on our own account but on that of our cotemporaries, for we are by the plan of our work debarred from noticing those productions in which alone it is to be expected that the amusing topics we have alluded to, will be touched upon.

There is at this moment before us a novel, which if we could bring it within our jurisdiction we should be delighted to review. It is entitled *Calcutta, or Life in India*, evidently the production of a female pen, and altogether a most attractive work. The plan of the tale is so ingeniously contrived as to admit of the points of interest being multiplied with a truly Oriental profusion. There are no less than six heroines, which, at the rate of three swains to each nymph, (a very moderate calculation as we are assured by a lady lately returned from Calcutta,) gives us at the very outset a prospect of eighteen heroes, of whom twelve must come to an unhappy and interesting end, while six may be led through as many distinct and several courtships to a corresponding number of felicitous marriages. Then we have a voyage, a sea-fight, a capture, a hurricane, and at last the six heroines reach Calcutta, and there some turn out good and some turn out naughty, and some lose their wits and others lose their health, but all are married; nor does the interest cease here, for poetical justice is done to their deserts by unmarried some, and reconducting others with fortunes and families to their native land. There is also a native hero, a Byronical Hindoo, called O'Meer Sing, whose very first exploit, that of killing an elephant in a duel, is singularly in keeping with the Irish orthography of his name. But it is tantalizing to dwell upon the attractions of a work which we must quit to follow our foreign guides, whose delight it is to lose themselves and bewilder their readers among the mazes of Eastern mythology and the rubbish of Shanscrit ruins, and from whose writings we can derive little to add to what our own resources may enable us to supply upon points of more general interest, both to our English and foreign readers.

“If the history of India does not commence with that of the World, as the Brahmins pretend, it must be admitted at least that it goes back to a period close upon that of the Deluge.”

With these formidable words M. de Marlès opens the historical division of his learned and valuable work. Highly as we think of its merits, it is not at a season when the demand for information regarding the present state of India is quickened by the approaching discussions in parliament, that we can attempt a minute criticism of a treatise which, commencing with the days of

Abraham, professes to embrace the political and moral history of the Hindoos during thirty-eight centuries. To the English orientalist the dissertation of M. de Marlès will not, perhaps, present much that is new; but to the continental reader it must be valuable, as combining with many original remarks a luminous digest of the information scattered through the writings of Jones, Colebrooke, Dow, Wilson, Ward, Maurice, and other Anglo-Indian antiquarians.

Of the comments contained in the first volume, on the origin and early history of the Hindoos, we can only find room for the following summary.

Considering it not improbable that the Hindoos may, according to the conjectural genealogy assigned to them by the Arabs and Persians, be descended from Rama, the son of Cush, the son of Ham, (the common ancestor also of the Egyptians and Æthiopians,) M. de Marlès regards it as almost certain that Iran, or ancient Persia, was the cradle of these various races, and thus accounts for the similarities traceable in the religions of the ancient Persians, Egyptians, and Hindoos, by supposing them to have proceeded from a common source.—(vol. i. pp. 353—388; vol. ii. p. 316.)

Though it is not till towards the fourth century B. C. that the history of the Hindoos begins to emerge from the mist of fable, the author shows that the fact of the Deluge, and the preservation of a single family amid the destruction of the human race, is (although denied by some of the Brahmins, in as far at least as their own country is concerned) distinctly recorded in their sacred books. On this point the following passage seems to merit extraction:—

“ There is an historical fact which we find in the annals of all nations, even of those who have had no communication with each other—and that fact is the Deluge.

“ And certainly, when we find an event of this kind figuring in the history of the Persians, the Indians, the Egyptians, the Scythians, the Greeks, even the nations of America, we may believe in the Deluge without being taxed with looking at history only through the prism of religious prejudices.

“ So many testimonies beyond suspicion may serve as a foundation for a free opinion, independent of the sacred documents collected by Moses; and it is not by way of concession to received notions, but purely from my conviction, that in attempting to reconcile the vulgar chronology with that of the Hindoos, I assume the Deluge as my starting point.”—vol. i. p. 427.

He considers Noah to be identified with the 7th Menou, and cites a long passage from one of the Pooranas, which contains a

description of the Deluge in no essential point differing from that given by Moses.—(vol. i. p. 440.) Ridiculing the extravagant chronology of the Brahmins, and the reasoning of some of its European supporters, he well observes, “that it requires no small portion of enthusiasm to enter the list as a defender of the Brahminical stories.”—(vol. i. p. 402.) At the conclusion of a learned dissertation, in the course of which he undertakes to prove the difference between the Brahminical and the vulgar (*i. e.* the Mosaic) chronology to be more apparent than real, and to arise out of a peculiar mode of calculating astronomical periods, first detected by M. Legentil, he remarks:—

“This chronology, which is that of Genesis, we must either entirely adopt, or entirely reject; but putting aside the authority which it derives from the name of its author, and stripping the question of the influence of religious ideas, we must admit that, supported by these writings, or by the traditions of all nations, this chronology has so much probability on its side, that it would require proofs clear as day-light to establish a contrary system. For myself, I frankly confess that after searching for these proofs, I have found them nowhere.

“I have seen theories more or less abstract, opinions more or less plausible; I have seen learned geologists lending to their hypothesis the colours of a brilliant imagination, or the seductive harmony of style, but my conviction has not been shook, and I have adhered to the chronology of my fathers.”—vol. i. p. 435.

The earnestness with which, in the preceding and several other passages, M. de Marlès deprecates the imputation of a too implicit acquiescence in the truth of the Mosaic narrative, is rather remarkable. Not less so is his declaration at p. 328, vol. i., that by violating the first duty of a historian, and writing against his own conviction, he might easily have composed a system capable of interesting, and even of *seducing*, through the influence of the celebrated names which he could have brought to its support.

As attempts have of late been made abroad to revive the sceptical objections that were once so eagerly and so fruitlessly sought for in the East, it is satisfactory to find an author like M. de Marlès, of deep learning and patient research, standing forth to proclaim, that two years spent in the diligent study of oriental records have ended in confirming his confidence in that narrative which it has been alleged that those very annals would disprove.

In the second and third volumes M. de Marlès proceeds to trace the progress of the Hindoos in theology, philosophy, literature, science and morals. In common with most writers who have not lived in the country, he underrates the pernicious and debasing practical influence of a superstition of which he knows only the theory, and consequently he exaggerates not a little the

moral and intellectual attainments of the Brahmins and their countrymen.

As a corrective to many of his statements, we must now introduce the work of the Italian author mentioned at the head of this article. Signor Lazzaro Papi is a gentleman who passed ten years in the military service of a native prince in the southern part of India, and returned to Europe about 1802, when the letters were first published, of which a second and improved edition, printed in the course of last year at Lucca, is now before us.

Signor Papi is well known in Italy as the author of a recent and most beautiful translation of *Paradise Lost*. His *Letters on India* are written in a lively and agreeable style, but with a less felicitous selection of subjects. This is to be regretted, for had he given us, as Bishop Heber has done, a simple record of his own impressions on topics of general interest, it will be seen from the following extracts how entertaining his *Letters* might have proved. He thus describes the deportment of a Brahmin towards an European, when consulted on the subject of Hindoo antiquities.

“A Brahmin is always actuated by interested motives; when at the house of a European, he studies attentively to say whatever pleases his host; if the latter denies, he denies; if one affirms, the other affirms; if one doubts, the other doubts—in short, he has no other opinion than that of the person who pays him, and appears to think that he is really paid for no other purpose.”—vol. i. p. 189.

Remarking on the admiration expressed by Colonel Dow for the wisdom of some of his Brahminical acquaintances, he says:—

“I have sometimes been astonished myself at the answers given by some of the Brahmins to the questions I have put to them, but on continuing my inquiries, without allowing myself to be caught by admiration, (a passion which, like every other, frequently makes one see what does not exist,) I found them always wandering into such strange opinions, and such fantastical arguments, that the entertainment they gave me was not worth the trouble of examining them further. However, if we were to compare their knowledge and our own during the barbarous ages, they would probably be found not to differ very much in their subtilities and fanciful distinctions.”

He then puts the following natural and sensible query:—

“Why should we admire in India that which we now laugh at in Europe?”

“Look at the ‘*Institutes of Menu*,’ translated by Sir William Jones—certainly it must be confessed they are a great curiosity, considering their remote antiquity, and showing, as they do, that the Indians were the first, or at least one of the first nations that began to be acquainted with trades, arts, sciences, government and civil life. But, good hea-

vens ! where could we find another book so full of the greatest childishness, frivolity and absurdity that ever entered into the human mind ; such strange superstitions, such idle whims, as to what it styles pure and impure, devotion and its power, upon penitence and the facile expiations of the greatest crimes ?

“ What a load of ceremonies, of foolish formalities, of mere trifles, constitute in this book the greatest part of the duties of man ! what a system of barefaced roguery the whole appears when reduced to itself, and what deep-rooted pride !”—vol. i. p. 181.

M. de Marlès having, though he does not praise, yet devoted a section (vol. iii. p. 151,) to Hindoo music, it may be interesting to know what Signor Papi says on a point on which the opinion of an Italian must be conclusive.

“ Indian music has obtained the honour of several dissertations, notwithstanding which it is the coldest and most insipid music in the world ; the god of music forbid that I should ever hear a drama of Metastasio composed in it !”—vol. i. p. 44.

Alluding to the mystical wisdom alleged by some to lurk under the visible absurdities of the Brahminical superstition, he observes:—

“ To pretend, like Maurice and many others, that Indian theology is entirely emblematical, mysterious, philosophical, full of lofty and profound thoughts, of high and wondrous doctrines, is, in my opinion, nothing but the merest quackery of a set of idle and dreaming men of letters.”—vol. i. p. 47.

It is surprising to find immediately after this passage, Signor Papi plunging into the pool of Indian mythology, and wading on through 100 pages ; when at last, fairly tired of the subject, he exclaims:—

“ But I am now completely tired of wandering through these weaknesses of human reason, and this tedious jumble of castes, a minute description of which would fill a large volume, requiring no small pains to compose, and which probably no one would ever read when published.”—vol. i. p. 231.

When to this exclamation of Signor Papi we add the admission of M. de Marlès, (vol. ii. p. 363,) that no mortal could compose, no mortal could peruse, a complete system of Brahminical philosophy, our readers will readily forgive us for quitting the wilderness of Indian antiquities, to introduce them to a race nearly as unknown in Europe as the Hindoos, namely, the English in India, or rather in Bengal, for it is to that single division of our Eastern empire that we propose in the sequel of this article to confine our remarks.

Of the capital of the Eastern empire and the countries immediately subject to the government of which it is the seat, much

has of late been written; yet no where have we seen any distinct account of the various classes of which the European community in Bengal is composed, to the moral varieties obtaining among whom, the extraordinary discrepancy so generally observed in the statements which we here receive, regarding that part of our empire, is mainly imputable. Among so small a number of individuals, standing in one common local situation, and animated by one common motive (that of realizing a fortune), we are apt to imagine a uniformity of character, opinions and prejudices, than which nothing can be more entirely at variance with the actual relative moral position of our countrymen in Bengal, who are in fact divided into nearly as many castes as the people whom they govern. That this must be the case will easily be perceived when it is seen of what heterogeneous materials the European population of Bengal is composed. Cemented only by the circumstance of one common expatriation, the individuals who are jumbled together in the composition of the European society of Bengal have as little sympathy with each other, and as little community of opinion or feeling, as if they had been born in different lands. The lawyer fresh from Westminster, the clergyman from Oxford, and the soldier from the Horse Guards, are brought into contact and contrast with the civil servant who has shrivelled in the atmosphere of Eastern office, the military veteran who has outlived the very recollection of his native land, or the indigo-planter who emerges from the interior, where, for months together, he sees not the face of a European.

It is accordingly by the European or Asiatic leaning of their minds that the English in India can be most distinctively classed; and we shall commence with those over whose habits, thoughts and views, the spirit of purely European society is most likely to exercise a preponderating influence. Under this head may be included the members of the legal and clerical professions, the officers of his Majesty's army, and the leading members of the commercial community.

So little is known of the true situation of our countrymen in the East, that many of our readers may be surprised to learn that by members of the legal profession we do not mean the servants of the East India Company entrusted with the administration of justice in the interior of the country, but only a small body of English lawyers who are attached in various capacities to his Majesty's or, as it is styled, the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. The direct jurisdiction of this tribunal is confined to the original limits of Calcutta, and does not even embrace the populous city which, under the appellation of the suburbs, has grown up in immediate contact with the capital. Small as their

numbers are, it can scarcely be supposed that the Calcutta lawyers in general are satisfied with the narrow extent of their professional range, or over partial to those institutions for the government of the interior of the country, to whose existence they must ascribe their own exclusion from the rich realm of clientage by which they are surrounded. Of the people of India they are in danger of judging inaccurately, from want of familiarity with their language and of opportunities of becoming acquainted with any but individuals of the motley and sophisticated race which forms the native population of Calcutta. Occasionally, it is true, people from the remoter provinces may be brought under the Calcutta lawyer's observation; but with these he must probably communicate through the medium of an interpreter, and seldom upon any but topics of business, little calculated to lay open the real character of a reserved and ignorant Asiatic, to the inspection of a person who has left England at too advanced an age to find it easy to divest his mind of the habit of viewing every thing through a European medium. As members of the Calcutta society, the leading gentlemen of the bar occupy, as may be expected, from their superior education and immense incomes, the very foremost places. The inferior practitioners are said to bear a general professional resemblance to their brethren in Europe. Their numerical strength is not great: at one time it amounted only to forty; but this having been held an awkward number for a body of attorneys, it has been suffered to increase to something little short of a hundred.

With one recent and splendid exception, it may be doubted whether the members of the clerical profession in Bengal have done as much as might have been expected, from the advantages and leisure which they enjoy, towards making the British public acquainted with the real state of that country. Of this failure the cause is, we suspect, to be sought at home rather than abroad. From the ignorance which we have, at the opening of this article, represented as prevailing at home on the subject of India, no exception can, we fear, be made in favour of the clergy. Even that learned body, and those immediately connected with it, are possessed with certain prejudices and erroneous opinions inimical to the formation of a fair and candid estimate of the real moral condition of that country, or the true merits of its present system of government. Hence it follows that a person who quits England, as every clergyman does, not only after his education is completed, but after he has been made free of a certain circle of society, carries with him a stock of opinions, every one of which that circle hopes that he will confirm. In this hope, if he write under the influence of his

first impressions on his arrival in a country where he must encounter much to startle, if not disgust him, his correspondents in England will probably not be disappointed, and his communications, though neither very accurate nor very instructive, will, as echoing their previous sentiments, be loudly praised and widely circulated. Subsequent observation must convince such a person of the inaccuracy of many of his first conceptions; but, ready as he may be to acknowledge his own error, it is to be concluded, from the little that is afterwards said upon the subject, that he generally declines the ungrateful task of attempting to induce his friends in Europe to abandon their supposed well-founded opinions. How such impressions may sometimes operate to the dissemination of inaccurate notions regarding the people of India, a proof may be found even in Bishop Heber's instance. In one of his earliest letters from Bengal, the Bishop pronounces the morality of the Hindoos to be of the lowest standard, their conversation the most impure, and their indifference to bloodshed greater than that of any other people in existence. It is not here that we wish to discuss the merits of the Hindoo character, but what we wish our readers to remark is, that when the Bishop penned this passage, he had been but a short time in the East, knew little of the Hindoostanee, and nothing of the Bengalee language, and could not have understood, had he overheard, a dialogue between natives of the country. It is evident, therefore, that he advanced more than, at the time of writing, he could from his own observation have known to be true; in short, that even his lofty intellect did not prevent him from sliding into the common fault of persons visiting a stranger land. To an ordinary mind this hasty declaration might have given a bent from which it never would have recovered. In Bishop Heber's case it had not this effect; and we need only refer to his valuable Journal for the best corrective of the erroneous conclusions to which this hasty, sweeping sentence might otherwise mislead us. Now it is a striking fact, and corroborative of our suggestion regarding the influence of opinions prevailing in England upon communications transmitted from India, that this solitary vituperative passage has been more pointedly cited than any other line of Bishop Heber's writing, and that there are persons (and those, too, of some little weight and consideration) among whom whispers of dissatisfaction may be heard to circulate at the over latitude of his delightful work.

To the influence above adverted to, must it, we fear, be attributed that the writings of the independent missionaries are so deeply imbued with a spirit of religious controversy on all matters concerning the Hindoos; that, notwithstanding the opportunities

which they enjoy of gathering information, their evidence cannot be received, without much caution, even by those who most highly honour their zeal and reverence their motives. An apprehension seems to run through their communications, that to admit the co-existence of a single virtue with Hindooism* would be to betray the cause which they have undertaken to promote, and such it would very probably be deemed by the party to whom their statements are addressed. The regular clergy in the interior reside at the larger towns, and at the cantonments occupied by the European troops, where, being engaged in attending their Christian parishioners, both English and half-caste, their intercourse with natives is not generally so familiar as it might be, were chaplains appointed to the more retired and solitary stations. The operations of the independent missionaries are, for the most part, confined to the lower provinces of Bengal and Bahar. To both, as fellow-labourers in one common cause, as well as to the more enlightened among those in whose eternal welfare they are interested, we would, in the humble hope of forwarding the great object towards which their views are directed, offer a few plain suggestions. The time is happily past when we could talk of the natives of India as of infants or of deaf people, in the confidence of not being overheard or understood. There is now rising in Calcutta, and its immediate vicinity, a class who may be regarded as the first fugitives from the ranks of Hindooism, though they have not yet sought refuge in the camp of Christianity. This most interesting body is now said to comprise several thousand persons, and is headed by the well-known Ram Mohun Roy, and other natives of opulence and influence. These individuals, having cultivated European literature and science with wonderful success, are anxious, by rejecting the grosser idolatry of their countrymen, discountenancing its equivocal and opposing its more barbarous rites, (such as the suttee, for instance,) and only complying with the prejudices of the people in so far as may be absolutely necessary for the retention of their influence over them, to establish their own claim to be regarded as pure Theists, or Hindoo Unitarians. Now this is the class upon whom the ordinary missionary writings are calculated to produce no beneficial effect whatever; yet upon them any real impression that may be made is likely to prove of incalculable efficacy towards the introduction of pure and correct ideas of religion among the people at large.

* The mode of argument to which such writers occasionally resort is well described by M. de Marlès, in the following passage:—"Mr. Ward gathers into a single heap all the acts of religious madness to which these people have addicted themselves, the voluntary sacrifices, the burning of their wives, the punishments, the private crimes, &c. and then he exclaims, 'See, this is the mild and timid race you cry up so much!'"—p. 24. vol. ii.

These are no longer men to be addressed by other arguments than such as in Europe we would use in seeking to make an impression upon full-grown and cultivated intellect. To such men as these we would urge the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and of the works of our old divines, and many of the productions of more modern writers, most especially those of Paley, Sumner, and Chalmers; not by reproaches savouring of spite and disappointment, or by menaces which ring with something very like triumph, but by calm and temperate expostulation, earnest and friendly entreaty. With them we would seek for no concealment, but openly professing our wish for their conversion, make it manifest, in as far as human infirmity will permit, that it is their eternal welfare, not any temporal object of our own, which we seek to advance by leading them into the path into which we have been led; that path which we presume not to imagine that we, any more than they, could have discovered for ourselves. It is to this class, and to this class alone of our Asiatic fellow-subjects, that the great inductive argument, drawn from historical evidence in support of Christianity, can at present be rendered intelligible. How, indeed, is the common Bengalee, who believes in all the monstrous absurdities of Hindoo geography*—who fancies England to be one big town, because all Englishmen eat together—and has not an idea of the situation or existence of Egypt, or Palestine, or Greece, or Rome,—to be made to comprehend a chain of evidence, every link of which arises out of the history and literature of those regions? But what the common Bengalee wants there are now happily some superior Bengalees who possess; and to them we would use no other arguments than those employed by the authors we have named, in their works composed for the benefit—not of the superstitious and ignorant, but—of the careless and indifferent among their own countrymen. To the Bengalees, of whom we now speak, arguments against Hindooism are superfluous; for they have virtually rejected it, and stand upon the same neutral ground as those of our countrymen just alluded to, on a footing of complete parity with whom we would show that we regard them. To these intelligent natives themselves, should our pages ever come under their perusal, we would offer one remark. It is said, we hope not truly, that some among them are in the habit of opposing the missionaries by other weapons than those of fair and open controversy, and to encourage if not hire mobs to hoot at and interrupt them when

* "The geography of the Hindoos is like their history; it offers nothing but a dry nomenclature, except when it describes places which exist only in imagination; there they are inexhaustible—the details are heaped up under their pens—they paint as if they had seen with their own eyes."—*De Martès*, vol. ii. p. 19.

they attempt to address the people. Such conduct is very unworthy of men who aspire to be accounted enlightened, and will lower them in the estimation of every class in Europe. With the press to resort to, and with liberty to refute—if they can refute—whatever the missionaries assert, (which liberty we know that they have long enjoyed,) their having recourse to the measures adverted to can only be imputed to conscious weakness, or a lingering barbarism, of which pride itself might teach them to dread the reproach. But from the Church we must turn to the army.

The many interesting narratives of military events in India, which have been published by officers of His Majesty's forces, suffice to show that, along with the spirit to perform, they preserve unimpaired in the East the talent to describe great and interesting achievements. There are several of His Majesty's officers, who, by a protracted stay in the country, have attained to great proficiency in many branches of Oriental study. Such instances, however, are the exceptions; and, as a general rule, we may assume that an officer of His Majesty's army regards himself as a mere sojourner in a land where he finds nothing to his taste but the additional pay which he there receives, and whence he is ever liable to be suddenly recalled. Under such circumstances, and living as he does entirely among his own countrymen, he has little inducement to cultivate an acquaintance with the languages or people of the country. With the native soldiery, His Majesty's officers have, of course, some occasional intercourse; but this is mostly on parade or on duty, and seldom such as to favour the acquirement of a correct knowledge of the peculiar character of this singular body.

The leading members of the commercial community constitute a small but most influential class, powerful in their union, their wealth, and the sympathy which they can so easily excite in their own behalf among their mercantile brethren in Europe. Their situation, happily for them, is one which all classes at home can be brought easily to comprehend; and their difficulties, unlike those under which official men in India labour, may be readily made obvious to the public, since they spring from causes not altogether beyond the range of its ordinary diurnal experience. With a few exceptions, they all, while in Bengal, reside in Calcutta,—and are there, though invested with no rank or power, most prominent members of society; affording, in their prosperity and independence, an amusing comment on those querulous lamentations which sometimes issue from the bosom of their circle against the grinding tyranny of that government under which they so often accumulate fortunes, and in spite of whose blighting influence they are enabled to retire, long ere the vigour

of manhood be past, from a land whence so many of its functionaries never realize the means of escape. Known to be often unfriendly to the Government, they are sure to hear little from their native informants but what is calculated to harmonize with their understood opinions on matters connected with its administration. As no establishment ever yet existed, which, if its faults alone be dwelt on, may not be made to appear detestable, they occasionally, by dint of listening only to the complaints of the discontented, or the exaggerations of the designing, work themselves into a belief that they and their unhappy native partners in affliction are absolutely groaning under a cruel despotism, and then fly to the press, not to prove this to be the fact, but to assume it as such, and thereon to pile up arguments for the total demolition of the existing system. Of that system we are not very ardent admirers; its defects are many, but these are not in our opinion precisely what are pointed out as such, neither are they wholly imputable to the individuals by whom it was planned, or by whom it continues to be administered. Its defects are, we conceive, in a great measure the inevitable results of the rapid growth of our empire, and the character of its inhabitants; and to put this in a clearer light, we must now proceed to consider the situation of those classes of English whose lot is more decidedly cast in Bengal, and to whom their mother-country is sometimes almost a stranger, but never a forgotten land. Under this head we must include the Honourable Company's civil, medical, and military servants, with the secondary and generally dependent class of the commercial community.

The process by which the Bengal civil service is recruited in England is sufficiently well known; and, since the tardy success of Mr. Wynn's laudable experiment at Oxford has shown the difficulty of inducing full-grown and proved capacity to expatriate itself, it appears to be of less moment in whom the nomination may be vested,—as the nominees must, under any system, probably continue to be mere lads, of whose future development the wisest can form but a conjecture. It is not till their discharge from the College in Calcutta, which generally takes place within a few months after they reach Bengal, that the comparative capacity of individuals begins to show itself decidedly. Those who evince real talent, or possess that tact which often supplies its place, generally manage either to remain near the seat of power, or to quit it only for such situations in the interior as by their immediate dependence on the Government form part of that circle of higher places reserved for the more able and fortunate members of the service, while the main body are limited to the beaten track of slow and gradual promotion.

Although individuals frequently pass from one to the other of the several classes, the distinction between them is still sufficiently marked to justify us in assuming its existence, to facilitate our exposition of the real situation of the civil service in general. The first class may be held to comprise the secretaries of government and principal functionaries at the presidency, with the political residents and commissioners at foreign courts, or in the newly conquered provinces; while the second includes the individuals employed in the administration of justice and collection of revenue, throughout the forty-five original districts, dependent on the Bengal government, each of which may be reckoned to contain a million of inhabitants. The duties of the secretaries, and other officers connected with the bureaux in Calcutta, closely resemble those of the persons filling similar posts in other parts of the world. In former days a Bengal secretary bore about him a very distinguishable air, of which some faint traces may still be discerned: at present, however, we conceive that we are warranted in representing folk in office in Calcutta to bear a strong family-likeness to folk in office in London, the features and the expression being generally the same, though brought into stronger relief in the instance of the former, by the influence of the atmosphere in which they are reared. If we imagine him to be just a shade less given to woo interference and court contradiction than his counterpart in Europe, we shall probably form a pretty accurate abstract idea of an Eastern secretary. It is not quite so easy to convey a correct notion of those who fill the high political offices in the interior, their situation being one which has no parallel in Europe. Of purely diplomatic posts, the gradual absorption of our various allies has wonderfully diminished the number; those at the courts of Lucknow, Gualior, and Katmandoo, the capitals of the King of Oude, the Mahratta potentate Scindeah, and the Raja of Nepal, being the only remaining appointments of that description immediately appertaining to Bengal. The public duties of the resident are nearly the same at each of these three places, though in his private capacity, if, indeed, he can be said to have any private character, he has a very different part to perform at Lucknow from what devolves upon him at Gualior, or Katmandoo. Though each of the three potentates above-named enjoy, within what is significantly styled their reserved territories, a full and complete independence in regard to the internal administration of the same; yet even in this department, the influence of the representative of the British Government must have great weight, while with reference to all matters of external policy, it is by treaty supreme.

To controul, without irritating; to soothe, without compromis-

ing; to interpose a mediatory influence for the occasional protection of the people who hold, and justly too, the British Government responsible for the excesses of the Prince whom their authority, and that alone, perhaps, sustains, without wounding the sensitive pride of the Prince himself, who looks, and with equal justice, to the same government, for its dearly-purchased support; to be open to information, yet to guard against informers; to keep pace with intrigue, and yet never to mingle in it; to become an adept in all the wiles of a semi-barbarian court, without abatement to his character for openness and truth, for the loss of which nothing can compensate; these are duties which, however well performed, are seldom heard of in Europe, but which require in the individual the qualities of temper, penetration, and judgment, and each in no ordinary degree. At Gualior and Katmandoo the European society is so small, consisting of little more than half-a-dozen individuals, that the resident, in his private capacity, may be considered rather as the head of a family than as a public functionary. It is different, however, at Lucknow, which city, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, is the metropolis of Oude, an independent Mahometan kingdom, situated on the eastern bank of the Ganges, immediately above Benares. There is no monarch in the East who, judging from the motley assemblage of characters in his capital, can produce so good a claim as the King of Oude to the common oriental title of "refuge of the world." Lucknow is literally a city of refuge;—fugitive debtors, public defaulters, portrait and miniature painters, civil engineers and mechanists, veterinary and other surgeons, performers on the bassoon and bagpipe, male and female vocalists, jockeys, coachmen and grooms of every nation in Europe, are to be found among the Japhetine portion of its population, while among the Asiatics who resort to it are many a Mussulman of rank, whose pride is galled by the levelling tendency of the law in the Company's territories, and who flies to the capital of a native prince as to a stage, on which he can strut with more undisturbed dignity: many a deserter from the ranks of our army, or fugitive from the quest of our police; many a comely Persian and rough Afghan; in a word, a stream of adventurers and mendicants of every class and complexion is constantly flowing to Lucknow, as the common sink of that part of India. The duty of the resident in such a place, and at the head of such a society, may be more easily imagined than described. Among Europeans, who have acquired the pliant subtilty of the Asiatics, and Asiatics who have caught something of the dissolute daring of the European, encircled by intrigue, and beset by importunity, his words being noted, his very looks watched, he has need to be circumspect in

every movement, and to walk, in the exercise of his authority, with the caution of Gulliver in Lilliput, "bewareing, lest with the very skirts of his garment he should unwittingly do harm."

It is in the forests, at the base of the mountains, to the north of the King of Oude's dominions, that the most daring gangs of robbers in Upper India are harboured. These individuals, the leaders at least, are mostly of the Hindoo persuasion, and of high caste, and their haunts are perfectly well known to the landholders and native officers in their neighbourhood, without whose connivance and protection they could not remain where they are: some of them, we regret to say, were persons whom the sudden introduction of our laws had stripped, (by a process which we cannot find room to describe,) rather legally than justly, of their lands in our provinces, and thus converted them into the Rob Roys of Hindostan. Their operations used to be conducted with great skill and courage: an individual of the gang was sometimes sent to a town, generally one in the Company's territories, there to engage himself as a workman, or in any menial capacity, in the service of some merchant or banker; having made himself master of all the localities of the house, as also of the time when any remittance of treasure was expected to fill the destined victim's coffers, the spy either returned to his confederates, or else transmitted intelligence to them through a regular line of posts, established at long distances from each other, between their haunt and the unsuspecting banker's abode. On receiving the expected information, the arms (generally spear heads) were packed into little baskets, (similar to the hampers which hold the jars in which the Ganges' water is put, for transportation for the use of distant votaries of the sacred stream,) and attached, in pairs, to the extremities of a bundle of bamboos, to serve eventually as their shafts, but by which they were carried upon men's shoulders, according to the common practice of bearers in India, as represented in Bishop Heber's and other sketches.

Moving separately, persons thus equipped could excite no suspicion, and, on approaching their destination, the contents of their baskets were concealed, generally buried at some place previously selected and indicated by the spy. The gang separating into little parties of two or three, and carrying only their swords, as is the general practice of all natives in those provinces, would then draw near enough to hold immediate communication with their emissary; and upon his announcing to them that all was ready, they assembled just at nightfall, perhaps to the number of twenty or thirty, at the spot where their weapons were buried, armed themselves with these, and, provided with a few torches and a covered fire to light them by, advanced, without

offering violence to any one, to within a short distance of their victim's house; then, suddenly kindling their torches, and drawing their swords, they rushed on, wounding, almost always mortally, every individual they met with, either in the street or house, and, encumbering themselves with nothing but cash or jewels, effected their retreat with their booty from the very heart of a town, or the centre of a military cantonment; and again dispersed into small parties of apparently peaceable travellers, after having deposited their arms, and sometimes their plunder, in their pre-arranged hiding place, within less than a quarter of an hour from the moment of commencing operations, and long before a sufficient force could collect to cut off the retreat of twenty or thirty desperate men, armed with blades as sharp as razors. The darkest nights being always selected for such attempts, they too often succeeded in effecting their retreat, before morning dawned, into the countries over which the shadow of their secret protector's power was cast. Their fidelity towards each other was remarkable. Many years ago, an individual of a gang who had attacked a house, situated within one of our military cantonments, having been wounded and taken prisoner, refused, though tempted by the assurance of pardon and reward, to purchase his own life by divulging the name and residence of any one of his associates.

One of the most troublesome duties of the resident at Lucknow being to urge the court, and its reluctant satraps, to take decisive measures against these gangs of *decoits*, the preceding digression will not, we hope, be deemed out of place.

The office of commissioner is rather that of a subordinate governor than a diplomatic agent. The whole of the territory added to our empire during the governments of the Marquis of Hastings and Lord Amherst, is ruled by officers bearing this designation. Aided by a few European assistants, and with no intermediate authority between them and the government, their power is almost unlimited. Such situations, however, being few, and though generally filled by members of the civil service, yet not being exclusively reserved for that or any other class, these appointments, as is the case also with all political offices, are usually conferred with such regard to qualifications, that these are the portions of our empire, of which the administration probably harmonizes best with the feelings of our native subjects.

The provinces thus governed are the following:—the mountainous region conquered from the Nepaulese in 1816; the eastern districts ceded by the Burmese in 1826; the provinces of Central India, so admirably described by Sir John Malcolm; and the countries contiguous to the ancient capital of Delhi.

The system of government adopted in the provinces of Central India may be gathered from Sir John Malcolm's admirable work. It is simple, and of course, like all simple forms of government, despotic. A single commissioner superintends, perhaps, half-a-dozen young men, chosen indiscriminately from the civil and military services, and each presiding over an extensive district. From the decisions of these assistants, there is an appeal open to the commissioner, who, during great part of the year, is moving round his jurisdiction, living in tents, and making himself accessible and open to all. The commissioner is bound by no code of laws, yet the struggle on his part, strange to say, is, to avoid wielding the full power which the Government seek to thrust upon him; and there is no part of the British empire throughout the globe, where justice is more tempered by mercy than in these despotically-governed districts. That so very simple a system will not, in due course of time, require modification, we mean not to maintain; but it is, we are persuaded, better accommodated to the present character and condition of the people, than any imitation of the municipal law of England could have proved.

In these regions are most frequently to be found those extraordinary professional murderers, who, under the name of *Thugs* or *Phansygyrs*, have been mentioned in every account of Upper India, from the time of old Bernier to the present day. These miscreants having, by the ceaseless exertions of the public authorities, aided by the more settled habits of the people, been compelled to cease carrying on their sanguinary trade to the same extent as formerly, in the original territories of the British Government, have of late years pursued their operations in the recently-acquired provinces of North-Western and Central India, where, from the scantier population and comparatively backward state of the country, they run less hazard of interruption. The recorded history of this strange craft is at variance with all of our received notions of murder and its consequences in Europe. A *Thug* is merely a Hindoo of low caste, or a Mussulman, who, at the conclusion of his agricultural labours, about the commencement of the hot season, in the months of March and April, quits his village, and goes forth to make a little money by strangling; an art in which he becomes sometimes a great proficient, always, if dexterous, performing it with a pocket handkerchief, in preference to a noose, the latter being a suspicious-looking article, which, if found in his possession, might lead to his being suspended in one by the British, or built up alive in a closely fitted garment of brick and mortar by a Mahratta authority. The hot season is selected for such excursions, because then people

travel by night, and are thus more easily disposed of. When the rainy season begins, in July or August, the *Thug* returns, with his share of the booty his gang may have accumulated, to his usual residence, and takes to ploughing his fields like a peaceable husbandman. In this pleasing alternation of agricultural and homicidal pursuits the *Thug* lives on, often undetected and undisturbed by any qualms of conscience, till age and infirmity compel him to send his sons abroad and keep himself at home. They often attach some pride to the number of generations through which they can trace the adherence of their family to this remarkable pursuit. "I am a *Thug* of the royal records," (meaning one of notoriety enough to have been recorded as such,) "and my forefathers before me for seven generations have followed this profession," were the very words not long ago used by one of this class to preface a confession. In wild and unsettled parts of the country, their associations assume a more distinct and separate character; and it is in such places that the leaders are to be found, around whom, at the beginning of the season, the mere operative *Thugs* assemble. The abodes of the latter, however, are often mingled with those of the inhabitants of our most civilized stations and villages, where their conduct is usually quiet and inoffensive. On assembling at the opening of the season, the line of road which they are to pursue is settled, and then they separate into small parties, under all sorts of disguises: sometimes they travel as sepoys returning on furlough; sometimes one goes as a merchant, the other as his attendant; sometimes they personify pilgrims: in these characters they insinuate themselves into acquaintance with travellers, and if they find them to be rich, take an opportunity of despatching them, either by means of some stupefying drug which they use in the tobacco of their hookahs, and the dagger, or else by throttling them with a pocket handkerchief, when they have persuaded them to halt at some convenient spot, under pretence of being fatigued or wishing to take rest. The bodies of their victims, (their country not being sufficiently advanced to afford any demand for such articles,) are, if in a frequented place, buried, or else thrown down a well, or into the cavities of a ravine. In this manner, a single gang, consisting of twenty-five *Thugs*, has been proved on trial to have, in a short excursion of six weeks, made away with thirty victims. Such, however, is the inconsistency of human nature, that it was in the same manner, though on a different occasion, proved that a party of *Thugs*, having been invited to sup with a merchant, whom they intended next morning to murder, declined accepting his invitation upon some plausible pretence, but, in reality, because they agreed among themselves that, after they should have eaten his salt, they

could not proceed with their designs against him. We dismiss this subject with the following extract from the novel alluded to at the beginning of this article, merely premising, that there was lately, and perhaps is now, in a jail in Upper India, a man who, falling while a child into the hands of a gang of *Thugs*, had, by his own confession, witnessed upwards of ninety murders, at the period of his apprehension, when he had not yet passed his twentieth year.

“The child smiled with fiendish malice, trained as he had been in this school of demons since his third year, when he had been stolen from a native village by one of the gang, who wishing to make some little purchases, inquired his way of the child, and was so satisfied with the distinctness and good sense of the little creature’s answers, that thinking he would be a useful emissary to his fraternity, he carried him off. Day by day his infant mind had been tutored in the ways of lies and dissembling; and he had been made step by step, as his master saw he could bear it, acquainted with cruelty and blood in its most revolting forms. At first he was initiated to practise upon animals; then familiarized with the sight of mutilated victims, whom he had now a demoniac satisfaction in mangling; he anticipated the time when strength would give him power to slay with his own hand. ‘We are amongst men,’ said his guardian in the instructions which he often gave him and the rest in his circumstances, ‘what tigers are amongst animals. They are permitted to live by blood, so are we; and they must teach their young to rend and tear the prey that is taken, that they may be enabled to catch it for themselves; we also must do the same; and it is a man’s nuseeb (destiny) whether he falls by the teeth of a tiger, or the hands of a phansygur.’”—*Life in India*, vol. iii. p. 98.

This speech, which, we are assured in a note, was actually made by a *Thug* taken and executed in the Madras presidency, might make us conclude that there must be something *satanical* in the character of the people from among whom such monsters can arise; but we reflect on the inferences which a Hindoo might draw against ourselves, from some recent disclosures at Edinburgh, and seek to discard the uncharitable deduction from our thoughts.

We have now to consider the position of the main body of the civil service to whom is entrusted the internal government within the limits of the Bengal presidency, as it existed at the close of Lord Wellesley’s career, in 1804. This territory, extending parallel with the course of the Ganges from Hurdwar, where it quits the mountains, to its numerous and widely-parted embouchures, contains forty-five districts, which are arranged under six divisions, distinguished by the names of their respective capitals—as those of Calcutta, Dacca, Moorshedabad, Patna, Benares, and Bareilly.*

* This distribution has very recently been modified, but the social position of the civil service, which it is our chief object to describe, is not, we believe, materially affected by the new arrangements.

Each of these places is the seat of a provincial court, consisting of three or four judges, having an appellate jurisdiction and controul over the districts included in its divisions; while Patna and Bareilly become occasionally the head-quarters of the board, composed of three members, to whose authority the collectors of the revenue are amenable. At those towns, therefore, as also at the great military stations at Cawpoor and Meerut, the civil functionary has not solitude at least to complain of; but the life which he leads in most of the other districts will seem dreary in description, and is so in reality. A judge and magistrate, a collector, sometimes a young assistant, and a surgeon—these are the Europeans that make up the whole society at many a station. It has moved the wonder of Bishop Heber and other travellers, that persons thus secluded from intercourse with their countrymen, should not cultivate a closer acquaintance with natives; a circumstance at which had he been doomed to consume a twelvemonth of his existence in their situation, the Bishop would probably have marvelled less. In the relative situation in which they stand, it may be affirmed that no such functionary could become very intimate with a native even of the highest rank, but at a risk of being thereby rendered unwittingly instrumental towards the doing of much wrong to himself and others. Every native in his district has some matter in dispute with his neighbour, and against a private friend of the judge or collector, who would complain? Were the native acquaintance to be guilty of the most barefaced and monstrous encroachment on the rights of his tenantry or neighbours, the first intimation which the European would receive of it would probably be in the shape of a complaint to some higher authority against himself for partiality, and probably connivance.

A native officer once absconded from a station, within a month after the arrival there, as judge, of a gentleman of known talents and penetration. As soon as this was known, complaints against the fugitive poured in from every part of the district. "Why did you not speak sooner?" said the judge. "Because the runaway told us that he had lent you thirty thousand rupees," replied the people. "How then could we complain?" Of this propensity of natives to believe any tale, however monstrous, of their superiors, no one can judge but from experience. A gentleman, whose conduct has endeared him to those under his rule, had yet, on quitting the place, the mortification to find that his servants had succeeded in levying contributions, under pretence of its being done with his sanction, from the people to whom he thought that *his* integrity at least might have been better known. It is not very long since a sensation was excited in a camp by a rumour which absolutely found credit among the Sepoys, that a

British general had ordered the wounded men to be put to death in the hospital, in order to save the amount of the pensions to which they might become entitled; and we have heard, that the servants of a late distinguished nobleman, during his march through a rather unfrequented part of the country, extorted money from the villagers, as the price of their exemption from the daily supply of a young child for his lordship's breakfast.* It would be easy to multiply such anecdotes, but our object is merely to show that there are many objections to the formation of intimacies between natives and the European officers of government, as may indeed be inferred from Bishop Heber's own account of the French, who in this respect are held up as a model, and are yet allowed to have, in serious matters, left a very bad name behind them. With regard to general courtesy of manner, we entirely concur with the Bishop in recommending its being punctiliously observed, though he was certainly misinformed when he stated that there are not six collectors who offer their *tuhseeldars* chairs; this etiquette being, to our knowledge, almost universally observed, at least in Upper India. In justice, however, to our native subjects, it is but fair to say, that some little infringements of our conventional laws of politeness apart, their manners are fitted for any male society, however highly polished. Nothing can surpass the mild and dignified breeding of a Mussulman of rank. When ladies are present, there is ever risk of some unhappy *contretems*, to which the inquisitiveness of our fair countrywomen, on matters of domestic economy, is too apt to lead. It is on this head proper to remark, that it is much easier for residents and commissioners to admit natives to a considerable degree of intimacy, because the power with which they are known to be armed operates to deter persons from abusing their politeness; whereas the functionaries in the original, or what are called the regulation districts, are fettered by a voluminous code of laws, from the provisions of which they dare not depart to chastise the grossest malversation, of which they cannot produce legal proofs. Of the system established by this code we wish that we could say more, because it is against it, and those by whom it is administered, that some who aspire to renown as men of enlarged and liberal minds, and others who have none of the scruples of the *Thug*, mentioned in our

* That the people of India are not the only Eastern race who are apt to impute bad motives to the best actions of Europeans, will be seen by the following extract from a French translation of a song, composed by an Egyptian soldier, of Mohammed Ali's recently disciplined army:—

“ Et aussitôt la fièvre s'empare de moi, et l'on me conduit au grand hôpital d'Abouzabel; et les médecins Frandgi (d'Europe) plus insupportables que mon mal m'empêchaient de manger pour vendre ma ration. Dieu les damne!”—*Histoire de la Régénération de l'Égypte*, par Jules Planat, p. 346.

preceding pages, about falling foul of those whose salt they have eaten, direct their most acrimonious paragraphs.

Referring our readers to the works enumerated below,* for more minute information on this point, we must however content ourselves with observing, that the invidious parallel which some of these writers seek to draw between the King's and Company's Courts, is unfair in the extreme. The institution of an independent court of purely English law is unquestionably, by the wholesome restraint of its influence over the government and the British population, of inestimable benefit to the country. Yet if we should find that justice is better administered within its jurisdiction than in the provinces beyond it, we shall also find that the machinery employed in the one case is at least twenty times as powerful and costly as in the other. That portion of Calcutta which comes under the jurisdiction of the King's Court, does not probably contain above three hundred thousand stationary inhabitants; but even supposing it to hold half a million, it will not even then quite equal the population of Benares. For the half million in Calcutta we have three judges, a master in equity, a registrar, and other subordinate officers, besides a body of lawyers and attornies, all of whom are well-educated English gentlemen. We have, further, a court of requests for small debts, with three or four English gentlemen presiding over it. We have then a bench of magistrates, all English gentlemen, to look after the police; besides a coroner, and a sheriff and his deputy, all of them English gentlemen, and a host of English constables, bailiffs, jailors, &c. &c. to assist them. Now for the half million in the town of Benares, with another half million in the district round it, forming one jurisdiction, we have one solitary English gentleman, with an occasional assistant, to perform, with native subordinates, all the duties that in Calcutta are divided among so many Europeans. Is it wonderful that the work is better done,—if it be better done,—in the one case than the other? We put the case hypothetically, because, in some respects, that of police for instance, we are persuaded that the cities of Patna, Moorshedabad, or Benares, are fully as well governed as

* "India; or Facts submitted to illustrate the character and condition of the Native Inhabitants, with Suggestions for Reforming the present system of Government;" by Robert Rickard, Esq.

"A View of the present state and future prospects of the Free Trade and Colonization of India;" Anonymous.

"Remarks on several recent Publications regarding the Civil Government and Foreign Policy of British India;" by Thomas Campbell Robertson, Bengal Civil Service.

"A Brief Vindication of the Honourable East India Company's Government of Bengal, from the attacks of Messrs. Rickards and Crawford;" by Ross Donnelly Mangle, Bengal Civil Service.

Calcutta, and that this would be proved by a comparative statement of the crimes committed and criminals apprehended in each. As few know what the labours of his office are, let us sketch the days of a judge and magistrate of such a place as Benares in the month of June, with the thermometer ranging from eighty to a hundred degrees. His morning ride and breakfast over, his first duty is to read, or cause to be read over to him, a budget of reports from the police officers of his jurisdiction, on each of which orders are to be passed. He will then probably have to reply to a series of billets, like the following:—

“SIR,—I have to acquaint you that your police jemmadar of — has had the unparalleled insolence to seize my servant, Jummo, on a charge which I know to be false. I expect that you will immediately cause my man to be released, and a proper apology to be made to me by the police jemmadar, for the insult offered by him to a British officer, &c. &c.
DENNIS O’CLACHLAN, *Cornet.*”

“SIR,—Some time ago I saw a widow who I thought would make a good wife, so I married her; and now she’s run off, and gone to Lucknow, doubtless for no good, and so I expect you’ll make her come back again and behave as she should do, &c. &c. &c.

ROGER PACK, *Serjeant, Invalid Establishment.*”

“SIR,—I am a prisoner in the main Guard, a victim to military oppression, having been placed here because I would not pay a nefarious demand for the rent of a house in cantonment. To you, as a British magistrate, I appeal; and, feeling that the British constitution is stabbed to its very vitals in my case, demand your immediate interference to procure my liberation.
PETER BALANCE, *merchant.*”

“SIR,—It is with inexpressible astonishment that I received your communication regarding Peter Balance, a sutler attached to this cantonment, and now confined by my orders in the main guard; and I must acquaint you with my resolution to resist this unwarrantable encroachment, on your part, on my authority as commanding at this station. I am, Sir, &c.
P. MARCHWELL, *Major-General.*”

“DEAR SIR,—The conduct of these bazar people is really too bad. That wretch, Lal Jewun, has actually had the audacity to insist upon my paying sixteen rupees a-yard for cloth which I can prove that he has sold to others for fourteen. As the insolence of these people is getting (owing, I must say, to the culpable inattention of the government and its civil officers) daily worse, I am determined to expose the system of plunder carried on by them, if I should fail, as I trust I shall not, in obtaining redress from you.
EUPHEMIA STUBBS.”

Having despatched these preliminary matters, the functionary may move to his court-room, where, if it be a day for civil business, he will find a well-loaded file of regular and irregular suits, of every sort, size, and description, awaiting him; after getting

through as many of which as he can, he must resolve himself into a ministerial officer, to carry into effect decisions already passed, by sending debtors to jail, releasing insolvents, ordering property to be sequestered, and property previously sequestered to be sold; or, should the day be devoted to criminal business, he will have to try and decide on all but the most atrocious cases, which it will cost him equal labour to prepare for trial before his superiors of the Provincial Court of Circuit, to receive some fifty or a hundred petitions, and to wind up his day by inspecting his jail, as he may have commenced it by officiating as sheriff at an execution.

When to the preceding sketch we add that the number of European functionaries, employed in the administration of civil and criminal justice to the forty-five millions who inhabit what are called the regulation districts, amounted in 1825 to only one hundred and thirty-one individuals, and that not less than 166,000 civil suits were disposed of by them and their native subordinates in the course of that year, it may perhaps excite surprise that so much is effected by such apparently inadequate means. To establish throughout these districts a system similar to that which exists within the jurisdiction of the King's, or Supreme Court in Calcutta, would, apart from every other objection, be impossible, on account of its expensiveness. On the other hand, the difficulty of finding a sufficient number of individuals qualified for the exercise of uncontrolled power, must prevent the extension to these territories of the more simple and arbitrary form of administration which we have described as existing under the commissioners in the more recently conquered countries. It remains, therefore, to consider how the present system can be rendered more efficient; and it is in suggesting feasible plans for the accomplishment of this object, that we wish to see those talents employed which are but too often wasted on vague, though personal reflections, affecting the character of a body of English gentlemen who are toiling under many disadvantages, to remedy those very evils, of which their vituperators seek to represent them as the authors. The personality we have noticed seems to be aggravated by that very omission of names under which it is disguised. Writers like the authors we allude to must know that every abstract implies a concrete; and therefore, when they use such terms as rapacity, extortion, tyranny, and oppression, they must intend by these to designate certain individuals as rapacious, as extortioners, as tyrants and oppressors; unless, indeed, they use these expressions with no more definite meaning than women, according to Fielding, do those of rape, robbery, and murder, which he describes as being in their mouths words of course, and of little more serious import than fal-la-la in music.

Though the medical servants of the Company are all nominally attached to the army, yet they belong in a manner to both the civil and military departments. Such of them as reside at civil stations enjoy ample leisure, which, were there more prospect of their labours ever being noticed, would oftener be devoted to the communication of the knowledge which they have such opportunities of acquiring. As it is, many of our first orientalists have risen in this branch of the service, and it can now reckon among its members Mr. Horace Wilson, who, better known on the continent than even in his own country, has been justly spoken of by M. de Marliès as “*acquérant du Sanscrit une connoissance que les Brahmines lui enviaient.*”

That portion of the commercial community, whom we have distinguished by an epithet indicating their dependence on the great capitalists of Calcutta, is composed almost exclusively of persons engaged either on their own account, or as agents, in the manufacture of indigo. In the districts annexed to the division of Patna, their establishments are upon a much larger scale, and the planters themselves of a superior order to those that are generally to be found in other parts of the country. They have some cause to complain of the rather slighting manner in which they are spoken of in Bishop Heber's *Journal*; for, though from desuetude, rather than from wilful neglect, they may appear indifferent in matters of religion, none of them residing within less than thirty or forty miles of a church, and many much further off, they are, or at least were some ten years ago, an honest right-hearted body of intelligent men, to whom we would then have resorted with confidence to know whether the author of one of the works before alluded to has rightly described all our Eastern judges and magistrates as animated by hostility, arising out of the prejudice and delusion of their caste, towards every European engaged in commerce. Had that intelligent writer, before he left Bengal, taken a trip to Trihoot, in the division of Patna, and seen the thriving state of the indigo manufactories in that district, the enormous sums annually disbursed by the planters, and the readiness with which they advance money on loan to native landholders, recoverable only by process in the civil courts in the event of bad faith on the part of the borrower, he might have adduced some solid arguments in favour of permitting the settlement of Europeans in the country, without, at the same time, vilifying the existing institutions for its government; and if he had but accompanied the planters and functionaries on one of their tiger-shooting parties, and returned alive, the very soul of good fellowship must have been stifled within him, before he could have represented such men as feeling hostile to each other. Were all settlers like these, there

would be no difference of opinion regarding their admission, and hardly any necessity for a new enactment in their favour; for from such persons the prescribed license has never been withheld, and never in a single instance withdrawn. We cannot speak so satisfactorily of the planters in other parts of the country, most especially in the lower provinces, among whom adventurers of unknown, and even equivocal character, are occasionally to be found, who live in a state of constant collision, sometimes with one another, often with the public authorities, and always with the natives. One objection to permitting the indiscriminate resort of such Europeans to the interior arises out of the difficulty of controlling, or if necessary, executing any legal process upon them by merely native agency. A few turbulent Europeans of this stamp might defy the whole collective police force in one of the lower provinces; and though this inconvenience would be less felt among the harder population of Upper India, still, even there, very great embarrassment might arise from the cause above stated, as also from the proneness of native police officers to abuse any temporary power they may be entrusted with over Europeans. We do not mention this as by itself constituting any sufficient objection to the settlement of Europeans in the country, but as proving the necessity of leaving to the local government some discretionary authority over them, similar to that which is exercised by every continental power in Europe over foreigners residing within its territory.

The military servants of the Company, like those of the civil department, have their two grand divisions, and may be classed under the heads of staff and regimental. In the staff are included a variety of situations, which might here be thought rather unmilitary, such as postmasters, clothing agents, &c. besides which there are many situations in the political department, which are filled by officers of the army. To these last the observations which we have made on civil servants in the political department are strictly applicable, and there is nothing so strikingly different from the corresponding situations in Europe in that of the other members of the staff in Bengal, as to require explanation. With the natives in general, and those of Upper India in particular, the regimental officers have better opportunities than any other public servants, civil or military, of becoming acquainted. A partnership in privation, in toils and dangers, goes far to introduce a feeling of sympathy between them and the native soldiers, highly favourable to an open display of character on the part of the latter. Moreover, such is the military leaning of the people in many parts of Upper India, that it is to military men that, if they meet with encouragement, they will most readily resort, and

it is with them that they will be most at their ease, and most frank and communicative. These opportunities the officers of the Bengal army once well knew how to turn to account; and whatever may now be the case, there was a time when, in point of real knowledge of the natives, they had rather the advantage of the civil service. Of such knowledge, more especially in as far as their own men are concerned, it is to be hoped that nothing has been lost, for upon it more than can be at present expressed may depend. Firm and unassailable as our Indian empire at the present moment is considered by ourselves, this is not the prevailing opinion among our evil-wishers on the continent, who talk of it as "*le colosse aux pieds d'argile que l'Europe admire de loin, mais dont on connoit à Londres mieux que partout ailleurs l'extrême fragilité.*" It may not, therefore, be amiss to put the question—how are we prepared to meet any serious attack upon our ascendancy in that quarter, should such be made? This is a question of simple prudence, which it can never be too early to examine. Is our Sepoy army what it was five-and-twenty years ago?—are the reciprocal feelings of the officers and men towards each other the same as they were? If not, to what is the change imputable?—and how may the evils to be apprehended from it be best averted?

It is not at the end of a long article that we can pursue the consideration of the subject to which these queries refer, and to which we hope at some future period to return. It is, indeed, one, before which all other Indian questions dwindle into comparative insignificance, and we hope to see it temperately discussed by persons above the wish to warp facts into a conformity with any favourite doctrine. What we desiderate from India are *facts*—real, substantial facts; and our chief quarrel with those who profess to instruct us regarding that country is, that, in their zeal for the honour of some little nostrum of their own, they keep out of sight whatever may tell against it, and thus seek to entrap us into a declaration of love for the cherished theory of which they have themselves become enamoured. Colonization and a free press are the magical words by which some expect or promise to allay every discontent, and vanquish every difficulty; while it is only by reverting to the principles of the most arbitrary period of our government that, according to others, our empire can be preserved. In all probability the truth here, as in most cases, lies between the two extremes, and the ultras on both sides are equally removed from it.

Of some of the difficulties attending colonization, or unrestricted free settlement, we have already spoken; but there are many others to which our limits will not allow us at present even

to allude, some of which our readers will find very fully discussed in the works to which we have already referred at the bottom of page 170.

To a perfectly free press we see one immediate and serious objection, and that is its tendency to kindle heart-burnings among the Europeans, and set all the members of the little circles in the interior at variance with each other. Many a chidden ensign or chastened assistant, who felt or fancied himself aggrieved, might, were perfect freedom allowed, be whiling away the tedious hours of a long Indian day in the composition of anonymous attacks upon his superiors. There appears to us to be something quite preposterous in this proposed alliance of a press, to be restrained only by the verdict of a jury, with a despotism such as our Indian government is, by act of parliament, constituted. To proceed according to the usual sequence of events in this hemisphere, a representative form of government should precede, not follow, the final liberation of the press; yet we have never seen a proposal for convoking a meeting of the States General of Bengal; nor has any reproach been cast upon the East India Company for not imparting this primary constitutional privilege to the Mussulman and Hindoo population of their territories. Still, so ready are we to acknowledge the salutary influence of unreserved and public discussion on every topic, that we shall account him the greatest benefactor that British India has yet seen, who shall either devise the means of reconciling what we consider to be incompatibilities, viz. an entirely free press with an arbitrary government; or who shall, by an argumentative appeal to facts and experiments, establish the feasibility of any plan for the retention of our sway over many millions of conquered subjects, into which the principle of arbitrary power shall not be permitted to enter. That we may not be misunderstood as meaning to imply that the press in Bengal is at the present moment under any very grievous restraint, we must mention that, in point of fact, it is freer than that of many of our nearer settlements, and almost as fearless as that of London. Of this our readers may satisfy themselves by running over a file of Calcutta newspapers, and then comparing them with a series of Malta Gazettes.

But though we cannot concur with those who would have us believe that all that has hitherto been done is wrong, we are far from going along with others, who seek to persuade us that whatever has been long established is necessarily right. Our Indian empire has scarcely done growing, and it is absurd therefore to speak of it as if it were of a long-standing maturity. But of a growing empire the institutions must be progressive; and none but empirics could dream of inventing a system that should

equally fit it at every stage of its gradual development. By the partial relaxation, in 1813, of the previous restrictions, more good has, in our opinion, been effected than would have followed their complete removal. A great change has since then been silently going on, by which the people of England and India have become imperceptibly more familiarized with, and reconciled to each other, than they, perhaps, ever would have become, had a more sudden and general influx of Europeans been permitted, at a period when the country was less prepared to receive them.

During this interval Europeans of the lower orders have lost something of that brutality of manner which used to mark their treatment of natives, whom they were certainly wont to regard as but one grade above the level of the monkey tribe. Even those of a higher rank have adopted a more conciliatory demeanour towards natives generally, and are less apt to proceed *par voie de fait* in their disputes with their servants, or others of inferior rank, than they were twenty years since; while, in Calcutta, intimacies have been formed between literary natives and Europeans, that promise to prove highly advantageous to both parties. Meanwhile the proselytizing fervour, which twenty years ago excited no unfounded alarm, has subsided into a well directed zeal for the promotion of education, which, guided and encouraged by the government, has already led to the happiest results—though these are but a type of what it may hereafter produce. The administration of civil justice, though still short of what it should be, is ameliorating in proportion as the natives are acquiring those qualifications for filling judicial offices, which enables government to enlarge their powers, and thus afford the European functionaries the aid they stand in need of. In the criminal department a still more marked improvement is visible, and the police of the great populous cities may bear a comparison with that of any of the capitals or provincial towns of Europe.

But though much has been done, much yet remains to do; and we look forward with confidence to the approaching discussion of this great question, as likely to accelerate the arrival of that period when our connection with India shall drop the stern features of conquest, to assume those of a more equal and friendly alliance. As conducive to this end, we welcome the comments of foreigners on our Eastern government, even when tinged, as in the works before us, by that blind desire to blacken the character of England, which often deforms their ablest writings.

Signor Papi is too amiable a man to write with rancour, and as he frankly admits that great reforms have probably been introduced since he quitted India, we think it unnecessary to criticise his censures, though we cannot but express our regret that he should, in 1829, have republished such nonsense as the following:—

“Now that India has returned this gold to England, it serves, by corrupting the cabinets of Europe, and reviving their ambition discouraged by defeats, to rekindle the war which now inundates Europe with blood, and prevents the return of peace.”—vol. ii. p. 126.

But the marvel of marvels is, that a clever foreigner who has been in India should have been misled by one of our own home-bred simpletons, so far as to believe, that “in these possessions is centered the most safe, indeed the only means of extinguishing the national debt!”

We have a longer account to settle with M. De Marlès. In his Introduction there is a passage, which we have a mind to punish him by extracting, wherein he draws a parallel between the progress of the English in India, and that of the barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire in Europe and Western Asia!! It seems almost incredible, but we can assure our readers that this comparison is absolutely hazarded at the outset of a work, towards the conclusion of which, in treating of the internal administration of our possessions in India, we find it acknowledged, that “it must be confessed that no precaution has been neglected to secure the prosperity of the inhabitants.”—vol. vi. p. 172. But perhaps the flourish we allude to is merely a piece of rhetoric signifying nothing, and inserted only to announce that the author is not devoid of that antipathy to England which becometh a truly virtuous Parisian. We therefore seek for a more sober passage to comment on, and select that which relates to the most recent event of any moment that has occurred in India, namely, the Burmese war. It runs as follows:—

“In order therefore to satisfy that thirst for aggrandizement which torments them, and which their own interest forbids them from indulging as to the portion of India which is not in their hands, they have turned their steps and their arms eastward, extended themselves along the immense banks of the Brahmapoutra, have conquered a great part of Assam, made war with Birmah, and wrested from him towns which he had himself conquered. It does not enter into my plan to follow them beyond the ancient limits of Bengal, &c.”

The explanation given in this last sentence may excuse ignorance, but cannot palliate wanton misrepresentation. The war in question was forced upon our government in India, by a necessity ten times more cogent than that under which France is at this moment about to attack Algiers. The Burmese invaded our territory in 1797, menaced our frontier in 1812, insulted us in 1819, and at last rejecting every offer of accommodation, entered our provinces in May, 1824, at two points, about 300 miles asunder, and attacked and destroyed one of our detachments. This invasion, it was afterwards proved by the evidence of the American missionaries, who then resided at Ava, was the result of a premeditated plan for the conquest of Bengal.

Of the difficulty which a civilized state experiences in conducting itself with moderation towards an arrogant and barbarous neighbour, our continental readers may form some conception from what they have seen of the contest between Russia and its Mohammedan foes. But no experience of the wrong-headedness of Turks and Persians can convey a notion of the impracticable ignorance of the Burmese. They actually conceived themselves equal to the conquest of Europe, (though they did not know where it was,) and when an English envoy went to their court in 1810, he was gravely asked by one of the Burmese princes, why a special ambassador was not deputed by the King of England to solicit the aid of his Majesty of Ava, who might in that case be induced to send an army to put his ally in possession of *France*! It was this profound ignorance and overweening pride that brought on a war, which cost us more money than would have purchased the fee simple of the Burmese empire, and terminated in our restoring to their monarch, when his capital was within our reach and his power annihilated, the country stretching along the banks of the Irawaddy for 600 miles from the sea, and which, had our government really been actuated, as M. De Marlès has gratuitously asserted, by a passion for aggrandizement, we should unquestionably have retained.* Before publishing a second edi-

* Since this article was concluded, our attention has been drawn to the very interesting one on the "Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Munro," which appears in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

It is not from any wish to detract from the well-earned fame of that talented and excellent man, but merely from a regard to historical truth, that we offer a remark on the following passage. At page 274, the reviewer, treating of the Burmese war, observes, that "with a timid or incompetent Governor of Madras, there is no knowing to what date, or to what conclusion, it might have lingered on;" thus, by implication, attributing to the counsels of Sir Thomas Munro whatever there was of vigour displayed in the prosecution, and of wisdom in the termination, of that contest.

This is too much.—Sir Thomas was unquestionably entitled to great credit for the promptitude and efficiency with which his quota of troops and supplies was furnished, and occasionally for the soundness of his advice upon the military conduct of the war. In his political views he was, however, frequently mistaken; and if he would, as asserted by the reviewer at page 279, have attempted to set up a false king in Pegu, he would just have put conquest in masquerade, and added the whole empire of Ava to our already overgrown dominion in the East. A great part of the country of Pegu, most especially towards the northern frontier, is now peopled by Burmese, and to sever it from Ava would be quite as feasible as to detach Scotland from England. The retention of Pegu must have led to the speedy occupation of Ava, and there was, therefore, no alternative between extending our territories to the confines of China and restoring, as we did, the greatest part of our conquests to the Burmese. Had Sir Thomas Munro been on the spot, the latter, we are persuaded, is the measure which he would have approved of, to whatever line of policy he may at a distance have lent the sanction of his high authority.

This, however, is all mere matter of speculation; what is certain is, that the war was brought to a conclusion which he seems to have regarded as absolutely unattainable, and to which his counsels did not in the smallest degree contribute.

tion, M. De Marlès will, we hope, find time to make himself master of the gazettes, the printed despatches, the narratives of British officers and American missionaries, in which the facts which we have detailed are recorded.

In studying the history of that period, M. De Marlès will be gratified to perceive how, in the course of our contest with Ava, even war was rendered subservient to the cause of humanity, and barbarians caught a lesson of mercy from the example of their foes. It was in the second year of the war, and not long before he fell in action, that Maha Bundola, the fiercest and the ablest of all the Burmese chieftains, issued an order prohibiting the maltreatment of prisoners taken from the British. It would be unjust to deny to the memory of this intelligent barbarian, the credit of being the first who ventured on such a noble deviation from the previous practice of his country; but it is to the British commander and his gallant officers that the chief praise is due, for it is to their conduct that this measure is directly traceable. Many were the atrocities committed upon stragglers, or other individuals whom accident at the commencement of the war threw into the hands of the Burmese; many were the provocations which the British officers might have urged for following a sterner course, but they nobly scorned to lower themselves, by retaliation, to the level of their foes, or to take vengeance on ignorant barbarians for a breach of the conventional laws of European warfare.

By their humane and kind treatment of every Burmese soldier who fell into their hands, and their conciliatory demeanour towards the people of the country, the British officers in Ava at last achieved one of the best and brightest victories that ever was won by soldiers—the victory of civilization over barbarism, and of the mild influence of Christianity over the merciless spirit of Paganism. This is, indeed, a triumph of which their countrymen may well be proud, but it is also one in which their very rivals may exult, and therefore it is that we invite M. de Marlès to aid us with his talents in doing more extensive justice to those by whom the credit of the European character for humanity was so well maintained, as he will, if he seek for information, find it to have been by the gallant commander and the other officers of the British army in Ava.*

* Our readers may estimate the change brought about by the conduct of our troops in Ava from the following anecdote.—At the commencement of the contest the leg of a wounded Burmese prisoner having been amputated in our hospital, the poor wretch, thinking that this was our mode of treating our captives, held out the other leg, and inquired when it was to be cut off. Towards the end of the war wounded men would frequently pass over from the ranks of the enemy, and steal into our camp, in quest of that surgical assistance which they were there sure of receiving.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Das Ganze der Schaafzucht, in Hinsicht auf unser deutsches Klima, &c.* (The general Art of Breeding Sheep in respect to our German Climate.) von Bernhard Petri. 8vo. Wien. 1815.
2. *Nouveau Traité sur la Laine, &c.* Par MM. Le Vicomte Perrault de Jotemps. Paris. 1824.
3. *Histoire de l'Introduction des Moutons à laine fine d'Espagne dans les divers états de l'Europe, &c.* Par M. C. P. Lasteyrie. Paris. 1802. 8vo.
4. *Notice sur l'Amélioration des troupeaux de Moutons en France.* Par G. L. Terneaux. 8vo. Paris. 1827.
5. *Mittheilungen des interessantesten und neuesten aus dem Gebiet der höhern Schaaf und Wollkunde.* (The latest and most interesting Notices respecting a Knowledge of the finer Descriptions of Sheep and Wool.) von Bernhard Petri. Wien. 1829. 8vo.
6. *Über den Wollhandel Deutschlands in 1829.* (On the Wool-Trade of Germany in 1829.) von Elsner. 8vo. 1830.

THE present condition of the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Germany is peculiarly interesting; not merely for its vast importance to both countries in the aggregate, but also on account of an extraordinary revolution that has taken place, in the description of goods which form the principal articles of exchange.

Previously to the introduction of the Merino sheep into Germany, the only exports which she was enabled to give in return for her imports, were her corn, and other agricultural produce, including hides and a few bales of coarse native wool; some minerals from the mountains of Saxony and Silesia; linen, in which article a very important traffic then existed to the provinces of South America through Spain, linen yarn, and the produce of a few coarse woollen looms of Silesia, which was consumed in Poland, and transported through that state into Russia Proper, Persia, &c.

Besides these exports, the industry of Germany was confined to the manufacture of a few articles of domestic consumption; to the transit from the coast of foreign produce, and to the periodical fairs of Leipsic, Brunswick, and Frankfort on the Main, &c. where dealers from Persia, Turkey, Poland and Russia resorted, to supply themselves with the silks of Lyons, the jewellery and light articles of French manufacture, the woollens of Flanders, England and Germany, the cottons and other produce of India,

and brought in return either their own respective products, or money to exchange for their purchases.

On the other hand, the imports of Germany, which were consumed in the land, consisted of her whole supply of colonial produce, sugar, coffee, tobacco, &c. &c.; the fine woollens from Flanders and England, as also inferior woollens from the latter country; East India and British cotton manufactures, and the whole catalogue of minor luxuries necessary to the comforts of the wealthier classes, and which are not found in that climate.

It will be natural to infer, from a comparison of the exports with the imports, that the value of the latter far exceeded that of the former, and the consequence to the States of Germany was, that the people were held in a condition of extreme exhaustion, by the exactions of the lords of the soil, for whose benefit the major part of these luxuries were imported.

The state of impoverishment, under which Germany laboured at that period, was doubtless aggravated by the conflict of interests arising out of the governments into which the Empire was split, which checked the natural flow of internal communications, as well as the formation of roads and canals, those arteries of commerce, without which no country can possibly reach any degree of eminence in a commercial point of view: but, important as this latter barrier to German improvement is, it has been shown, by the experience of the last period, since the creation of a new source of capital, that it has not sufficient influence to keep down the rising spirit of enterprise which has been awakened by the force of other causes.

From a slight knowledge of the natural character of the Germans, it will be easily conceived that the implements of improvement would not long lay idle, after the first impulse was given, by the development of a new power in the possession of capital. The patient and persevering industry, which has always distinguished that people, may have been exhausted under less favourable circumstances, in the incessant struggle for existence, but it has never degenerated into listlessness or indolence. The intense research, and the depth of reasoning, which were exhibited by their writers of past ages, and are still displayed by those of the present day, are existing monuments of the energy with which they pursue a favourite object; and the eagerness displayed by them, in the investigation of every new principle in natural or moral science, afforded ample evidence that the spirit of enterprise, which was to raise their country into the first rank amongst nations, was not extinct.

Such as we have described, however, was the condition in which we find Germany up to a very recent period, in reference to her commerce; without roads, or other means of communication, and

distracted by almost incessant internal wars, there appeared no prospect of a change, or of any material improvement in her resources: but her destinies have decreed otherwise. Scarcely had the traces of the French dominion passed away, when a visible improvement, in which Prussia took the lead, began to manifest itself in every direction; roads were marked out and formed between all the larger cities, and everywhere manufacturing industry found employment in the preparation of those articles, which, a short time before, were imported almost wholly from foreign countries.

It is true that this did not start up as if by magic;—it was not the creation of one year; and in the commencement, few persons would have ventured to predict the extent of improvement that has been effected since the termination of the war; but fifteen years have since elapsed, and the traveller, who passed through Germany at that period, would scarcely recognize the country of his recollection, in the comparatively high state of civilization to which it has now attained.

That this age of improvement could have passed away without leaving its impression on the surface of Germany, is not to be presumed; but, on the other hand, the astonishing progress it has made can only be accounted for by the introduction of some material to work upon, which did not previously exist; and there cannot be the least hesitation in fixing on the prodigious accession of capital, created by the introduction of the Merino sheep into Germany, as the means which have enabled that country to set the energy and activity of her people in motion.

To the late King of Saxony, when Elector, is due the merit of having first brought the breed of Spanish Merino sheep into Germany, which has since transferred the valuable trade in fine wool almost wholly from the Spanish to the German soil. From the period of its first introduction until 1814, when Europe once more began to enjoy the blessings of a general peace, this wool was gradually, although slowly, spreading itself over the surface of the kingdom of Saxony; but when the continental trade was thrown quite open, by the events of the short campaign of 1815, and men's minds were set at rest by the final catastrophe of Napoleon, the Saxon wool dealers began to open a regular trade in the article to England, and they soon discovered the real value of this new branch of German commerce.

In the first year, viz.

in 1814, there were imported into England, only lbs.	3,595,146
in 1819, ...	4,557,938
in 1824, ...	15,432,657
and in 1828, ...	23,110,822

This prodigious increase in the demand for German wool naturally excited the emulation of the states laying contiguous to Saxony; and the flock masters of that kingdom carried on, for a considerable period, a very prosperous trade in their rams and ewes, with the landholders of Silesia, Bohemia, Austria, and other parts, who were desirous of changing the nature of their flocks to this more profitable breed. For a long period the demand for wool kept pace with the increased production; while at the same time, a slight degree of superiority in the fineness of the quality procured an exorbitant advance in the price; to the effect, that in most instances, all the superabundance of grain, which had no external vent to carry it off, was given to the sheep, in order to accelerate their approach to the maximum degree of fineness of which their wool was susceptible; thus actually creating a profitable consumption for their corn, through the eagerness exhibited in England to obtain a superior quality of wool.

The value to Germany, of this new creation, may be estimated by a calculation of the money paid in 1828, by this country alone, for the wool imported from thence: from Parliamentary papers, it appears, that for the year ending Jan. 5th, 1829, there were imported from Germany lbs. 23,110,822 of wool, which, calculated at an average of 1s. 6d. per lb., makes a return from England alone of £1,733,311 : 13s. Admitting only one-half more, for the wool exported to France, the Netherlands, Russia, Poland, and Switzerland,—and assuming that the internal manufactures of Germany consume one-half of the wool produced, which is short of the truth, the result will give £5,199,934 : 19s. of annual value, created by the growth of wool now, instead of the worthless hair produced upon the old indigenous sheep of Germany, which was scarcely in sufficient quantity to supply the peasantry with worsted petticoats and stockings.

It has been already stated, that the Silesian manufacturers formerly possessed a considerable commerce in the cloths to Poland, and through that country to Russia and Asia. Since the creation of the new kingdom of Poland, under Russian sovereignty, the government of Warsaw has taken great pains to raise up an industrious class in Poland, and one measure for that object has been the total exclusion of foreign cloths, that her own infant manufactories might possess a monopoly in the home markets; the consequence of which measure has been almost to annihilate the Silesian manufactories; but, by way of recompense, the increased capital of the Germans generally has enabled them to manufacture on so extensive a scale, that with the advantages of cheap labour and the best wool on the spot, free from the charges of transport, the whole supply of woollen cloths in Germany has fallen into the

hands of the domestic manufacturer, with the exception of a small quantity of the finest description, which continues to be imported from Flanders, and some adjacent countries.

At the same time that this improvement in German industry has been working, there has occurred a simultaneous augmentation in the sources of consumption; the population of the country has increased very considerably. During the last fourteen years, the population of the Prussian states has risen from 10,536,571 to 12,500,000 souls, and it is shown from statistical tables before us, that in all the other states it has increased in about the same proportion.

But so far as relates to a continuation of this prosperity arising out of the present extensive demand for German wool, a new feature has recently presented itself worthy of consideration. This consists in the growing prospect of a supply of Merino wool, equal to the consumption of Great Britain, being produced from her two colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land.

In the year 1795, a small flock of sheep, not exceeding one dozen, was brought to the upper colony of New South Wales, from the Cape of Good Hope, by Captain Waterhouse; these formed the nucleus of the vast flocks which now exist there; although the quantity of wool they yielded for a long period was too small to form a shipment to this country. A part of the first flock fell into the hands of Captain M'Arthur, who also purchased some of the king's flock of Merino sheep, that were sold at Windsor in 1804, and added them to the flock already in the colony; and from the following statement of the importations into England, the prodigious increase which must have taken place in the number of sheep annually, from that period, will be seen. The first arrival took place in

1806, when 245lbs. were imported.	1819	74,284lbs.
1807 562	1820	99,415
1808-9 none	1821	175,433
1810 167	1822	138,498
1811-12 none	1823	477,261
1814 32,971	1824	382,907
1815 73,171	1825	323,995
1816 13,611	1826	1,106,302
1817 none	1827	512,758
1818 86,525	1828	1,603,512

That the yearly increase is not regular is owing to the circumstance of some flocks being shipped so very promptly after the clip, as to appear upon the custom-house books for the year prior to the general arrival of the wool of the same clip; but the pro-

gressive augmentation in the quantity is so manifest, and effected with such prodigious strides, that it is fair to calculate on at least the same effects being produced in the two colonies, which arose out of similar causes in Germany, whence the importation into England increased during the fourteen years between 1814 and 1828 from 3,432,465lbs. to 23,110,822lbs.

All this extensive supply of wool will come to the British market, in competition with German wool of the same quality; and whatever advantages the expensive mode of cultivation pursued in Germany may have in producing a very superior quality of wool, there are persons, now conversant with both descriptions, who assert, that the very best wool imported from Sidney is superior to any which Germany can produce, and, moreover, those very samples were shorn from sheep which had not enjoyed any other advantage in the colony than those which nature herself afforded to them.

This may be strictly true, and the result will possibly prove, that the climate and food of New South Wales are sufficient to produce what the best cultivation does elsewhere. It will, however, be but just to remember, that if this wool is shorn off Merino sheep brought from Germany, and if the second and third generation of Merino sheep do not equal their progenitors in the fineness of their wool, then the undoubted excellence of the few samples upon which this proposition is grounded, must have been caused by the effects of the voyage, during which, the sheep were carried through the whole breadth of the torrid zone, and fed at the same time upon the finest hay and corn, which in fact is exactly the process adopted by the best flock masters in Silesia, to produce the finest wool.

If the expectations of the colonists have not been fully realized, in the prices at which their wool generally sells in the London market, it is because they anticipated that, in the cultivation of wool, a sudden and large fortune was to be realized. Mankind are prone to indulge in such exaggerated expectations: and undoubtedly some, who have been disappointed in these not being realized, are little able to appreciate the advantages they do possess in this produce of their estates; but are disposed, however erroneously, to anticipate from that climate, without cultivation, what in Europe is only attained by its utmost powers. Still, all that nature can do, is done by her; the wool is equal to the best produced, for all ordinary purposes; and being grown without seeking any other result than wool, it is free from the coarse and harsh properties which are imparted to British wool, by the method in which the sheep are kept in this country.

From what has been said, it will be apparent that the bulk of this wool comes immediately in competition with the middling qualities of German wool, excepting those few flocks upon which the farmer exercises the highest degree of cultivation.

With these advantages, and viewing the progressive increase of the quantity hitherto produced in those colonies, it is natural to infer, that after the lapse of a few more years, this country will be independent of the continent of Europe on the score of wool, except the finest qualities. In this case, it must be observed, that in consequence of the cessation of the demand from England, arising from her being supplied by her colonies, the German flock-master will be driven to the necessity of finding another market for his wool, in default of which, he must reduce his prices so low, as to force the English market in the teeth of the political advantages enjoyed by his rival, as a member of the British Empire.

In the first case, in searching for other markets, he has the disadvantage of finding himself in the centre of other states which have all in some degree directed their attention to the cultivation of wool of the Merino sheep. France and the Netherlands certainly consume more wool than is produced at home, and they are steady customers to the German grower, but being so already, it follows naturally that they do not offer any fresh vent, into which the supply usually sent to England might be diverted. The French manufacture is almost wholly for home consumption, consequently it may be fairly calculated that the demand and supply of cloth, being pretty well ascertained, will be stationary so long as France only is to be supplied, and it would not be a very difficult task to show why that nation is not calculated to engross much of the export trade in manufactures.

The Netherlands do manufacture for exportation, but it is principally into Germany where they send their wares, and the native clothiers will soon exclude them from that market; in fact, the prospects of the Netherlands export trade can no where be very brilliant, when every state of Europe, with scarcely any important exception, is striving to secure a monopoly of the home market for its domestic industry.

On the other side, a certain quantity of fine wool is annually transported from Silesia into Poland, to supply the manufactures which have sprung up there under the protection of the present government; but the spirit of the Polish landholder has been too deeply inoculated with the wool mania, to allow this market to remain long open to the German wool importer; indeed, even now, it is confined to the best description of wool, whilst the inferior flocks of Polish wool are sent in return to the German fairs.

Beyond Poland, in Russia, great efforts are now being made to promote the breed of sheep, and for the greater part of this century, at least, she will be much more of an exporting than a manufacturing nation.

The whole of the German dominions belonging to Austria are full of sheep, and of course they supply cloth to their Italian subjects; what remains afterwards of Italy to supply, is furnished with woollens from England, the Netherlands, and France, and is scarcely worth consideration.

The United States of America have made some progress in establishing manufactures of woollens, and hitherto they have been forced to import their fine wool principally from the English market. But should the American manufactures not fall from other causes, it cannot be very easily believed that a nation, so essentially agricultural will continue long without a sufficient production of wool at home to supply their demand.

Thus, to whatever quarter the German flock-master may turn, in search of a vent for a stock which may be thrown on his hands, he finds his hopes thwarted, by the universally increased production of wool, which has latterly kept pace with his own; and unless he is so fortunate, from his local position, as to be enabled to force a market, by a great sacrifice in price, he must be left with his wool on his hands, until the quantity grown is again reduced to a level with the general demand.

This advantage of local position he does certainly appear to have, when the great distance of the colonies from Europe is taken into consideration; but the political condition of this country is so peculiar, that that must exercise a paramount influence over all other interests, and in the present state of international communication over the whole world, distance becomes only a very secondary consideration.

For in England, in the present state of her population and revenue, every other interest must be made to yield to the important object of securing to that population a sufficiency of employment, and she will never cease to give every rational encouragement to her consuming population, whether in the colonies or at home.

Such being the case, having already lost Germany as a market for British woollen manufactures, to a great extent, and anticipating the total loss of it, in the revolution of a few more years, if some unexpected event does not interfere,—it is natural for an Englishman to contemplate with extreme gratification, the rapid advances made by so capable a colony as New South Wales in increasing population and wealth, and above all, the production there of an extensive article of exchange, which may enable the

colonists to give value for the British manufactured produce they consume.

Again, when the rate at which the colonist holds his lands is taken into calculation, it will appear that he must produce his wool at a lower charge than the German flock-master, who puts a value upon his estate at least equal to the quantity of corn which could be grown upon it. It is true, that if the ship-owner is not much overpaid, by charging four shillings per cwt. for the freight of wool from Hamburg to London, then the freight now paid from Sidney to London, of from nine shillings and fourpence to double that sum (according to the demand) for the same freight, is by far too little, and cannot remain at that extreme depression, so soon as there is sufficient wool to create a competition in the demand for freight. But this again is pretty nearly counterbalanced by the duty of one penny per pound, which is exacted on foreign wool, whilst that of the colonies is admitted free: so that in the end, when the question is once mooted, "who can afford the article cheapest?" it will be given in favour of the British colonies, to a dead certainty; and the final result of such a position of the wool trade must be, that the German flock-master will have to depend wholly upon the manufactures of his own country, for the consumption of the ordinary qualities of his wool; and from the absence of that demand, which has hitherto kept up the price above that of any other article of European produce, wool will at length only be a favourite, and as is the case sometimes now, an exclusive object, where the very best qualities can be cultivated to the greatest advantage.

On a statistical view of the different countries of the earth, it will be found that every one, without exception, has some breed of sheep or other, either indigenous to the climate, or naturalized by the inhabitants from some other part. Of these sheep there is an endless variety, each producing a different quality of wool, from the extraordinary fine merino wool grown in Silesia, down to the coarse, harsh and brittle clothing of the sheep in tropical climates. It would be foreign to the object of this article to enter here into an enumeration of the different classes, under which naturalists have ranged them. What would be more immediately apposite to it, any calculation of the quantity of wool produced and likely hereafter to be produced, is totally impracticable, from the absence of data that could give weight to any estimate which might be formed. Still, for the interests of commerce generally, it would be a desideratum of no trifling importance to ascertain the probable balance between the supply and the demand.

In every sphere of political action, the rapid increase of popu

lation has given a power which could not have arisen from any other cause; from that source has Great Britain been enabled to astonish the world by the amount of her revenues, at a period when the great depression of her prices gave fearful warning of reaction on her resources; and in like manner has the same circumstance enabled the supply of wool to be kept down, notwithstanding the double action of a prodigious increase of the quantity of sheep kept, and the substitution of cotton for wool in the clothing of a large portion of the inhabitants of the civilized world. By the following statement of the position in which the various nations of the world stand respecting their supply of this valuable article, some assistance will be rendered in estimating the probable increase in the cultivation of wool. As the quantity is augmented, so must the price recede until it reaches its lowest standard. In different nations, and under different modes of treatment, this minimum will be attained, at an earlier or later period, according to circumstances. Thus, in England, the price of wool for a great part of the beginning of this century averaged above two shillings the pound, and it has since gradually receded down to about sixpence the pound. Now if this country were situated as others are with respect to the motives for rearing sheep, it would be impossible for the flock-master to struggle with the weight of taxes and charges to which he is subjected, at that price for his wool. But his case is altered by the interference of other more important motives for rearing sheep, which do not prevail in any country besides, and which render the wool itself only a secondary consideration. These motives are the imperative necessity which exists of keeping a certain quantity of sheep on an estate proportionate to its extent of arable land, in order to maintain it in that high state of productiveness which will supply the excessive demand for human food, necessary to so densely peopled a country, and the unprecedented demand for sheep to supply the butcher, which is quite peculiar to England.

These two causes afford amply sufficient motives for the British farmer to maintain his flock. Had he no market at all for his wool, he would still keep the same number of sheep; and in evidence of the truth of these observations, he now sacrifices every advantage of quality in the wool to the necessity of exposing the sheep to inclement weather on the fallow land; and to the production of a fine, heavy and fat carcass—both of which are manifestly incompatible with anything like excellence in the quality of the wool. Of course, if these motives did not exist, the sheep would then be kept for their wool, but under so very different a mode of treatment, as to place it on a level with the Merino wool of Germany.

As matters stand at present, it would be desirable that the English farmer should get the best possible price for his wool, to aid in defraying the heavy charges to which his cultivation is subjected; but it must be obvious at the same time, that any artificial support to his price would be highly impolitic, inasmuch as both the quality and quantity of the wool he produces render it imperious on him to submit to that price which will give him the most unlimited scope for a market.

From whatever motive, however, sheep are reared in this country, every circumstance attending their breed and mode of keeping is favourable to a most extensive growth of wool; as exposure to the changes of the atmosphere, and the extreme richness of the food with which they are prepared for the market, both tend directly to increase the weight of covering on the animals. The average weight of a fleece of the German Merino breed is somewhere about two-and-a-half to three pounds; whilst that of a fat Leicester sheep is from eight to nine pounds.

According to a table formed by order of the Lords' Committee of 1828, and published in their Report on the Wool Duty Question, the quantity produced on an average of years in England is 111,160,560 lbs.; the importation was, in 1828, 29,122,447 lbs.; making a total of 140,283,007 lbs. for every year's consumption and exports in the shape of manufactured goods.

The case in Germany, France and Poland, differs in so far from that of England, as they are neither of them accustomed to fatten their sheep for the butcher, nor is mutton the favourite food of the people. Also in the affairs of agriculture, although the shepherd makes the most of his flock for manure, compatible with his ordinary routine of pasturing it, yet nothing is sacrificed for that purpose; no green crops or turnips are cultivated for their food, and in fact every other object in keeping sheep is subordinate to that of producing fine wool. In order to secure the valued properties to their wool, the proprietors of such a flock must be prepared to lose much in quantity. The effort to load the sheep with a heavy fleece has invariably caused a great diminution of the value of the wool; and at the same time the charges of rearing and maintaining a flock of Merinos constitute a very serious addition to the other drawbacks from their profitableness.

In order to form the most valuable flock, a farmer has had in many instances to purchase his rams at from fifty to sixty louis d'or each; and in the earlier period of their introduction to the North of Europe, as much as ten louis d'or each have been paid for breed ewes. Present circumstances have moderated those ruinous prices, but still the most expensive stock upon those farms

is invariably the flock of sheep. In apportioning their food an expensive process is again resorted to; what the sheep pick up during the summer, whilst the shepherd is upon the fallows with them, or upon the mountains, is not sufficient for keeping them in desirable condition; they must have a quantity of dry food each day; and during the winter they are kept for several months in barns, built at great expense for the purpose, where they are packed together so as to create for themselves a highly heated atmosphere. During the whole of this confinement they must be fed on hay and other dry meat, even straw cut up with the corn in the ear; and this extravagance, too, will be repaid, when corn is at a low price, by the fineness of the wool.

From these premises it is evident that the cultivator of fine Merino wool must realize such a price for it as to indemnify him for all this expenditure; and having little or no other use for his sheep, his whole remuneration must come out of the wool.

From those countries above enumerated, the cultivation of this fine wool has almost totally banished the original breed of sheep, and the same process is spreading itself into Italy, Russia, New South Wales, and other parts, with only this exception, that more dependance is placed on the nature of the Merino sheep under a warm climate, where the expensive mode followed in Germany is not required. Still the improved breed is encroaching every where, and, such as the mass of wool will be without the aid of artificial cultivation, it is fair to anticipate a very rapid increase from all these sources, which will find its way to the great markets of Europe, after having filled up that domestic demand the extent of which always depends on the state of the respective populations.

Of course, much of the wool which is now being naturalized in the Crimea and other districts of Russia, will be charged with a very high expense of transit before it can be brought to the markets of England and the Netherlands; but on the other hand, the port of that vast district, Odessa, must have something to return to Europe for the manufactured goods and the colonial produce which are supplied for its consumption, and that of the different branches of trade in the interior. Calculating, therefore, the smallness of the charge of maintaining the flocks, and the necessity the merchants at Odessa will be placed under to find some medium of return to Europe, it may be concluded, notwithstanding the length of land-carriage to the port, and the freight for so long and difficult a voyage from thence to the markets, that such wool will be afforded at extremely low prices.

The wool grown in Spain is the produce of the original stock, from which the whole of the Merino sheep now in existence have

been drawn. Until the Elector of Saxony had received his present of a small Merino flock from the King of Spain, some thirty years since, the only fine wool known was the Spanish wool, which at that time was supplied to England, France and the Netherlands, for their fine cloth manufactures. Unfortunately for the Spanish flock-masters, the captains of Bonaparte's armies which invaded Spain drove several of the finest flocks into France, and many others were killed or dispersed by the various parties who were ravaging that country during the contest for its dominion. So completely were they destroyed, and the original system of keeping the sheep lost, by the convulsions of that period, that the wool has degenerated into a quality not worth more than one-third of the same stock of sheep in Germany.

The following table, taken from the Custom-house returns of imports, will show the effects of this transfer of the Merino breed from Spain to Germany:—

A Table of the Importation of Wool from Spain and Germany at three separate periods, viz.

	1800.	1814.	1827.
Germany	421,350	3,595,146	22,007,198 lbs.
Spain and Portugal	7,794,758	9,234,991	4,349,643

In 1800 the ports of both countries were open to English commerce, as well as at the two latter periods; so that in fact the progressive increase of importation from Germany, and the decrease from Spain, are the best possible tests of the revolution which has taken place, in the relative position of those two countries, in wool cultivation. But high as the name of Spanish wool sounds, even at this moment, from the reflection of the reputation it once enjoyed, the whole of the influence it actually exercises hardly equals that of one of the Austrian provinces. It cannot, however, be doubted that the climate, and the nature of the food, on the vast chains of mountains which intersect Spain, are highly congenial to the production of the very best sort of wool that can be grown upon sheep, without resorting to an artificial, and necessarily expensive mode of cultivation: consequently, when once the energies of that beautiful and rich country are emancipated from the shackles which now bind them, it will not be long before her hills and plains are again covered with flocks of sheep.

Drawing conclusions from the foregoing premises, there can be little doubt that the supply of wool will always be amply sufficient for the most unlimited demand that can be contemplated by the populations of those countries where it forms an ingredient of clothing; but in another point of view, it has a great disadvantage to encounter in the expense of manufacturing, compared

with cotton, as also in the waste which it undergoes in the process of being made into cloth, by scowering and shearing, which may be taken at one half, whilst cotton incurs no waste of importance.

The advantages in favour of the employment of cotton are probably too powerful to be resisted; and if the anticipated increase in the supply of wool takes place without any new field being opened for additional consumption, there must be so decided an over production as to ruin all sheep farms, from whence the wool is rendered to the markets of consumption at the dearest producing price.

Reverting, therefore, to the prospects of the German wool-trade, it would appear that much of its future prosperity must depend upon the increase of domestic demand. Except France and England, Germany is certainly the country where the cost of producing wool is the highest of any from whence competition is to be feared. This refers, however, only to those qualities which can be grown every where; the very finest descriptions are not within the reach of all classes of cultivators, nor is it an easy task to rear and preserve flocks in that high condition which distinguishes the best German ones; consequently so long as luxury continues to prompt consumers to pay for this expensively cultivated wool, Germany will maintain her intercourse with foreign states in that particular branch, and long after her inferior wools have been superseded by more favourably situated rivals.

ART. IX.—*La Musique mise à la portée de tout le monde; Exposé succinct de tout ce qui est nécessaire pour juger de cet art, et pour en parler sans l'avoir étudié.* Par M. Fétis, Directeur de la Revue Musicale. 8vo. Paris. 1830.

SCARCELY has sufficient time elapsed to allay the ferment of indignation raised in our musical public, by the letters on the state of Music in London, which were printed in the *Revue Musicale* during the Editor's visit to this country last year, before M. Fétis presents the world with a book. The contents of this volume might, probably, have formed the *materiel* of the course of lectures which the author was to have delivered here, had he been so fortunate as to raise a class; the information will not be less acceptable, because it comes in a cheaper form, though from the novelty of the views, and the ingenious manner in which the various topics are discussed, its acquirement could scarcely have been deemed dear at the original terms proposed. What a fine opportunity might we now seize for retaliating upon M. Fétis, in the diligent and wilful misconstruction of his words to gratify the spleen of our countrymen, and to imitate him in sacrificing truth

and justice to national partiality and private animosity! It is precisely because we would avoid the errors committed by our author, that we here allude to a subject which is foreign to the consideration of the merits or defects of his book; that the name of Fétis is connected with misrepresentations which have raised the mingled scorn and laughter of our professors, is a sufficient apology for our deviation, as we would not visit upon the present unoffending offspring of his brain, the sins of the author of the Letters. M. Fétis has the honour of filling a professor's chair in the Conservatoire of Paris, and is a man of considerable ability, both as a musician and writer upon the art; the fact is no less certain, that on many points in his observations on music in London, he committed himself grossly; this he now knows as well as we do, but he is not in a situation to make admissions of error with grace. We must take upon us to relieve him from this embarrassment, and it is a task for which the *Foreign Quarterly Review* is peculiarly fitted; since little of our periodical musical literature crosses the Channel, and it is only in these publications that a satisfactory refutation of many charges involving the musical honour of England is to be found. Thus it is not to be wondered at, that the opinion injurious to Purcell's fame, which accompanied the French editor's mention of the *Te Deum*, performed at St. Paul's on the last Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy, should find ready credence upon the continent, where infinite prejudice against the music of this country exists, arising from the reports of foreign singers who have been pampered by our foolish crowd of fashionables, and from the undisputed prevalence of bad taste in the community at large. The illiberal, and indeed untrue, representation of Dr. Crotch, as a musician only known by an obscure book upon Harmony, (without mentioning the Oratorio of *Palestine* or any other of his excellent compositions,) and the assertion that we possess no musician* but a certain M. Jousse (a Frenchman) who understands counterpoint, or the other parts of the art of composition, contained in the same letters, are, also, both of a kind to fill the greedy ear of a low national jealousy, which plumes itself upon the implied superiority of its own professors and productions. In England we have sufficient to redeem our musical character when the whole truth is told, but we have not yet arrived at that excess of virtue which sits patiently under calumny. From among a crowd of minor details, we have selected these three instances of

* The defence of this conclusion offered by M. Fétis is a specimen of curious reasoning. He says that we have no English work on Counterpoint worthy the name. Granted—but what is this to the purpose? The proof of the knowledge of counterpoint is best found in compositions, not in the perusal of a book.

remarks so utterly destitute of truth, that the author has never yet attempted the shadow of an argument to defend them. Indeed the whole controversy between the *Harmonicon* and the *Revue Musicale* has been managed upon the part of the French editor with an adroitness which, in spite of the injustice, has something ludicrous in it. The one exclaims—"You have libelled our musicians." The other retorts, "Be content with the superiority of your navy, and your high political station,—leave excellence in music to others." M. Fétis has avoided printing the charges of his adversaries, as that would have driven him to the necessity of a logical reply; he has contented himself with selecting such passages from them as, after dressing them in his own words, afforded him a show of triumph before his continental readers; indeed the greatest part of the defence he has offered at various periods of the *Revue Musicale* has consisted in a modification of his previously delivered opinions, leaving the matter in debate as much at issue as ever. By an admirable piece of *finesse*, he turns the effect of his excessive misrepresentation to account, and while he complains of the fierceness of the diatribes with which he has been assailed, finds in them so many indirect proofs of the ungrateful truths he has uttered. He at length aspires to the character of a martyr to his integrity, ranking himself with M. Champollion the younger, and M. Arago, the former of whom for claiming a privy of discoveries in hieroglyphics, and the latter for his demonstration that the idea of the steam engine originated with a Frenchman, have been both attacked with equal virulence by the English journals. So easy is it for a writer, careless as to the loss of character which a breach of truth involves, and whose polemical lucubrations are expressly intended to flatter the prejudices of a party which reads nothing on the other side, to "make the worse appear the better cause." But a truce with gravity; we have admired the evasiveness of our Parisian Contrapuntist, who slips from the grasp of his antagonists with the lubricity of a literary eel, or the dextrous jerk of newly hooked carp from the hands of a school-boy, but we have not yet appreciated his powers of humour. Next to the fun of recommending us to be satisfied with our naval superiority, we cannot help being hugely tickled with the testimony of MM. Kandler and De Kiesewetter, gentlemen of Vienna, adduced by M. Fétis in his number of the 8th of January.

"We have admired the sagacity and acuteness of the opinions which you have expressed on the present state of music in England, although we cannot conceal from you that there will be a great deal of opposition to them there. Be that, however, as it may, if your predecessors had written in this manner on the countries they have examined, their works would have been of much greater interest to the literary world."

The residence of MM. Kandler and De Kiesewetter upon the banks of the Danube, it is manifest, must afford them great advantages in judging of the value of our author's details upon the present state of music in England; and the concluding sentence looks like a satire, so difficult is it to tell whether the absurdity of the compliment on the one part, or the simplicity which receives it on the other, is the greater. At least half the credit which M. Fétis has obtained for perspicuity, is owing to the habit of confident assertion which peculiarly distinguishes his writings; no doubt or demur, on the author's part, invites the reader to examine what he has advanced; the air of thorough conviction on one side produces a corresponding implicit belief on the other. By this practice a man eventually learns to deceive himself, as certainly as he imposes upon others. Long might our author have delivered opinions *ex cathedrâ* to the admiring continent, and long might the oracular tone of his decisions have made them pass current for truth, even in England, had he not in the late controversy revealed such inability to perceive logical consequences, and such haste in rushing to general conclusions from imperfect views of things, that his assertions must, for the future, provoke due inquiry on the part of every rational individual who feels an interest in musical discussion. The truth of our former charge against M. Fétis, we think we have already substantiated; of the latter there is a fine example in the *Revue Musicale* of the 8th of January. Our author there flatters himself that, in attributing the present deplorable condition of the art of composition in England, compared with what it was formerly, to the want of public schools, he has discovered the true cause of its decay. Having mentioned the schools of music established by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth in one of his letters, M. Fétis is astonished to find that the Editor of the *Harmonicon* denies that such institutions have ever existed in England, and he thus triumphantly settles the question by the production of his evidence. "It is scarcely excusable in English writers upon music to be unaware that there exists in the British Museum, No. 2035, an original document of the reign of Elizabeth, confirming the establishment of a school of this kind, entitled, *An original warrant of Queen Elizabeth to Thomas Gyles, master of the cathedral church of St. Paul, London, empowering him to take up such apt and mete children as are most fitt to be instructed and framed in the art and science of musick and singing, as may be had and found out within any place of this our realm of England, dated the 26th of April, in the 27th year of our reign.* No. 4847 presents a document of the same kind and date for the establishment of a music school at

Windsor. It may appear strange that the editors of the English journal should deny a circumstance which seems in their favour, but I had said that the deplorable state of music in England was consequent upon the want of an institution, and that the English were better musicians when they had *public schools* of music; to attack me on the first point, they have thought fit to deny the second, notwithstanding the evidence. This is the way in which the English dispute." This answer appears very satisfactory, and creates, no doubt, the most lively admiration in MM. Kandler and De Kiesewetter, who sit looking at one another and wondering, on the banks of the Danube, at the extraordinary sagacity of the French critic. But it happens unfortunately that these schools, which are still in existence, are not "public schools of music;" they were established for the instruction of a certain number, scarcely a dozen, of choir boys, to enable them to perform the cathedral service decently, and for nothing more. Thus M. Fétis is as much in error as to the nature of the original institution of these schools, as he is in supposing that they no longer exist; it follows also that our decline in the art of composition cannot be traced to the want of these schools. To show the causes which have operated upon the decline or advancement of the art in a country is undoubtedly a nice part of the business of the musical historian, a subject demanding not only the most patient investigation of the comparative merits of music itself at various epochs, but an acquaintance with the political situation and the physical and moral constitution of its inhabitants; such a task is (of all people in the world) ill confided to a man who is anxious to make facts accommodate themselves to a preconceived theory. This has been the stumbling block of M. Fétis; and it is some consolation to think that as he abandoned philosophy to gratify his irritability on the subject of English music, he has not less abandoned logic in the defence of his assertions. If it be admitted that composition does not flourish in England as in the time of our celebrated church composers, the decay is the consequence—not of our deficiency of public schools—but of our want of encouragement; we have, perhaps, as much inert power lying by at this time as at any period of our history, unless we except that at which Purcell flourished. In spite of the dearth of musical education among us, which has advanced in proportion with the advance of every necessary and luxury of life in England, science is still procured and talent exists; but it is not given to our musicians to make an exhibition of that talent in any elaborate and original work, but at a pecuniary sacrifice. No wonder then if some of our best professors, having shown repeatedly what they *can* do, should now comparatively write little. So long as music, and its professors, depend upon

the world of fashion for support and patronage, so long as the rich and idle people who move in that circle, use the art merely as a trivial recreation or a means of gratifying their vanity, there is no chance for a composer in a contest with the new performers, who, in a perpetual stream, gratify the appetite for novelty, and fill up the void in the interest of our modish audiences. A due supply of Sontags and Donzellis, at proper periods of the season, would, we believe, keep the Italian Opera with full boxes and pit, were Rossini's operas to be the only ones interchanged there for ten years to come. Public schools of music will not cure the listlessness of fashion, nor change the vacant indifference of our white-gloved and silk-waistcoated beaus to enthusiasm and feeling; but put the bulk of the population in easy circumstances, and give them the advantage of such institutions, and the effect on the taste for composition will soon be visible. Cobbett would tell us—"It is in vain that you attempt to compose, while you are under the influence of the d——d dead weight," and he would be right; in this country it is not sufficient that a man gain fame, his speculations may be lofty or profound, his thoughts may "wander through eternity," yet, at the same time, if his coat and pantaloons are not cut by a German tailor, he is not respected. The accursed trading system carried on in the music of England, the coalitions of shopkeepers and professors for dishonest ends, the puffing, the illiberality, and the deceit resorted to by the crowd who are jostling in the contest for a share in the profits of a musical season here, these are what we would fain exchange for a little honest love of Mozart and Haydn. We are overstocked with people who live by music and call themselves professors, who are rather footmen than masters of the science, to whom the body of our real amateurs is by no means commensurate; such a state of things is unfavourable to the success of meritorious composition, obviously because whenever a number of people thrive by their pretension, it becomes their cue to unite in crushing talent superior to their own, whenever it appears. If England were but once again a cheap country to live in, we should see more frequently the results of the industry, the patience and taste of her inhabitants. A reasonable leisure must *first* be put in the power of that people, and it would be then easy to make the diffusion of musical knowledge more than keep pace with the success of mechanic institutes.

From the letters of M. Fétis it is apparent that he is unacquainted with the principal productions of our living composers, some of which, in church music, would do honour to any age; he has also gratuitously assumed from the want of patronage in this country, the want of ability to produce. With the causes of

that perversity of judgment in a man who thinks ingeniously enough at other times, which characterises the letters on the present state of music in London, we have nothing to do. Two motives have induced us to proceed thus far on the subject—the one, that we might enter into the consideration of the volume before us with no concealed grudge to warp our opinions; the other, that we might state, in opposition to the contemptuous idea of Purcell, which M. Fétis has laboured to raise, that Handel was mainly indebted to him, among other of our cathedral composers, for that solemnity, pathos, and grand simplicity of style which prevail in his Oratorios and the church compositions which he produced in this country; we will not attempt to support this opinion by idle declamation, but by our advice to the candid inquirer to compare the cathedral music of Boyce and the anthems of Purcell with the works of Handel we have mentioned. The verse in the Dettingen Te Deum, “Make them to be numbered with thy saints,” is an example of construction purely on the Purcellian model, which we give merely as a solitary instance occurring as we write.

We quit this subject with pleasure to enter upon one far less mixed with passion and prejudice, and infinitely more creditable to the talents and experience of M. Fétis. *La Musique mise à la portée de tout le monde*, though at the first glance it may appear merely auxiliary to that superficial criticism which is but too abundant in the discussions of dinner parties and drawing-room coteries, is calculated to serve a much higher purpose, to convey real information and expedite improvement. When our author talks of enabling his readers to speak upon the art without having studied it, we must rightly apprehend him. To offer a volume as a royal route to certainty of judgment on musical composition,—which shall place this ability in the power of every one, in defiance not only of study but of musical sentiment, and even of ear, is the proposal of charlatanism. But M. Fétis must not be thus understood; by study he means only that serious and formal application to the rules of science which is essential to the professor; he therefore, merely devotes his labours to the assistance of the bulk of the musical public, namely Dilettanti, those who, without any pretension to the character of students, have by the practice of an instrument, attendance at concerts, and comparison of performers, imbibed insensibly considerable knowledge; while at the same time, persons wholly uninformed in music may read with amusement and instruction. Musical improvement in our day is so little advanced by the aid of competent writers on the art,—it depends so much upon diligent practice, the advantages of personal intercourse, and the quickness of observation in an

individual, without any of those helps which may be found in reflection on the embodied experience of others, that the formation of true taste is necessarily slow, painfully arrived at perhaps after pursuing a hundred wrong tracks. Such errors in judgment a single essay—a single remark—might frequently prevent. Besides the order and synthetical arrangement of his writings, M. Pétis possesses a happy manner of putting forth his observations, and while he amuses his reader, suggests reflections both pleasant and profitable. In noticing the various and idle speculations that have been published with respect to the origin of music, he thus shows us what may be justly termed the antipodes of style.

“Music in its origin is composed merely of cries of joy or expressions of grief and pain; in proportion as men become civilized, their singing advances to perfection, and that which was at first an accent of passion only becomes at length the result of art. There is, doubtless, a vast distance between the ill-articulated sounds which issue from the throat of a woman of Nova Zembla, and the *fioritures* of Mesdames Malibran and Sontag; but it is no less certain that the melodious singing of the latter has the croaking of the former for its first rudiment.”

True perfection in singing will, we imagine, be found somewhere *between* the artless grunt of the Nova Zemblan heroine and the ultra-refinement of these celebrated ladies. It will not be necessary to detain the reader long over the opening chapters of this volume, which is an attempt to initiate the uninstructed in the principles of music, conveying, in a series of didactic essays, the rationale of the various signs employed in the practical part of the art, explaining the effects of notation, clefs, transposition, &c. A double advantage is gained from this plan of our author, which, we must say, he has ingeniously executed as well as happily conceived; first, the *idea* of the process of musical execution is conveyed to those who have never possessed themselves of it by experiment; and, secondly, the memory of the amateur is refreshed by certain useful truths, the value of which his experience enables him to appreciate at once, and which will be positively new to him, if his habits be not those of reflection. The increase of enjoyment derived from music by the cultivation of mind and ear, will be best understood by showing the impression of the sounds of a band upon an audience totally uneducated in the art. About twenty years back it is asserted that a portion of the audiences at the French theatres imagined that the orchestra played in unison with the singers. Such a state of ear appears almost as difficult to conceive as the perfection of the faculties in Mozart, who, it is said, could detect the most minute wrong note in a crowded orchestra. With regard to the variable state of pitch, not only in different countries, but even in the same city,

our author has some remarks which we cannot pass over, for the sake of the advice over which singers will do well to ponder.

“Formerly each theatre in Paris had its peculiar diapason. (A given key-note, from which the whole band tune their instruments—equivalent to our term concert-pitch.) Too low a diapason injures the brilliancy of the tone, because the strings of the instruments have not sufficient tension; too high a diapason fatigues the voice. The accuracy of the pitch is not sufficiently preserved. The pianos which one meets with in the French provinces are for the most part tuned too low. Singers in accompanying themselves with these pianos accustom the voice to a sort of *laziness* which they *cannot overcome* when they have to sing at the real pitch.”

In five instances out of six we should think the same is the case in England, and from this neglect of the tuner proceeds at times the almost inevitable necessity of singing flat. M. Fétis does not occupy himself in defining a subject so well understood as melody, but he shows clearly that this part of music, however free from shackles it may appear, is compelled to submit to two conditions—symmetry of rhythm and symmetry of number in the phrases; to these laws every one who has composed a regular melody has, though perhaps *unwittingly*, paid obedience. Herein we may perceive an instance of the regular deduction of musical rules, from feeling and nature; “deprived of rhythm,” says our author, “music is vague, and cannot be prolonged without creating *ennui*; though sometimes such melodies are employed to express certain melancholy reveries, calms of passion, and the like.” In the air *Voi che sapete* of Mozart’s Figaro, will be found a complete illustration of the conditions essential to melody; but when we remark the equal number of bars which each phrase contains, we must not imagine that the musician makes this computation in composing, he conforms to the “*carrure des phrases*,” as the poet does to the measure of his verse—naturally and without thinking of it. On the subject of wild mountain airs, like those of Switzerland, which have of late been so fashionable, we agree perfectly with M. Fétis, “the irregularity which at first pleases in them, ends by appearing monotonous and affected.” Three species of melodies are thus distinguished by our author;

“those which, deprived of all foreign ornament, even of accompaniment, are in themselves seductive; others, which, though purely melodious, require the assistance of some sort of harmony to produce their effect; and, lastly, those of which the origin resides in the harmony that accompanies them.”

The truth as well as the acuteness of the following remarks are equally indisputable:—

“However melody may be in appearance that which every body can

easily appreciate, it is nevertheless one of the parts of music upon which the most erroneous opinions are formed. There are few of the frequenters of our lyrical theatres but think themselves qualified to pronounce upon the novelty of an air; yet, besides their want of musical erudition for such a purpose, how often are they not the dupes of the singer's ornaments, which give a new appearance to superannuated things? How many old-fashioned thoughts are clothed anew by means of different forms of accompaniment, new instrumentation, changes of movement, of mode, or key! And while real analogies between an old melody and that which is thought new are not perceived, how many times does it happen that imaginary resemblances are discovered from a similarity of rhythm being remarked between two melodies, of which the characters, the forms, and the inspiration have nothing analogous. Errors of this kind are innumerable, yet each remains not the less convinced of the infallibility of his opinion, and is ever ready to fall into the same mistakes with the same assurance."

To pronounce whether an air is pleasing, or unmeaning and disagreeable to themselves, without deciding on its merits, is as much as the generality of hearers can venture to do, except perhaps in dramatic expression, which is that portion of melody where an ear but little practised may judge correctly by instinct.

Harmony, M. Fétis defines to be the general system of concords and the laws of their succession.* "Concords are the combination of several sounds, of which the union, heard simultaneously, is more or less agreeable to the ear." As this chapter, however, presents nothing more than a recapitulation of the ordinary rules of thorough-bass, we shall proceed to that on counterpoint and fugue, which contains much that is worthy of observation.

"In poetry, as in some of the arts of design, the composition presents itself to the imagination of the poet or the artist under the form of a simple idea, which is expressed as it is conceived, that is to say, without complication of elements. This is not the case in music. In this art all is complex; the composer has not only to imagine agreeable melodies, to find the true expression of the different sentiments which move us, to make beautiful combinations of harmony and effects of instrumentation, and to dispose voices in an advantageous manner: this is indeed much, but there remains more for him to do. In a quartett, a chorus, an overture, or a symphony, each instrument has its own particular progression, and from the movement of the whole results the *ensemble* of the music. After this, let it be imagined what complexity embarrasses that operation of the mind, termed composition, and what study is necessary to vanquish the obstacles of so difficult an art."

* The only remains of the music of the Greeks that have descended to us are the air of an Ode of Pindar, that of a Hymn to Nemesis, and some other fragments, in which are no traces of harmonic combinations. The shape of the ancient lyre, too, strongly favours the idea that the Greeks were unacquainted with harmony.

That music, during the ages in which poetry, painting and philosophy had made the most brilliant discoveries, remained in its infancy, and, compared with the productions of rival arts, consisted of nothing but a mere arrangement of sounds, and scholastic subtilties, is thus accounted for. The old masters were occupied in discovering the *materiel* of their art, yet they were, in spite of the dryness of their style, men of genius, exhibiting admirable address in the management of difficulties, and reducing that chaos of varied forms, which sounds in their endless combinations present, to something like system. The term counterpoint has now only a traditional signification; it is derived from a practice of the middle ages, when music was written with points, of which the respective distance of many voices was termed *punctum contra punctum*—contracted into counterpoint. It is now the art of combining notes with notes according to certain laws.

"Simple counterpoint," says M. Fétis, "is the basis of all composition; no one can write a few bars elegantly without employing it; even he does so who speaks of it with the utmost contempt, as M. Jourdain wrote prose without knowing it. With double counterpoint it is different. A dramatic composer may write many operas without it, but in instrumental and church music this species of counterpoint is of constant application. In simple counterpoint, the composer is only engrossed with the immediate effect of his harmony; but in double counterpoint it is necessary to know what the harmony will become when inverted, that is to say, when the upper part becomes the lower, and *vice versa*, so that the operation of his mind is in fact double."

Double counterpoint consists generally of an inversion at the octave, the tenth or the twelfth, but the first sort is the most common, and is the most satisfactory to the ear; its uses in the quartett, symphony, oratorio and mass, as Haydn, Mozart, Handel and others have exemplified it, is to develop a subject, and to reproduce a phrase under its various forms. The fugue, which is a periodical imitation between parts according to given rules, our author well describes, as in the hands of a man of genius like Sebastian Bach, Handel, or Cherubini, "the most majestic, harmonious, and energetic, of all musical forms." In dramatic composition fugues cannot be well used, because in the development of the subjects they would destroy the interest of the scene; yet in some, the spirit of the subject is so wholly dramatic, that, in certain situations, nothing prevents their success on the stage but the imperfect education of chorus singers in theatrical business. Our author commences his chapter on the employment of voices, by showing what effects they produce in masses, and he adduces the testimony of Haydn, who asserted that

the finest things he had ever heard in music did not approach the effect of the uniting of the voices of the London charity children, at their anniversary meeting in St. Paul's Cathedral. The unison of a chorus, that is, the utterance of the same note by a large body of performers, makes the strongest appeal to the feelings that is to be found in the resources of the art; and it was a multitudinous shout, thus concentrated, that powerfully affected Haydn. In the chorusses of modern music, the species of voice generally employed consist of the soprano, the contr'alto or counter-tenor, the tenor and the bass, and when these are well written in four real parts, they are found to be capable of more energy, exactitude and harmony, than even the elaborate compositions for many voices that appeared about the sixteenth century in Italy. Formerly, the contr'alto part was usually sung in Italy by *castrati*, whose tones had a certain penetrating quality which nothing could equal. In France, Languedoc—particularly in the environs of Toulouse—has been remarkable for the production of counter-tenor voices, which, singular as the fact may appear, are scarcely found elsewhere. Artificial voices, generally the *false alto* of bass singers, supply this part in the choral music of England, (so rare is the real counter-tenor voice,) and from this circumstance, we find that the contr'alto of chorusses is generally that department which is the weakest, the most inefficient, and the most out of tune. To supply the contr'alto parts by means of women's voices, is an experiment which does not succeed well, because *timbre* is deficient in the lower notes, and for tenors the music is generally too high; to avoid these difficulties, many composers have written four part chorusses, for two sopranos, tenor and bass. This distribution appears to us calculated to produce the most effective results. The following observations on the subject are both new and judicious.

“ There is one point to which the composers of Italy direct their most earnest attention, namely, the degree of elevation in which they keep the voice, that the singer may not be fatigued. Every species of voice in their music overruns an extent at least equal to that found in French compositions, but passages of great extension, whether up or down the scale, appear only at certain distances, and the voice is usually preserved in its middle region, while in French scenes, pieces are found which, without being of great extent, fatigue the singer greatly, because they dwell much upon unfavourable notes. The works of Grétry show many examples of this defect. A *cantatrice* will get up to the highest notes of her voice like C or D without difficulty, to whom it will be very painful to sing long upon E F G. It is the same with tenors, which partake of two very distinct sorts of tones, that is to say, those of the chest and those of the head, sometimes called the *false alto*. To cover as much as possible the passage of the tones from the chest, to those of the

falsetto, demands much art in the singer; in most tenor voices the alteration takes place between F and G, and it may be easily imagined that if a composer makes an air dwell long on these tones, he causes much more painful effort to the singer, than in obliging him to rise to the extreme high notes of his *falsetto*, and totally prevents the development of his powers. Accidents often happen to singers, of which they are much less blamable as the cause, than the composer who exposed them to the risk."

A good reflection introduces the observations upon instruments. "Sound, as every one knows, is only air put in motion and modified in different ways; but what variety is there in the modifications of a principle so simple! What a difference between the nature of the tone in a bell and that of wind, keyed, or bow instruments, &c. &c., and again in each of these grand divisions, what delicate relations in the quality of sounds." When we think what new discoveries are daily produced in the fabrication of instruments, each of which brings forth some strange and unheard species of tone, the resources of music justly appear to us as infinite as the endless variety of form. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the violin is found indicated in Italian scores thus: *piccoli violini alla francese*, which renders it probable that the reduction of the ancient viola to the present dimensions of the violin took place in France. This instrument is tuned by fifths, and the superiority of its tone soon brought it into general preference and use. The viola, reduced to four strings, and tuned a fifth lower than the violin, is the only one of its ancient family, that the moderns have preserved; in the orchestra it plays the contr' alto part. The bass viola, a difficult instrument to play, has now long been supplanted by the violoncello, of which the tone is more energetic and fitted for orchestral effect. The double bass, at the present day the foundation of the orchestra, was constructed in Italy about the beginning of the eighteenth century; it is furnished with three thick strings, which give the octave below the notes of the violoncello. In France this instrument is tuned by fifths, which renders the execution extremely laborious; in Italy, in Germany, and England, it is tuned by fourths. The German flute, which, like wind instruments in general, was defective in many notes, has had its imperfections corrected by keys, which have given the power of executing many passages, which were impossible upon the ancient flute. While, however, its scale has been extended, and this facility gained, the multiplicity of keys is embarrassing to the performer, as well as injurious to the tone of the instrument. Naturally the flute is in the key of D, but it is susceptible of being played in any other; for particularly piercing effects composers sometimes

use an octave flute, or *piccolo*, for instance in imitation of the wind in a tempest. When the oboe is well played, the quality of tone is marvellously expressive and more various than the flute; although but of small proportions it has much power, and will surmount the most formidable orchestra. It is, however, rare to meet with a really good tone, and fine execution upon the oboe. An instrument to which the improper name of the English horn (*corno Inglese*) has been given, forms the contr' alto of the oboe, and on account of the length of its tube it extends a fifth lower. The tone is wailing and plaintive, and fitted for slow movements. Mozart has employed them in the requiem. The bassoon, which belongs to the oboe species and forms its bass, was invented by one Afranio, a canon of Pavia in 1539. Its compass is about three octaves and a half, from the B flat under the bass cleff upwards; the principal defects of it, which are more or less apparent according to the skill of the performer, are in its lower part, where the sounds are too flat compared with the upper notes. The bassoon is perhaps the most effective wind instrument of the orchestra, and fills various offices in the harmony, sometimes tenor, sometimes bass. In Germany a larger species of this instrument, called the double bassoon, (*contra fagotto*), is sometimes used, which gives the octave below, but in addition to its articulating sounds very slowly, it is extremely difficult to play, and requires a robust constitution. The clarionet is much more modern than the oboe or bassoon, and was invented by one Denner, an instrument maker of Nuremberg, in 1690. Such are the difficulties of execution upon the clarionet, that three different sorts are employed in the orchestra to facilitate the performance in various keys; one in A serves for those in which there are many sharps, another in B flat, in like manner, where flats abound, —while composers sometimes write for another sort, in C. Military bands present many varieties of this instrument, as well as of others, which, though interesting, it would lead us wide of our intention to notice here. In its voluminous tones, at once round and soft, the clarionet is unlike any other instrument, particularly in its lower part, which is in France termed *le chalumeau*: in Weber's opera *Der Freischütz* are to be found some striking effects from an unusual employment of these low notes. The *corno di bassetto*, of which the tone is exquisite as an *obligato* accompaniment to the voice in a solo, is the contr'alto of the clarionet, and extends a fifth deeper;—a model for the use of this instrument may be found in the *Clemenza di Tito* of Mozart.

The remaining orchestral instruments which we have to notice, are those with an open *embouchure*, horns, trumpets, and trombones. It is in the nature of the first to give but a few sounds

pure, free, and open; others are obtained by placing the hand in the bell; but as these artificial tones are sometimes the most frequently wanted, crooks have been invented, which, in lengthening the tube, put the horn in a different key; still, notwithstanding the ingenuity of this method, composers in particular modulations, which do not afford time to change the crooks, are obliged to suppress their horn parts. This instrument is precious for the variety of its effects, and its equal capacity for the expression of tenderness or violent passion:—the art of combining horns is a modern resource in instrumentation, which has been well developed by Weber among others of the German school. The trumpet is the soprano of the horn, to which it sounds the octave above. It is less extensive, having none of the artificial sounds, which in the latter are produced by the hand, and its quality is more silvery, clear, and penetrating. Additional tubes or crooks, as they are called, modify the intonation of the trumpet as they do of the horn; though the shape of the former has undergone various alterations, the ancient model is the one now generally adopted. Trombones are of three sorts, alto, tenor, and bass, and are capable, by means of a slide which shortens or lengthens the tube, of giving all their notes in open sounds. In brass instruments great practice is necessary to acquire what is called the tonguing; and in the proper application of the lips to the mouth-piece, natural qualifications as well as labour are requisite to acquire a mastery; for in some persons the conformation of the lips is an invincible impediment to good performance. The pianofortes of London manufacture have incontestably a finer and fuller tone than those of Paris or Vienna; but the touch is comparatively deep and heavy, and does not facilitate the execution of difficulties. M. Fétis well characterizes the organ as “one of the finest inventions of human intellect.” One passage on this subject is so very striking, that we cannot refrain from giving place to it.

“In the organ there is found a sort of stop, of which the idea is singular, and the effect a mystery. This stop, generally known by the name of the mutation stop, (in England the *sesquialtra*, *cornet*, or *mixture*,) is divided into the *furniture mixture* and *cymbals*. Each of these stops is composed of four, five, six, or even ten pipes to a note. These pipes, which are of small dimensions and of an acute tone, are tuned to the third, fifth, or fourth, octave, &c. so that each note produces the perfect common chord many times redoubled; from which it happens that the organist cannot play several notes in succession, without producing a like succession of major thirds, fifths, and octaves. But this is not all—if the performer plays chords, each of the notes which he employs gives as many perfect common chords doubled or trebled, making it appear that a frightful cacophony must be the result; but, by a spe-

cies of magic, when these stops are combined with diapason pipes, &c. of two, four, eight, sixteen, or thirty-two feet in length, there is produced an *ensemble* the most majestic and astonishing that can be conceived, and of which no other combination of sounds or instruments can convey an idea."

In another place, M. Fétis talks of the *great effect* of uniting all the reed stops *alone*, a practice of which the very idea is sufficient to raise a vehement fit of laughter in an English organist, and places it beyond suspicion, that our author is himself a performer. The art of instrumentation is well described as that of disposing instruments most usefully, "so as to produce the best possible effect in a composition." When the composer is occupied in making a score, it is with a presentiment of the effects to be produced by a partial or total combination of his instruments; and unless experience is his guide here, he can produce nothing good but by accident, or, at least, by successful experiment. A musician worthy of the name, has the power, whenever he imagines a composition, of hearing at once the effect of an orchestra, as if that orchestra were really playing,—an exertion of the intellectual faculty, which is not one of the least wonders of music; moreover, to be good, the conception of a piece in all its parts must be simultaneous. Thus it was ever with the ideas of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. It is highly useful to a composer to know the exact powers of an instrument, that he may write no passages of insurmountable difficulty; care in this respect will turn to the profitable execution of his music. The perusal of scores will suffice to acquire much of this species of knowledge, but it is more advantageously to be obtained, in our opinion, by personal intercourse with the celebrated professors. Mozart obtained his admirable skill in the management of wind instruments by this means.

In an overture or other grand piece of dramatic composition, the system of wind instruments is thus composed:—two flutes, two oboes, two clarionets, two or four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, and two bassoons, most frequently with the addition of two drums. The violins and violas are generally written in two parts; the stringed instruments are played by an indeterminate number of performers, with a due attention only to the proportion of each. Mozart, Haydn, and other great composers, always varied their system of instrumentation, not (as at present the practice) employing *all their force upon all occasions* to produce effect, whatever might be the character of their pieces. Sometimes they used oboes and horns only, at other times clarionets and flutes as their wind instruments, and not unfrequently a single flute, oboe, bassoon, and horn; a most felicitous contrast

of effects resulted from this variety. Monotony, as well as the abuse of the public ear, in making noise, an almost necessary evil, is the result of the modern system of instrumentation. Rossini and Weber, among the dramatic composers of the day, have set the example of undue profusion in the use of instruments. It is a great talent to know how and when to avail ourselves of the discoveries of our age in these respects.

"In the art of singing," says M. Fétis, "there are so many things to be examined, that without having made a particular study of it, and having learned by reflection and experience in what it consists, there is much difficulty in pronouncing a singer good or bad at the first hearing." Amateurs certainly betray great eagerness to decide, and trust too much to the first impressions of a new performer; their erroneous judgments generally arise from confounding an indifferent execution, with the want of education or natural disposition, without making sufficient allowance for the circumstances which may influence a failure. The exhibition of refinement or vulgarity of taste leads to the justest conclusion on the talent of a new performer, while purity of intonation and a good quality of tone, though wanting at first, cannot promptly be adjudged absolutely deficient in the singer. An intelligent critic will discern what is unfavourable to the effect of a singer's talent, and distinguish accurately between the bad and the good. To sing, a beautiful voice is not alone sufficient, and although the want of this gift of nature cannot be compensated by the utmost skill, yet a singer who knows how to manage his resources well, and takes his notes with firmness and certainty, frequently accomplishes more with an indifferent voice than one, who, with a fine organ, is ignorant. "*Poser la voix*," says M. Fétis, "is so to regulate the movements of respiration with the emission of the tone, as to develop the power which belongs to the organ and to the conformation of the chest, without suffering the tone to degenerate into a *cry*." Hear this, Miss Paton, Donzelli, and Mr. Braham! The practice of fashionable singing masters in superficially forming a pupil, by tracing a few embellishments and passages to a certain air or duet, and then dismissing him as finished, is forcibly contrasted with the severity of the discipline adopted by the old composers of Italy.

"Porpora having conceived a friendship for a young *castrato* his pupil, asked him if he had courage to pursue indefatigably a course which he would point out, however tiresome it might appear. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, he noted upon a page of ruled paper the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending, with leaps of a third, fourth, &c. to acquire the intervals promptly—with shakes, turns, *appogiature*, and various passages of vocalization. This

leaf employed master and pupil for a year—the following year was bestowed upon it—the third, there was no talk of changing it—the pupil began to murmur, but was reminded of his promise. A fourth year elapsed, then a fifth, and every day came the eternal leaf. At the sixth it was not done with, but lessons of articulation, pronunciation, and declamation were added to the practice; at the end of this year, however, the scholar, who still imagined that he was but at the elements, was much surprised when his master exclaimed, ‘Go, my son, thou hast nothing more to learn; thou art the first singer of Italy, and of the world.’ He said true—this singer was Caffarelli.”

Crescentini, who terminated his career at Paris, was the last of the fine Italian school which produced Sénésino, Farinelli, and others. The female voice is at its best from the age of eighteen to thirty,—there is less to apprehend from its change than that of men; at the approach of nubility, a certain thinness of tone is to be remarked, which lasts for two or three years, after which the voice is generally better than before. One of the most useful vocal practices for ladies consists in the advancement and controul of the power of respiration, which is weaker with them than in men, as nothing is more injurious to the meaning of a musical phrase than taking breath *mal à propos*. Embellishments are essential to good singing, the abuse of them must, however, be shunned; they must ever be introduced with taste, executed with delicacy, and kept in strict subservience to the character of the air. Our author truly remarks, that

“the merit of the principal part of the singers of the present school is nearly confined to that of executing ornamental flourishes with rapidity. Formerly the composer wrote his air simply, and left it to the sagacity of the singers to choose their *fleuritures*, a practice which contributed to the variety of the music, since every performer being impelled differently, chose his passages as the moment inspired him, so that the same piece was continually presented under a new aspect.”

Rossini is the first composer who adopted the plan of writing out every embellishment which he would have appended to his airs; this has created a more level mediocrity of talent among singers, and has completed the ruin of the older and better school. The most admirable mechanism of the voice is however only the means, of which the end is expression, and it is well said, that “the great singer is he who identifies himself with the personage he represents, and who abandons himself to momentary impulses, as the composer did before him in writing the music.” Sénésino, Farinelli, Gabrielli, Marchesi, Crescentini, and we may add Banti, are among the most celebrated for powers of expression, and at the present day, Madame Malibran at times affords a very lively idea of perfection in the same style.

Pronunciation, as a means of expression, should not be neglected by singers; in this consists, at least, half of the charm of our native ballads. The ancient practice of emasculation preserved the same beauty of voice throughout the best part of the performer's life, without fear of change, which accounts for the more frequent excellence of Italian singers formerly over those of other parts of Europe; for let children be instructed how they may, out of a hundred, ninety lose their voices at a particular period of adolescence; and to begin the study of music when the manly voice is settled, ever renders the performer defective as a musician. In France, Picardy furnishes the best basses;—counter tenors, and tenors are found most abundantly in Languedoc and Toulouse, while Burgundy and Franche-Comté produce female voices of the greatest extent and purest quality; curious facts these, and suggestive of important experiments for this country.

Every species of instrument demands peculiar qualities in the performer; those of the violin kind, to be well played, require above all things a very delicate ear and flexibility of wrist; great energy of finger is required for the harp—long, pliable, and strong fingers for the pianoforte and organ. Wind-instrument performers, like violin players, having to fix their own intonations, must possess the same acute ear, with certain endowments of the lips and tongue. Practice will doubtless, in its degree, compensate for physical deficiency, as, when accompanied by sensibility and imagination, it carries these advantages to the highest pitch of success; but it would be vain for a person, however exquisite his feeling, to aim at excellence on the pianoforte with short stiff fingers, or on the oboe with dry withered lips.

The violin, violoncello, &c. are, in the study of their execution, divided into two distinct parts: fingering and the management of the bow. Without very powerful pressure of the string upon the finger-board, no pure tone can be obtained; and beginners, notwithstanding the pain which this causes them at first, must persist in the practice. Few players have reached absolute perfection of intonation, particularly in passages of double notes, in which the bow is placed upon two strings at a time, accompanied by combinations of fingering. So difficult is it to accomplish this exercise, that M. Fétis is of opinion that "not a single instrumentalist has perhaps so far conquered it as at all times to satisfy a cultivated ear." De Bériot is, we think, unexceptionable on this head, and has carried the excellence of playing in tune as far as human fingers can go, or ears appreciate. Strength and quality of tone depend almost wholly on the employment of the bow; although, to witness the ease of skilful violinists, we are apt to think there is little done in thrusting and withdrawing this

slight machine, the difficulty is excessive, and to acquire the various *coups d'archet* many years' practice is necessary. Of late years the old-fashioned rigid bow has been superseded by the employment of a more flexible one, which is calculated to produce sounds of a softer and purer quality. Kreutzer, Rode, and Baillot, the chiefs of the modern school of violin playing, are distinguished in an interesting manner by M. Fétis. "The first had never studied classical productions, but a happy organization put him in possession of a kind of chivalrous style, that was brilliant, facile, and full of charm. Rode, at once purer and more correct, was a model of perfection, admirable alike for the exactitude of his intonation, the art of singing upon his instrument, and the rapidity of his finger." Baillot, now a vigorous old man, seems to be the player of sentiment; "he is only worthy of himself when he performs the music of the great masters, and makes his auditory partake in his own emotions." Our author has addressed to De Bériot the just reproach of playing too often compositions of so hacknied a form as the air with variations; but he has not correctly estimated the talent of Spohr, who is at the head of the modern German school, as well as in the first rank as a composer.

In instruments like the viola, violoncello, and double bass, in proportion as the notes lie more remote on the finger-board, becomes the difficulty of gaining a good *ensemble* between the movements of the bow and the fingers; the first of these is not at present much cultivated for solo-playing. Lindley's execution on the violoncello does not reach our author's standard of perfection, though he allows him the possession of neatness in passages, a fine tone, and much rapidity of bow. The performance of Dragonetti on the double-bass he justly considers prodigious, and he remarks in him that admirable precision in the time, which makes his gigantic instrument fit to rule over a whole orchestra. Wind instruments chiefly give the colouring in orchestral compositions, but they are in general played too loud; in the English and German orchestras they are better managed than in the French, which again have an incontestable superiority in their violins. The subject of expression in large orchestras has not sufficiently occupied the attention of our musicians, particularly the advantage gained by making every performer execute the same passage in the same manner, so that every bow shall move up or down at the same time. In the opera band of Berlin, as well as in that of Paris, are shown what great effects result from a strict attention to this practice. A whistling noise is the most unpleasant defect in the execution of most flute players. Tulou, formerly a pupil of the Conservatoire of Paris, many of whose in-

flections of tone rival the human voice, and our own Nicholson, are at the head of the performers on this instrument. Drouet's playing, it is rightly observed, "more resembles a collection of *tours de force* than real music." The reason why the oboe is generally blown very loud, in orchestras, is, that in playing *piano* the performer is liable to the accident of giving the octave instead of the real note: the necessity of repressing the breath in playing this instrument, makes it one of the most fatiguing of the pneumatic family. For a whole season M. Voght spoiled the music of our Philharmonic Concert, because he either could not, or would not, soften his tone. On the clarinet, Baermann, of Munich, and Willman, of London, are the most distinguished. The French performers obstinately adhere to a bad method of putting the instrument to the lips, and endeavour more to produce a coarse and powerful tone, than a round and soft one. The bassoon, at present, possesses no player of remarkable talent. Denman, an obscure individual, hardly known out of our theatrical orchestras, has the best tone that we ever heard in an English band. Puzzi, for purity of taste, command, and an exquisite quality of sound, is the most accomplished horn player of Europe;—it is curious that in the use of this instrument in the orchestra, the first performer cannot well play the part of the second, nor the second that of the first; this is on account of the habitual compression and dilation of the lips, which produce the high and low notes. Although the place of the trombone in the orchestra is already defined, and execution for this purpose beyond a certain degree useless, the bass trombone has been cultivated in Germany as a *solo* instrument with singular success, and the fame of Queisser, of Leipsic, and Belcke, of Berlin, for skilful management, has already reached England.

"When I enumerate the difficulties," says M. Fétis, "which are found in playing the organ, and above all a great organ, it is difficult to conceive that men can be found sufficiently well disposed by nature, to succeed in it. Besides the free articulation of the fingers, and rules for fingering, as other instruments,—besides that, this is of complicated difficulty, from the resistance of the touch, which requires sometimes from one to two pounds weight to press down a key,—the organist must learn to move his feet rapidly to play the bass well on the pedals, when he wishes to have his left hand free to play intermediate parts,—a double attention, which is very painful; he must know how to mix the rows of keys, to separate or re-unite them without interruption of his execution; he must understand the effects of the different stops, and have taste to invent new combinations of them; lastly, he must possess genius and science to treat ecclesiastical chaunts majestically, and to play preludes and pieces of all kinds extemporaneously. A thousand other details enter into the obligations of an organist."

We shall not pursue our author in his analysis of these details; what has been shown will suffice to explain the cause why, in the lapse of three centuries, a very inconsiderable number of great organists has been produced. The different structure of these instruments in England and Germany, renders a different management of them necessary: among our own performers, Messrs. S. Wesley and Adams have distinguished themselves by skill in fugue and the management of difficulties; while Mr. Novello takes the precedence as an accompanist and general organist. Schneider, of Dresden, who is inimitable as a pedal player and masterly in improvisation, is the principal organist at present on the continent. La Barre is esteemed justly as a *virtuoso* on the harp and composer for that instrument, a man of genius. On the piano-forte, Cramer and Hummel are unrivalled for the charm of their execution.

The last chapter in the volume of M. Fétis which deserves attention for its practical utility, is that on the form of pieces in vocal and instrumental music. An examination of the concluding essays on the metaphysics of the art, though they contain much ingenious speculation, would too far extend our present design, which is merely to show how many interesting facts upon the mechanism of music, valuable hints to amateurs, and just observations upon taste in performance, are comprised in the work before us. With a brief consideration of this subject we shall, therefore, close this article. A dramatic structure was not adopted by the Neapolitan masters of the 18th century, Pergolese, Leo, &c. in the composition of their masses; this manner of composition was begun by Mozart and Haydn, and has been still more strongly developed by Cherubini. Of masses, there is a species called the *Missa Brevis*, in which the words are never repeated; but in the *Grand Mass*, the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*, which are the principal divisions, are mostly subdivided, and the execution of the music often requires two hours or more. Catholic composers, since their churches are less diligently attended by the higher orders, have neglected to produce many of those kinds of compositions which formerly abounded. The *Te Deum* for public rejoicings, and a few *Motetts*, are the only detached pieces of Church Music which are now written. The most dramatic form of sacred music in England is the *Oratorio*, which was introduced here from Italy by Handel. Our author is in error in supposing that these compositions were ever incorporated into our Church service. The "*Israel in Egypt*" is a far more powerful instance of the gigantic conception of Handel in chorusses, than the "*Messiah*," or any of the productions cited by M. Fétis, though the want of airs, and of relief generally, confine this composition

to use as an accessory only to public performances of Sacred Music. It was soon after music was reduced to the first rude forms of counterpoint, that the opera had its rise in Italy, in an endeavour to revive the dramatic system of the Greeks, in which poetry was sung. The first opera (written in 1590) consisted scarcely of any thing beyond recitative; in the second, called "Eurydice," there are found some Anacreontic stanzas, which may considered as the origin of an air. A monotonous form prevailed in the songs of this period; and in the latter half of the 17th century, though the plan was changed, that adopted was as unfavourable to dramatic effect and as repulsive to common sense as can well be imagined. At this time airs commenced by a slow movement, which ended in the key; then followed a quick movement, and afterwards the slow movement again: to the appearance of Piccini and Sacchini this uniformity prevailed, whatever might be the dramatic expression necessary. Buononcini invented the rondo, and Sarti improved the idea of carrying it forward into two movements. By degrees the air grew into the *scena*, comprising several movements, of which we find instances in Mozart, Cimarosa, and other great dramatic composers. After the air, the duet made its appearance, and submitted by degrees to the same variation of design that the former had undergone; the trio then appeared, in a comic opera; and at length the whole revolution took place, and was completed by the quartets, sestets, and finales of Mozart's marvellous operas. Gluck, who gave a decisive form to the serious opera of the French, employed only the highest order of recitative, with airs and chorusses. Overtures to operas have been from time to time variously modified; that to the "Zauberflöte," M. Fétis properly calls "an inimitable master-piece, which will ever remain the model of overtures, and the despair of composers." Haydn and Mozart completed the model of the *sinfonia*, upon the improvements of Van-hall and Stamitz. Beethoven is in this style bolder, but less correct than his great predecessors, and at times appears rather to *improvise* than to follow any settled plan. Boccherini, the author of the celebrated instrumental quintets, is thus beautifully noticed:—

"A poor man, who lived in Spain, isolated and unknown, has cultivated the quintet with unusual felicity of inspiration; this man is Boccherini. Not having communication with the world to inform himself of the progress of music, and the variations of taste, for nearly fifty years he composed, without renewing his musical sensations by the hearing or perusal of Haydn or Mozart's works, he drew every thing from his own stores; hence arises the originality of his manner and style, the independence of his thoughts, and the *naïve* charm which characterises his

productions. A greater richness of harmony, and something less antiquated in the plan, may be occasionally desired, but no inspiration more real."

It is scarcely necessary for us to dwell here upon the forms of composition for the piano-forte and violin. The contents of *La Musique mise à la portée de tout le monde* present a concentration of the experience of a musician of science and general correctness of taste; which, though deformed by occasional instances of that headstrong wilfulness, and unblushing assertion, too prevalent in the author's letters before noticed, put the reader in possession of a mass of information, which, without being himself a composer, he could scarcely ever attain. If we had stopped to contest every point which might have become matter of debate between ourselves and the author, we must have done so at the expense of passing over much upon which we are thoroughly agreed; it has, therefore, been our object to overlook, as often as possible, the little ebullitions of his ancient resentment against the English, to show how M. Fétis has benefited musical discussion, in opening the way for inquiring minds. Apart from his offences against our own music, we are inclined to consider him neither an uncandid nor partial writer; his chief errors arise from the precipitation with which he decides upon the causes of things, a haste which sometimes leads him into ludicrous excesses. What shall we think of a writer who asserts that "the art of singing was evidently not familiar to Mozart?" Shall we believe that this is the result of his examination of Mozart's writings, or the effect of some preconceived notions, which have perverted his powers of judgment? Fortunately the appearance of Mozart's life, in which are profound criticisms on singers and singing, has contradicted the assertion of M. Fétis. Matters of history we are obliged to receive from a writer upon his own responsibility, for without being of the same profession, we can scarcely subject them to a test of truth; but of criticism on art, the musician can always decide the value, by comparing the bulk of it with the aggregate of his own experience. In conformity with this principle we have made our estimate of M. Fétis's late production, and, however hardly it may be believed, we venture to say, that the error and prejudice in it are as mere specks, in comparison of its generally sound observation and original and ingenious views.

ART. X.—*Voyages en Orient, entrepris par ordre du gouvernement Français, de l'année 1821 à l'année 1829.* Par V. Fontanier, ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale, membre de la Société de Géographie. *Turquie d'Asie. Constantinople. Grèce. Evénemens politiques de 1827 à 1829.* Paris, 1829. 2 vols. 8vo.

M. FONTANIER has passed several years in various parts of the East, in Georgia, in Turkey in Asia, in Constantinople, and in Greece. He is qualified to turn his travels to account, for he appears to have received a good scientific education, to possess a tolerable knowledge of the Oriental tongues, and not to be deficient in the spirit of adventure. He was selected by those connected with the French Oriental Embassies to fill the situation of scientific traveller, and though proceeding upon a very limited salary, he contrived to discharge the objects of his mission perhaps as well, and in some respects better than many who are magnificently appointed. The narrowness of his circumstances, (only 200*l.* per annum to cover all his travelling expenses,) compelled him to mix with the people, and avail himself of such means of getting on as they use themselves. Geology and geography, but chiefly the first, were the principal objects of his attention; but though there are many very interesting geological and geographical facts established in these volumes, their predominant character is not scientific: his notes on this head are reserved for other purposes; and this publication would, in the fashionable English phrase, be termed a "personal narrative." It turns chiefly upon the incidents and adventures which occurred in his route, on the character of the inhabitants, on the appearance of the country, the condition of the towns he passed through, the state of the population. The traveller's course from Georgia to Constantinople through the North West of Asia, that is to say, the country bordering upon the Black Sea, led him through regions extremely little known, and which are, in fact, in so rude a state of civilization as to make the acquisition of such knowledge by a Frank both dangerous and difficult. The observations, consequently, of even an ordinary man would, under such circumstances, be valuable; but M. Fontanier is not one. In addition to his scientific acquirements, he is one of those persons of a lively turn, in whose hands even common events assume a brighter complexion: this, when joined to good common sense, is a quality which goes far to make an invaluable companion, whether by the fireside, or through the medium of a book.

M. Fontanier left France for the East in 1821. His first point, after remaining a short time at Constantinople, was the Crimea and the Russian provinces of the Caucasus. He pro-

posed to return by the route of Erzeroum, but the war which had broken out between the Russians and the Persians had shut up that communication, and he resolved to pass into Persia. First visiting Bagdad and thence proceeding to Bussora, he completely traversed Persia, from the south to the north. The fatigue of these travels, and the constant vexations to which an Eastern voyager must submit, had affected his health; to restore it he passed into Georgia. From hence he took the route by Erzeroum to Constantinople, and then with a view of going to Syria he left the capital for Smyrna; the political state of the country prevented him from proceeding, and he took the resolution of returning home, after visiting the Cyclades and Greece, at a moment of particular interest. It is only these two last voyages, viz. the one from Georgia to Constantinople by Erzeroum, and the tour in Greece, which are consigned to these two volumes. "In Asia," it has been said by a French writer, "we are obliged rather to make an escape out of a country than to travel in it, too happy, if instead of collecting observations, we are permitted to leave it alive." The obstacles encountered by M. Fontanier were not less difficult to overcome than those of others; we are, however, happy to see that he has escaped, not certainly with a huge quarto of systematic description, but with his life and note-book.

It was in 1826 that M. Fontanier commenced the first voyage described in this work. He embarked on board a Turkish orange-merchant's boat at Redout-kalé, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, for Trebizond, and coasted past the mouth of the Phasis, and along a country in other times so famous.* The ancient Colchis would now-a-days tempt no Argonautic expedition even of Greek pirates. The different little districts are always at war with one another: the crew of the vessel which conducted M. Fontanier dared not put in at any of the towns along the coast, lest it should prove to be one with which the inhabitants of their own town happened to be at war; in which case the vessel would have been seized, and the men detained as prisoners. In any other hands the shores of the Black Sea, instead of being the abode of poverty, war, and disease, would be one of the most fertile lands in the world. The aspect of the country, from the sea, is delightful; the houses are well situated, and possess a happy appearance, which quickly vanishes on a nearer approach. The contemplative life of the Turks, if that can be called contemplative which consists in stillness and smoking, leads them to the choice of places of abode agreeably situated. Though they

* Some statistical and political information relative to these countries will be found in a former Number of this Journal, vol. iv. p. 574.

love to spend the day in what is vulgarly called a "brown study," still it pleases them to have a prospect before them. Trees, fountains, a smiling country, or any such object, they love to gaze upon, though their houses are tumbling about them in ruins, and their seat is a block rolled out from the main wall. A bench in the air, a pipe, and something to rest the eyes upon, form the earthly happiness of the Mussulman. After passing several towns on the coast, each of which considers itself a little power, the vessel at last arrived off Surméné, the town of the captain and his crew. A boat was sent off from shore to reconnoitre, and the man who commanded it had a musket on his shoulder, with pistols, a poignard, and an immense flask of powder suspended from his belt. He recognised the captain, who had been absent a month, "Oh!" cried he, "Ali-Reiz, you are welcome. Mahmoud, Selim, welcome! Who are the infidels?" "They are sons of Frank gentlemen, whom we are taking to Trebizond." "You are welcome." "What news?" "Nothing.—The son of the Aga of Riza has murdered his cousin for jealousy, and he has taken refuge with us: he is a fine young fellow. Oh! I forgot—Hussein has blown up your neighbour's house with gunpowder; five persons were killed." "Wonderful!" "What would you have, they were only children." Such are Turkish greetings on the coast of the Black Sea.

"During this dialogue, the boat was let down: the crew put on their arms, and went ashore altogether, as if for the conquest of an enemy's territory. Very soon we heard a loud report of musketry, which had nothing formidable in it; it was in honour of the arrival of our friends, and was answered by them. In spite of the desire I had to leave the hole in which I had been shut up for four days, I was obliged to remain on board till the return of the crew. I could scarcely understand how, in a country so savage, the captain dared to abandon his vessel and cargo, without the protection of any one except us foreigners, who could certainly have made no resistance in case of attack. When I made the remark to him, he appeared astonished, and said, that a robbery of such a kind was never heard of; that the moment anchor was cast, we were under the protection of the inhabitants, and all watching was useless. Singular mixture of honesty and barbarism!

"The next day, early in the morning, we were awoke by the return of the sailors, who brought back with them a number of their countrymen, desirous of purchasing their corn. As soon as they perceived us, they commenced a strict examination of our habiliments. One of them, who had just left his occupation as a dyer, seized my spectacles, and observing that my face bore the marks of his fingers, he found it agreeable to continue the operation he had commenced, and made it a point to paint me blue. He was not a little surprised that I dared to push him away, and more especially when he found the captain, who interfered, took part

against him. 'Is not the fellow an infidel,' said he, 'and may not I paint him, if I like? Do I do him any harm?' These reasons were of a conclusive nature, and the mediator was obliged to enter into a long pleading to establish the difference between a Frank and a Raya; but the best reason that he could give was, that on his next voyage to Redout-kalé he was bound to carry testimonials to prove that he had treated us well. The dyer let go his hold, and from that time we were respected."

The Aga of the village afterwards went on board, and permitted them to land. The bazaar was in full activity, for a caravan had just arrived from Baibout, and yet M. Fontanier and his friends, in the whole place, could not find a single individual who would give them a lodging. He was not allowed to visit some ruins in the neighbourhood, "because there are treasures buried under them," in the belief of the inhabitants. One night the order was given to the Greeks to hold themselves ready, and they were conducted to these ruins, and set to work upon excavating them, in search of this concealed treasure. Nothing was found of course, and the inhabitants became seriously alarmed, lest this expedition should become known, and consequently be made the pretext of levying some new contribution by the pacha. The high grounds about this place are covered with nut-trees, the produce of which are exported to a great distance. The inhabitants live upon maize, of which they make bread and cakes, baked among the cinders, of which they are exceedingly fond. The shops are chiefly kept by Greeks; each tradesman keeps a loaded musket by his side, and is frequently obliged to use it, when the alarm is spread of the incursion of a neighbouring hostile village. Such is the state of social existence on the shores which, according to our author, present on every side "an aspect *ravissant*."

At Trebizond, where M. Fontanier next arrives, a little farther on the coast, he observes that it is difficult to conceive a more complete state of anarchy. In the very town there are fortresses appertaining to private individuals who make war on each other: frequently, for many days together, nothing is heard but discharges of musketry from one house to another. The day after his arrival, he was told that the entire population had taken up arms and had gone to besiege the pacha in his castle.

The principal traffic of Trebizond is in slaves; they consist of prisoners of war taken by the barbarous people about Caucasus—of children stolen from their parents in Mingrelia and Gurriel, or sometimes sold by them. They are far from complaining of their lot, and the people in those districts are not grateful to the Russians for the obstacles they have put in the way of this trade.

Slaves are only purchased by wealthy individuals; they are well treated, and, being considered rather in the light of adopted children than domestics, perform chiefly honourable services to their masters, such as one relative may render to another. The laborious duties are put upon the *hired* servants. The lot of the women is more or less brilliant according to the hands they fall into, but it is rare that they are not well treated; when they get old they are compelled to do household drudgery, and to wait upon their successors. The slaves who are sent to Trebizond come from various quarters, but they are confounded together under the general name of Georgians.

M. Fontanier left Trebizond for Erzeroum, in a caravan composed of various classes of individuals, which gave him an opportunity of following up his favourite study of character. It is rare to find a geologist who has any eyes for other phenomena than those of the earth's surface. At Baibout he expected the caravan would stop; it soon, however, appeared, that the conductors had resolved to avoid all towns: they are afraid of exactions, and in this instance they reposed at a distance of two leagues from Baibout on the banks of a river. It was with great difficulty that Fontanier and some Persians could get permission from the caravan to pay a visit to the place. Baibout is thought to be the ancient Bylæ. It is composed, like other Turkish towns, of a few paved streets, shaded by the pent-houses of the bazaar—an open space, surrounded by coffee-rooms, and in the middle of which the horses are tied up, serves for an inn: each traveller buys his own provisions, prepares them as he likes, and establishes himself as well as he can in any corner of a café he can seize upon. M. Fontanier, during the whole of his Oriental travels, retained his Frank dress, neither attempting to rival the success of Mr. Buckingham, nor yet Lewis Burckhardt, in the management of a beard and trousers, and it had its advantages. The inconvenience was, that it exposed him to the curious examination of the inhabitants, who had, however, at Baibout, the politeness to repay his information by cups of coffee, of which they presented him no less than thirty. The curiosity of the Musselim even was roused, and he sent for the visitors, who, in pretending to accept the invitation, contrived to escape out of the town. It is a rule in Turkey that an interview with the authorities is always if possible, as tending to no good, to be avoided. On his return he found the caravan regaling themselves with a treat of Turkish music: the scene, as described by our author, has something striking about it—barbaric, yet decent—wild, but orderly: a wandering minstrel in Soho-square seems natural enough to our city notions, but wandering minstrels, and they Turkish, in the desert,

armed to the teeth, and yet piping for alms, is just inconsistent enough with our ordinary experience to stimulate European curiosity.

"Two personages, of an exceedingly grave and repulsive exterior, were engaged in performing Turkish music. One of them played upon a species of clarinet of five holes, and the other accompanied him upon the kettle-drum. I cannot say that I found this music agreeable; the rest of the audience, on the contrary, appeared charmed with it: their satisfaction did not, indeed, break out in very lively demonstrations, but was shown by close attention, by a slight accompaniment of the head, and by the frequency with which they pulled their beards, raising their eyes to heaven. It was truly an extraordinary sight to see two lonely musicians armed to the teeth, and wandering at hazard in a country almost desert, where it must have been as difficult to find auditors as to snatch a reward from them. I gave a high idea of my generosity, by presenting them with pretty nearly the value of two-pence halfpenny, whilst they did not receive from any body else three or four paras (about a farthing). They were not in the least importunate; they made their collection without showing the slightest gratitude to those who gave them money, or the least discontent to those who did not give anything or but little: when they had done they sat themselves down to smoke with us, drank coffee, and retired with a phlegm but little characteristic of their profession."—vol. i. p. 50.

When the weather is fine, and the country tolerable, caravan-travelling is not disagreeable to those who can dispense with the conventional necessities of European life.

"We set off early in the morning, and when after seven or eight hours of march we found a place where the horses might feed at pleasure, we spread ourselves on our carpets and took our rest. Each prepared his dinner, and invitations were given and received. When night came on, we collected our horses,—if the neighbourhood were considered dangerous, several muskets were discharged, as if to defy the enemy, and guards were set for the night to protect the common safety. Each person was solicitous to place his property near him, and our Persians took care to arrange their beds on their chests and bales, which contained their merchandize. At sunset the Mollah, (one of the passengers,) as if he had been at the Mosque, caused his domestic to discharge the functions of a Muezzim, and bade him invite the faithful to prayer. The Persians, although of a different sect, attended the ceremony, and it was curious enough to watch the air of constraint with which they resigned themselves to following the gestures of the Sunnites. The Christians took advantage of this opportunity to conceal themselves behind some piles of merchandize,—to drink brandy, and make signs of the cross by way of protestation against the Mahometan faith. Prayers done, dinner is brought, the guests are assembled, and, according to custom, eat with their fingers: all the forms of politeness are observed as if in a city, and there is no difference, excepting in the sharpness of the appetite, and a certain good-humour which would not be without its charm in the en-

tertainments of a capital. In short, the active life we led made the six days occupied in the journey from Baibout to Erzeroum pass very swiftly. We arrived there on the 21st of June: they were only then beginning to prepare the ground for sowing—a circumstance which proves that we had been continually ascending by the road we came, until we had reached a very high level above the sea.”

At Erzeroum our traveller found a town-clock, the only one he had met with in Turkey; true, it did not go, nevertheless the inhabitants were proud of it, and wanted it mended. With this view they applied to every European that entered the place to repair it, considering that he must necessarily in his character of Frank be a watchmaker; just as they also consider him a physician. They themselves change with facility from one occupation to another; the shoemaker one year is a taylor next, and they thence conclude that each European must be practically acquainted with all the arts for which Europe is famous. This appears very absurd, and yet, perhaps, like many other national differences, only requires a little consideration to find out that it is not quite so ridiculous as it would seem at first sight. Supposing, for example, that instead of spending ten years in learning languages of very questionable utility, young Europeans, especially Englishmen, were practically instructed in those arts and manufactures for which our country is so deservedly celebrated; if to these were added, as easily might be in the time, a practical knowledge of chemistry, pharmacy, medicine, land surveying, engineering, and agriculture, it is possible that a European, a Briton at least, might be asked to mend a watch, or cure an ague, without thinking the request peculiarly misplaced.

At Erzeroum is a great assemblage of Armenians; their bishop inhabits a fine monastery. M. Fontanier paid him a visit, and found him occupied in the instruction of a great number of children, which gives rise to some interesting remarks on the infantine character in the East, which tend to show how completely we are the creatures of surrounding circumstances, and how moulded by habit.

“The school was kept in a vast apartment, adorned, according to custom, with the portraits of the Emperor and the Empress of Russia, whom the schismatics of the East are taught to believe their legitimate sovereigns. A great wooden crucifix was placed in the centre of the room, round which the children were crouching on their knees. The master made use of the method of instruction followed in these countries, whatever may be their religion, that of making his pupils read all together, and he had no difficulty in detecting the errors they might commit.

“I have remarked that the children partake of the grave character of their parents: they showed none of the petulance and vivacity we see in our schools: I believe that the cause lies in their domestic education.

There is no mystery made of anything whatever before them: they are invariably addressed as if they were full-grown men, and it follows, as a matter of course, that their imaginations are less excited, and that they have therefore more judgment and reflection than European children. They are rarely contradicted, and with the exception of a few signs of deference and respect for their parents, willingly paid, they are pretty nearly their own masters. In the East, conversation turns solely on either religion or money: pleasure there is nothing else than debauch, and to debauch no idea of shame is attached. We see among them none of those ardent passions which agitate the young men of Europe, and if their existence is less full of events than ours, perhaps they find ample compensation in the tranquillity they enjoy even to the very tomb.

"The education of the girls is less attended to than that of the boys, although most of them learn to read and write. They go to the same school up to the age of eight or nine years. Their education at home is very nearly the same as for the male sex: from their earliest youth nothing is concealed from them which relates to the duties of a woman. This method has doubtless the grave inconvenience of introducing into conversation a license of which we can form no idea. Women of the town would be ashamed, in Europe, to make use of the terms which girls in Asia employ in the ordinary course of conversation; this is only however license of expression, and is not inconsistent with true modesty. Such is education in Turkey and Persia! It is a little modified among the Christians by their greater or less frequent communications with Europeans."

The pacha of Erzeroum had been employed on a diplomatic mission to Paris; his nephew had accompanied him, and was now the *kiaya* of the place. He could say in French, *jolie fille*, *joli garçon*, *bon vin*, and proud of his accomplishments, concluded each phrase with a hearty laugh. M. Fontanier, however, found him an impartial judge, on occasion of one of those insults so frequently put upon Frank travellers in the East. He called upon him for his interference.

"I was going," says our author, "to see one Mustapha-Khan, who was formerly in the service of Abbas Mirza, and having fled into Georgia on the complaint of that prince, had been constrained to abandon the country, and seek refuge at Erzeroum, where he received support from the pacha. He was at this time applying to be admitted into the Turkish army as instructor. An Armenian, placed on the roof of a house, seeing me pass in the street, threw a stone at me, and used some abusive epithets. I made a complaint, and the culprit was immediately seized and taken before the *kiaya*. 'Scoundrel,' said he, 'do you not know that the Franks are under our immediate protection? that they are the guests of the Grand Seignior? that we do not choose they should go to Constantinople with grievances against us? You shall be bastinadoed.' 'I am a fool, I am an ass,' said the Armenian. 'How much must I pay not to be beaten?' 'You shall both pay and be beaten,' replied the inexorable *kiaya*, and so it was. The Armenian received two-and-fifty

strokes of the stick on the soles of his feet, paid three hundred piastres to the kiaya, and one hundred and fifty to those who had taken the trouble to beat him. Having occasion again to pass down the same street, not only the same scene did not occur, but the inhabitants fled at my approach."

M. Fontanier gives his advice to those travellers in the Levant who may be similarly situated, never to intercede for the offender. The motive is invariably mistaken: they do not understand humanity, and attribute the interposition to fear and weakness: the unpunished offence is of course repeated. This intercession, we observe, from the narratives of English travellers, to be far too frequent among the English, with whom a certain *soi-disant* magnanimity is one of the most fashionable virtues. If, in the instance mentioned, M. Fontanier had urgently interceded for his antagonist, the kiaya and his people disappointed of their prey, would have attended to no more such complaints, and the insults would have been renewed the next day.

While our author was at Erzeroum, a pacha lately appointed to Kars passed through. The different villages in his route sent deputations to the pacha of Erzeroum, praying to be excused the honour of entertaining him and his suite. He travelled at the head of two thousand cavalry. The lot fell upon a miserable Armenian village, about a league from Erzeroum. The inhabitants were driven out of their houses, and everything they left, undoubtedly as little as possible, was seized upon by the new comers. The new pacha was only admitted into the town with a fixed escort, and three days were spent in negotiations and conferences respecting his passage through. Neither pacha drank coffee all the time, lest it should be poisoned; for the pacha of Erzeroum did not know whether the pacha of Kars had not a commission to take off his head *en passant*, nor the pacha of Kars that his brother pacha had not instructions to intercept him in his progress to a pachalik, which it might have been intended he never should reach.

Erzeroum is the reputed Sheffield of the Turkish empire, where the best arms are manufactured; it abounds in armourers. The iron comes from Siberia and India; that of Siberia reaches them by way of Persia; the Indian iron is used for making the damasked* sabres, which fetch such high prices. It is sold in little pieces like round pebbles or marbles. The sabres which have the name of a man called Bournou-sef (*noseless*) are highly prized. He was an armourer of great reputation, of whom the pacha commanded a sabre which should combine great beauty

* Worked with gold and silver wire.

and lightness of appearance, with great weight. The armourer having made many attempts to satisfy him in vain, at length took it into his head to fabricate one of lead. It was long carried with pride in the scabbard as a very superior work of art; the pacha, however, one day wagered the temper of his sabre against that of another, and was not a little surprised to see it cut in two without an effort. When he learned the trick that had been played him, he sent for the armourer, and as he was too valuable a character to take off his head, the pacha contented himself with cutting off his nose, whence his name. It was from his son that M. Fontanier learned these particulars, who never related them without some exultation over the mighty honour which Bournou-sef had received from the tranchant sabre of the pacha.

It is not easy to conceive the difficulty of making researches in the neighbourhood of a Turkish town. M. Fontanier was obliged, in leaving Erzeroum on a little excursion with a friend, to be accompanied by two or three attendants, making a party of five men, completely armed. On leaving the town they were accosted by a shepherd, who wished to stop them, and put his hand to his pistol by way of enforcing his argument. M. Fontanier's friend was however M. Bicchi, the pacha's physician, and his attendants considered that he was therefore great man enough to authorize them to talk big to the armed shepherd, who, finding that he had to do with a stronger party, drew off, saying that he took them for Russian prisoners endeavouring to make their escape. The number of deserters into Turkey and Persia from the Russian service is immense. On their arrival they sell themselves for forty or fifty piastres, and seldom repent the step. When, however, they are caught in an attempt to escape, they are hanged without mercy.

M. Fontanier remained a month at Erzeroum, and at length set off with a muleteer, an Arab of Diarbekir, who agreed to conduct him as far as Tauris, and there provide him with some other means of continuing his route. This was a regular caravan of mules upon a considerable scale, and conducted with a regularity and order far different from what our traveller had become accustomed to in the transit from Trebizond to Erzeroum. He joined it in the neighbourhood of a little village called Eldija, near which he found an enormous tent spread for the passengers, the merchandise arranged in bales around it, and the mules of burden, under the care of their respective drivers, pasturing in the vicinity.

"A Mahometan, the possessor of a hundred mules, is a very important personage; the chief of our caravan deputed himself accordingly. He rode a splendid Arab horse, and was constantly followed by a servant: he

carried in his hand a blunderbuss, and wore a beautiful sabre by his side. When the time to halt approached, he preceded us some way. As soon as he had found a convenient place he dismounted, and his servant planted his lance on the spot. At this signal the mules laden with the tents were hurried on before, so that the travellers on their arrival found the tent pitched, and a shelter from the heat of the sun whilst the coffee was prepared, which was presented to us morning and evening by the chief: the rest of the day we provided it at our own expense.

"The profession of a muleteer in Turkey is one of the most honourable and independent. It is not surprizing, when we consider that it requires from those who exercise it, extreme integrity and a great deal of intelligence. In these countries it would be easy for a conductor to seize upon the merchandise under his care, without much anxiety as to any inquiry that might be made; and no little intelligence is required to guide his caravan across territories, frequently laid waste by war, without mischief, to govern so many servants, to avoid quarrelling and keep in order so many travellers of such various opinions. Joined to this, they are possessed of the authority of the police, and a right of inspection on the road. It is rare that they exercise it, but they never hesitate to interfere in the differences or discussions which arise in their camp, where they establish themselves as petty sovereigns, whatever may be the quality of the persons who may form a part of it."

On the plains of Sunnur the caravan stopped a day waiting for travellers among the Curds. M. Fontanier did not neglect the opportunity of inquiring into their wandering habits and manners. A curious interview takes place between him and one of the nomades, and in the dialogue that takes place we do not think the pupil of the *Ecole Normale* has the advantage.

"The day after our arrival I prepared to make the Curds a visit, when one of them entered my tent, and, without further ceremony, examined scrupulously every thing it contained. I begged him to retire. 'But why? The sun is hot, your tent serves for shade, and I shall stay in it.' However, the chief of the caravan, who knew that these visits were not always agreeable to me, relieved me of his presence by inviting him to take coffee. When I went to their encampment with some companions, it so happened that the first tent we entered was his. 'Oh ho!' exclaimed he; 'here you are—you who would have driven me away from your tent just now. Think you that I would do the same to you? It would be a disgrace to me:—no, sit thee down, I shall give thee coffee and a pipe—and learn how much more estimable a character is a Curd than a dog of a Christian, or a citizen with his smooth tongue.' I was altogether astonished at a compliment I expected so little, and I tried to make him understand that my European costume frequently exposed me to rudeness and importunity. 'In that case,' said he, 'why not stay at home? why come and walk about a Curd camp, where no one in all their lives ever saw a European? It is curiosity that brings you here; why not indulge the same failing in others?'"

M. Fontanier saw that his safest retreat was in silence. There

is, however, some difference between handling buttons and breeches, and travelling in search of scientific information.

Among these people, as among the primitive Greeks, we might almost add the modern ones, robbery is not disgraceful. Falsehood is held, however, in the utmost abhorrence. For their want of frankness they despise the Turks; nevertheless the pacha seems to be respected by them, as is proved by the conversation which took place while our traveller was in this very tent.

“ ‘ This Frank,’ said his hosts to an Armenian present, who understood their language, ‘ has a fine sabre; we must rob him of it to-night.’ ‘ No,’ said the Armenian; ‘ the pacha gave it to him, and if you were to take it, he would be wroth.’ ‘ Good,’ said they; ‘ we thank you for your counsel—not that we have any fear of the pacha, for he could not touch us in the mountains; but the pacha is a good man, and we will do him no shame.’ ”

A scene still more singular took place on the return of the traveller to the tent. Robbery, it would seem, is not only not disgraceful, but can only be committed in the dark by honourable thieves.

“ During the night some horsemen had been prowling about the caravan, and had only retired on being threatened by Ali-Aga, the chief of the caravan, with being handcuffed, and sent off to Cara-Hissar. They returned in the day time, and we found them to the number of six sitting in the great tent. They were recounting there, with remarkable *naïveté*, that they had come in the night only to see if there was any opportunity of robbing; that they were inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, and employed in watching the roads. ‘ Nevertheless,’ said Ali-Aga, ‘ if I had caught you I should have taken you along with us.’ ‘ Oh,’ said they, ‘ that is not so easy; we were on horseback, and should have fled.’ ‘ Well, well! if I see you again I shall discharge my musket among you.’ ‘ That is not so easy either, for we have been about you for these three days, and you have only seen us once.’ ‘ And do you intend to come again to-night?’ ‘ We do not think we shall.’ ‘ Well! I tell you, I, Ali-Aga, chief of the caravan—I say that I bear *no ill-will against you at this moment, because no one robs in the day-time*; but I will keep a good watch, and, with the aid of God, I will make you eat powder.’ ‘ Oh, then, it will not be worth while; besides you are probably going to encamp seven leagues off, and that is too great a distance.’ ”

They were about to retire when an affray took place in the encampment between some Turks and Persians. The robbers immediately metamorphosed themselves into guardians of the road, and required the Aga to deliver the Persians into their hands; so commutable in the East, as well as in the West, are the characters of thieves and watchmen.

The caravan was followed by a troop which always kept itself at a considerable distance from the rest. It was composed of

Turks of Akhalsik, conducting four slaves into the interior, two girls and two young men, whom they proposed to sell to the highest bidder.

"I was happy enough," says M. Fontanier, "to acquire the confidence of the principal proprietor, who often came to see me, and permitted me to visit his quarter, and even to gossip with his women. They said that they were born in a village of Guriel, near the mountains of Akhalsik, and that while children, during the night, they had been carried off, and had been brought up in the house of their master, whom they considered as their father. They did not appear in the least uncomfortable at their lot, and cared little about to whom they might be sold. One of them was very beautiful, and proud of this advantage; she made her conductors attend upon her as if they had been her servants. She did not complain of her situation, and preserved an unalterable gaiety. The other was not nearly so cheerful, but it was her vanity alone that suffered, at observing the low price set upon her: she was valued only at four purses, whilst twenty-four purses were asked for her companion. The two lads might be from twelve to fifteen years of age. Each purse was equal to about eight pounds. The masters were incessantly sounding the praises of their slaves, vaunting their beauty and their tempers. 'I look upon these girls,' said the eldest of the conductors, 'like my own; when, during the night, we were introduced into the village where they dwelt, I killed their parents with my own hand, and set fire to their house. We were well mounted, we knew the road, and there was no difficulty in carrying them off; and God knows with what tenderness I have since brought them up. Thank heaven they are now Mahometans, and no man can say a word against their virtue; otherwise how could I dare, as I propose, to sell them to persons of quality and fortune, who can alone afford to give their worth.' In fact he paid the most assiduous attention to these women; he spent considerable sums on their dress, and if they were angry and abused him, he scarcely dared venture a word in reply.

"A Persian merchant, desiring either to show that he was rich enough to indulge himself in a few whims, or perhaps rather to satisfy his curiosity, came to my tent to tell me that he wanted to buy the handsomest of the two ladies, being sure to sell her again at Constantinople, if she did not suit him. A day being chosen by the Turk to strike the bargain, I was authorized to be present at the negotiation, and when the hour arrived, we repaired to the tent of the Georgian dames. The women were sitting under a tree, their faces carefully veiled; we began to talk together at some distance, when the master without ceremony went and took off the veil of the goddess, and returned to seat himself. He repeated his former eulogies upon his goods, but the Persian made no higher bid than *four* purses. I cannot say which was the most furious, the master or the slave; both one and the other threw themselves upon the poor merchant, and beat him without mercy, crying out that they were not people for him to play his tricks upon. The lady went so far as to say that she never would consent to be sold to a person so little

worthy of her charms, even did he offer double her price. There was an end of the business, and whatever further propositions the merchant might have gone on to make, they would listen to nothing he could say."

Our author afterwards learned that the Georgian ladies were both sold to a wealthy seigneur of Sivas, of the name of Solyman Aga; the beauty fell in the market to sixteen purses, and the less killing charmer rose to five; making altogether about £280 for the pair. The proprietor, in case of success, had resolved on making a pilgrimage to Mecca and buying coffee at Alexandria in order to sell it in his own country; but we are not informed whether this pious intention was carried into execution.

On the author's arrival at Sivas, he was invited to establish himself at the house of a Neapolitan physician in the service of the pacha. A Frank doctor seems to be an article of luxury with the great men of the East, and it is curious to see how the lordly Turk treats the curator of his person. The physician is put upon the staff. He has horses given him both for himself, his servants, and his baggage; he is bound every day to pay his master a visit, and to feel the pulse of all comers. His food is brought from the kitchens of the pacha, and his horses are fed in his stables. The abode of the physician at Sivas presented a confused assemblage of Oriental luxury and European shabbiness. His carpets were splendid, and his chairs and tables of the rudest manufacture. Some books were scattered among numerous phials of medicine. The only convenient seat he had to offer his guest was a chair with a hole in the seat in lieu of a cushion. Nominally he had a salary of sixteen pounds a month, but it very much wanted paying, like all the other salaries of all the other servants of a pacha. In fact, it seems to be understood in the courts of these Turkish authorities, that every individual in place must make the best of his opportunities; he must oppress, hector, tyrannize and extort to the extremity of his power. As for the pacha, he confined himself to making an occasional present of a horse he did not want, or an old shawl, on which occasion his generosity was loudly vaunted by all the court. A physician of the country would understand how to avail himself of his position by dealing in his master's favour, by creating difficulties which he could easily smooth, by even giving medicines a little violent, &c. but an European understands nothing of all this; consequently, they generally leave the country after having spent all they brought, or if they gain any thing, it is but little; happy indeed if they are not driven from the place in some fit of wrath, after having been ill-treated. When M. Fontanier arrived at Sivas, the Neapolitan physician, Dr. Gizzi, took care to inform

the pacha that an old fellow-student of his and brother physician had arrived from Persia, where he had been treated with magnificent generosity by the king, whose physician he had been, and that he was now returning to his native country laden with wealth and honour. Poor Dr. Gizzi thought that perhaps on this hint the pacha might speak and open his purse-strings. The only result, however, seems to have been that the traveller was invited to a kind of fête, which, however, he did not attend, owing to the mistake of a eunuch; by way of correcting which his highness plunged his dagger three times into the arm of the unfortunate messenger. A second invitation was given, and this time the eunuch not having forgotten the lesson he had received, no mistake was committed.

"We saw, according to custom, the slaves of the pacha playing at the *djereed* and exercising with the pistol. The pacha, who was viewing the spectacle, admitted me to an audience; he permitted me to sit down on the extremity of the carpet on which he was sitting, and ordered me a pipe and coffee. Conversation fell upon the great news of the day, the destruction of the Janissaries. He was delighted with the event. 'Now,' said he, 'we shall be able to do what we like, the authorities will have some power. Very few of the dogs of Janissaries have taken refuge in my pachalik—they know me—but thank God, I have caught one of them. I was well acquainted long since with his fine doings in Constantinople, so when he arrived, I invited him to come to see me. I talked with him a little, and then I shut him up in a room and had the door walled up. It pleased God that he should die of hunger, and so he did. And you, are you pleased at this event?' 'Certainly.' 'Have you seen the splendour of Mahmoud, our lord?' 'Sultan Mahmoud is always victorious, and now we poor travellers may hope for protection.' 'And that is the reason why our rascallions and vagabonds are not content. You seem a fine fellow, get upon horseback and go play the *djereed* with the rest.' By no means desirous of receiving a blow from one of the shafts which are thrown in all directions in this game, I refused the honour which his excellency proposed, saying, that I was too poor a horseman. This confession was far from raising me in the esteem of Mehemed. 'How,' said he, 'because you are a doctor, is that a reason why you cannot mount a horse and fight? Nevertheless you are not a *raya*; and if I like my physician, it is not because he doctors me, but because he gallops with his reins thrown on his horse's neck, and knows how to cast and catch the *djereed* like a man.'—p. 155.

This Mehemed Pacha had, chained in his court, an Arabian lion, and his grand amusement was to manœuvre his guards and slaves from a window, taking care to make the horsemen pass close to the lion. The poor animals, in great alarm, would shy and rear, to the great danger of the riders, who, however, seemed

to have more fear of falling into the jaws of the lion, than from the back of the horses.

The next town of magnitude approached by our traveller was Tokate, and here the plague reigned. The principal inhabitants had fled, and a melancholy silence brooded over this populous city. From time to time, groups of individuals might be seen following the dead to their last abode. Nothing was heard but the noise of the hammers of the workers in copper, who were obliged to continue their business for food; they were not, however, seen, for they took particular care to shut up their shop for fear of infection; even the cafés, usually so full, were deserted, except by a few Turks smoking in the balustrade, which appeared to be buried in reflection on the losses they had sustained or were about to sustain: numerous packs of dogs, which, by the death of their masters, found themselves without other food than that accorded by Turkish charity, were howling in dreadful concert. When Fontanier asked his way, his question was answered by another—was he a physician? Would he cure a relative affected with the plague? Where he knocked, no one would open, and when he had arrived at the house of the individual, Pambouchi Oglou, to whom he was particularly recommended, he was at first far from meeting with the hospitality so common in these countries. But when the apprehension of his bringing the plague with him had passed, he had reason to congratulate himself on his reception. His account of this venerable Armenian and his family is very interesting. Pambouchi Oglou is—or rather was—for great changes have taken place since the time spoken of) the richest Armenian of the Turkish empire. Eighty years of age, married a second time to a young wife, surrounded with an immense family, all of whom by the first marriage were married and lived with him, he dwelt in the country and led the life of an ancient patriarch. His children watched him with the kindest attentions; when he sat down, all his sons remained standing till he gave them permission to be seated. When he invited the elder ones to smoke with him, their wives served them with the pipe and a light, and then retired into a neighbouring apartment to await an occasion for their further services. When coffee was brought, a servant brought it on a tray, when each wife taking the cup destined for her husband, came and presented it in the order of seniority. They then returned to their waiting apartment and caused themselves to be similarly served by their children. M. Fontanier observes, that he does not think it possible to find a more exact representation of the manners of antiquity; and, surely, if even a European, whose education is so different, can appreciate the charms of this patriarchal existence,

the domestic happiness of the individuals themselves must be great, and afford no trifling set-off against the despotism of the government and the vices of its administration. One of Pambouchi's sons had been on a pilgrimage to Rome; he had no children, and the priest was consulted on the occasion: to the husband he recommended a voyage to Italy, to the wife to pay five-and-twenty piastres to the church. M. Fontanier reproached him with this species of traffic, but the priest was not at a loss for a defence.

"Ah!" said he, "you do not know this country: I can only live by raising an income in the manner you have seen. The priests of the Church of Rome receive some indemnities, but we are obliged to get on as well as we can. I have a family to keep, and if superstition did not come a little to our assistance, we should die of hunger. In what other way can I gain a livelihood! Some rich persons will perhaps give me twenty or thirty piastres, but most of them, far from being able to pay me, come to crave alms, and I am obliged to give them, for I am the father of the flock: when there is any body to be bastinadoed or imprisoned, it is me they fix upon;—see, look at my feet, I have not a nail upon my toes, they have all dropped off under the stick. I have no other property than the robe I wear, and that is a present from Pambouchi-Oglou, who also undertakes to supply wine for the mass, decorations for the chapel, and the priests' robes. I do not say that he feeds me or lodges me, for that is but a feeble service. I sleep as well on a hard as on a soft bed, and as long as one of my parishioners has a crust of bread he cannot refuse me the half of it."

A beggar and an impostor could not talk more like a philosopher. The poor man conceived that he *must not* starve: it was cruelly said, on a similar occasion, by some one, that he did not see the necessity.

From Tokate the route is considered to lie through the civilized portion of the Turkish empire; having nothing to fear, therefore, the author pursued his way to Amassia without the protection of a caravan. He carried a letter of introduction to an extraordinary person whom he met with on his road. This was an Italian, who had been in the French expedition against Egypt, and being made prisoner by the Turks, had become Mahometan. At this time he was physician to Hussein-Pacha. As soon as our traveller saw him, he ran up to meet him, with the cordiality with which compatriots meet each other in the East;—it was, however, in the presence of Mahometans, and the renegade turned away his head with an air of disdain, and conducted the stranger in silence to his tent, where, however, he quickly made up for his former gravity, and explained, that he dared not treat a Christian with the slightest consideration in the presence of Mussulmen, lest the sincerity of his conversion should be

doubted. He bore a high reputation for piety; nevertheless, in his tent, he consoled himself with private potations to a great extent, and made up for his forced observances of Mahometan forms, by laughing at all religions.

Neither laws nor institutions can turn the stream of nature: it is supposed that the Turkish women are slaves, and obey the despotic will of a lord and master, but the truth is, that there as elsewhere, empire is pretty equally divided: sometimes the male rules, as often the female—rather, in fact, according to the strength of their respective characters, than to the influence of the forms of society. A physician has opportunities beyond most other men of ascertaining the state of domestic life, and we have his testimony to the occasional tyranny of the women. He was called in at Amassia to a case, where the lady had a decided advantage over her spouse in point of authority. The anecdote is curious.

“The sad merit of having predicted a death I could not prevent, gave me a high reputation at Amassia, and I was assailed by visitors of all ages and of every condition: one of them begged me to go and see his wife, who was sick, and my curiosity prevailed over my prudence. [There was a risk, as in a former case, that the patient might be affected with the plague.] The women of Amassia are celebrated for their beauty, and this lady, even among them, was considered extremely beautiful. Her husband was called Youssouf-Aga; he had lived in Constantinople, and had been named Musselim of Amassia, his country; but the Pacha who had appointed him having been changed, he had lost his employment, and bore no higher rank now than that of *Ayan*. At the same time that he lost his command in his town he lost it at home, where his wife now reigned in sovereign power. She was a Turcoman, and had been induced to marry the Musselim by ambition; he had settled upon her a handsome jointure, which was increased by the fortune left her by her father. The Musselim, on the other hand, had been robbed of his property, and his wife gave him very little to live upon. She was resplendent with jewels, while he, poor man, was miserably clad in a wretched old dress. She was attended by several negro slaves, whilst he had not even an attendant to bring him his pipe. Before entering the harem he had the precaution to leave me in the court awhile, until every thing in the interior was ready for my reception. This part of the house was arranged exactly like that of the men: at the extremity was a balustrade, and there the servants remained standing; the mistress was sitting in the corner of the sofa near to the window of a square chamber; at the entrance was a little space, where we deposited our slippers. The lady did not disturb herself either for her husband or me; it is very seldom that one sees so fine a woman: her bracelets and her necklace were of emeralds; her robe was velvet embroidered with gold, and her pipe enriched with diamonds; her fingers sparkled with precious stones, the clasp of her cincture was covered with them. As soon as I had

taken my place, she ordered her negresses to bring me a pipe and coffee, and began to complain of her maladies, which appeared to me much more imaginary than real. I advised exercise and change of air. 'That is it,' said she; 'I am the daughter of a Curd, a soldier, and know how to climb the mountains, to tame a horse: once I used to wander freely in the plains, I never wanted a veil to put on when I went out, and what has an honest woman to do with a veil? Then I lived, then I breathed. Now I must hide myself, I must walk slowly and gravely, and be followed by a crowd of slaves to visit the stupid Turkish women whom I am obliged to live with. Yes, the *air* will do me good, and above all *liberty*.' It was very clear that the husband did not listen to my advice with nearly the same satisfaction that his wife did; she perceived it, and told him, without ceremony, to go and order some more coffee. He went out and left us alone. The wife then said to me, 'You see that old animal; it is *he* who is the true cause of my disorder, and that is weariness of the very sight of him. He is an unfortunate wretch, and what pleasure is there in living with a man in a town without power and authority, who has lost all he had. My soul! are there no means of getting him from under my eyes? You are the chief of physicians, the cream of doctors, have you not some medicine which, with the aid of God, could deliver me from him? Then I will return to the country, where I enjoy my health—I shall lead the life I have been accustomed to in my youth, and I will abandon this city, which I pray God to turn upside down!'

M. Fontanier, in the phraseology of *politesse* which at least remains to France, if the substance be gone, says, "that although it is always painful to refuse a woman who joins to great beauty a touching expression of voice and a gracious smile, he contented himself with simply recommending once more to the husband that he should take his wife into the country." We do not suppose that an Englishman would have felt more honour at the lady's proposal than M. Fontanier, but assuredly he would not have spoken of a touching voice and gracious smiles in the same breath with a proposition of husband-poisoning. Although the traveller flattered himself that he had now only to traverse the civilized portion of Turkey, two adventures which befel him in the remainder of his journey, and as he approached the European districts of the Empire, gave him to understand, what indeed he already very well knew, in how different a sense the term civilization is to be taken in the East. At Marcivan, the next place of importance to Amassia, M. Fontanier lodged at the Armenian convent in the outskirts of the town. In the morning after his arrival his servant discharged his musket, and replaced it in the room where his master was breakfasting; all of a sudden a Turk presented himself at the gate, and ransacked, without ceremony, the apartment of the archbishop; he then entered

M. Fontanier's apartment, and laid hold of the musket. A struggle ensued, pistols were mutually presented, but by the aid of a servant the musket was recovered, and the Turk set off to fetch a reinforcement, in order to seize the "Russian spy" he had found concealed in the convent. The gates of the convent were shut, the monks were in the greatest affright, and the archbishop hurried away to consult the Aga.

"When the Aga entered," says M. Fontanier, "I exhibited my firman to him, and demanded justice; he threw it on the ground with contempt. I then saw there was nothing to be done but to set off with all speed, and to take refuge at the town. While my horses were getting ready, the archbishop, trembling with fright, had caused refreshments to be served for the Aga, and was trying to prove to him what a misfortune it would be for the place if a Frank were to disappear suddenly; that they would not fail to send a *capidgi-bachi*, and some enormous contribution would be imposed upon them. 'And what is that to me?' answered the Aga, 'if any body pays, it will be thou. Do you suppose the Mussulmans will have to pay? You have too much treasure. Thou art an old dog, an old miser; thou hidest thy gold. If I had thy house properly ransacked, God knows how much I should find; but this will all come to pass with the aid of the All-Powerful.'

"As soon as I arrived at the town I went to the Musselim. I saw an old ill-looking man, squatting on a mat, eating grapes. 'Effendi,' said I to him, 'I am a stranger, and I am come to demand your protection.' 'What are you doing here?' 'I am a traveller.' 'From what country?' 'A Frenchman.' 'What have the French to do here? Is this your country? Why do you not stay at home?' 'I am the bearer of a firman.' 'What is that to me? Show it to me, and tell me first what it is you have been about.' 'When the firman was given to me, my object was well known, and if you will take the trouble to read it, you will find out.' 'True, eat some grapes.' 'I have just breakfasted.' 'Grapes never do any harm. I know the Franks. I have been at Belgrade; the dogs—you must ill treat them, or they are always crying out. Dost thou smoke?—take coffee?' 'Yes.' 'Good: thy countrymen have not so much sense as thou hast, they do not know how to smoke.' He then began to read my firman, and after he had finished, inquired into the motive that had brought me. I detailed my grievance, and this is literally the answer he gave me. 'Listen, you have recovered your gun, and you have lost nothing; if you had been killed, it would have been neither more nor less than just as it is. What is a man, and especially an infidel? Be still, and promise me that when you get to Constantinople you will make no complaints; they will not fail to plague me; they only want a pretext. If you had come an hour ago I could have done you justice; I had with me the son of the Aga, who has insulted you; I would have retained him, and got as much from him as two thousand piastres; but he is gone, and it is not probable that he will come back while you are here. As for myself, I have no wish to go and make war against a village, and spend more money than it will cost me. Send and fetch the things you

have left behind, and if they keep them, why, God is great, and you must do as well as you can. To-morrow, on the road, you will find a village called Haggi-Keui; my brother commands it,—he is ill,—do not forget to call and see him *en passant*.”

M. Fontanier recovered his effects and set out again on his journey. His next adventure was more serious; we will leave him to tell his own story. It is another judicial anecdote of Turkey in Asia.

“When I arrived at Osmandjik, I was overcome with fatigue and heat, and in that state of irritation and discontent well understood by all those who in the Levant have been obliged to listen to the thousand-and-one absurdities of the inhabitants, to undergo their contempt, without meeting a single individual with whom to exchange an idea. I took my place on the outside of the café, in a place elevated a little above the soil, in one of the compartments or boxes made by means of the balustrade. My servant came to announce to me that the muleteer would not go any further because he had made another engagement at Marcivan. It had been agreed that he should take me to Tossia, and I caused him to be told that if he could find a substitute on the same conditions he might go; that otherwise I should send to the Khan, where his mules were put up, and that I should make the master of the house responsible for them: according to the usages of the country I had a perfect right to do so, and they engaged not to permit his departure. All of a sudden the man presented himself before me and said, ‘Do you suppose that I don’t know who you are? You are a Russian spy: you have come to look out for our mines and our treasures: do you not write and ask questions? If the Armenian had not been with you I would have played you a pretty trick. And for all that you talk like a pacha, you are nothing but a dog, a m——.’ However accustomed I had become to these pleasing epithets, I was not at the moment in a humour to bear them. I had in my hand a large pipe of cherry-tree wood, and with all the force that God has given me I discharged a blow of it on his head. In an instant all the rayas leaped out of the windows, that they might not be taken for witnesses: the Mussulmans sitting in the café bowed their heads, and exclaimed Allah! Allah! while my antagonist squatted down until he had recovered himself a little from the blow. I saw my imprudence too late; however, it was necessary to support the character I had assumed. I went into the café, and addressing myself to the master, I asked him if I had not acted right in not permitting myself to be insulted. ‘Is this right?’ said I; ‘am I not a guest—a *momussafir*? am I to be abused? This fellow himself, is he a true Mussulman—is he not rather a Kurd, perhaps even a Yezidi? for he is from Bitlis. A good Osmanli, would he have acted in this manner? after having made his bargain would he have broken it without reason? Would he have insulted a traveller who carries a firman of the sultan Mahmoud, our lord: a *bouyourdou* of Mehemed-Ali, our lord, who is the particular friend of Galib-Pacha, of the Musselim, and of the Cadi of Amassia; a great physician too, who has saved the life of so many sick persons?’ Such was the reasoning I was compelled

to employ ; and if ever I was satisfied with my eloquence it was on this occasion, when the master of the café, casting his eyes on the company, said to me, ' Fear nothing ; if you have a firman of *great length* they dare not do anything against you ; besides, I will interfere in the matter. You have alighted at my house ; I shall speak in your favour rather than for this man, who has not even taken a cup of coffee of me.' An instant after, the guard of the Cadi came to fetch me, and I was conducted to the house of the vaivode, where, for the moment, he administered justice. Another affair was going on when we arrived, between a woman and her husband, whom she accused of infidelity. She complained that he did not allow her a sufficient quantity of candle, of salt, and of wood, according to law ; that he neglected her, and in order to represent this last case, she had taken care to turn the slippers he had placed at the door wrong side foremost. The husband was threatened with the *bastinadoe* : he disputed for some time respecting the fine of fifty piastres, to which he was condemned, and managed to make them reduce it to forty. In pronouncing this judgment, the Cadi kept himself at the corner of the apartment, and all those who were not interested in the trial seated themselves on the divan which surrounded the apartment : each of the auditors gave his advice without being asked. On one side was a balustrade, behind which the parties stood. Here we were heard in our turn. The muleteer began : ' I am,' said he, ' a good Mussulman ; my name is Ahmed, of Bitlis. I am, besides, a poor man ; I have but ten mules with which to gain a livelihood, but, thanks to Heaven, the great and the small are equal and poor before God, and we are in a Mahometan country. Nevertheless, I have had the disgrace of being struck by an infidel. Shall that go unpunished ? ' ' Allah ! Allah ! ' exclaimed the auditory. Then the Cadi asked, ' Who has struck thee ? ' ' That is he,' answered he, pointing me out. I then advanced to avow the fact, and plead my cause. ' Hast thou a *teskéré* ? ' (a species of passport) said the Cadi. ' No ; but I have a firman, and more, a *bouyourdou* of the pacha Mehemed, our seigneur.' ' Show it.' He took it, and exclaimed, ' Think'st thou that Mahomet-Pacha—that the son of the slave himself, (the sultan,) could protect you when you strike a true believer ? There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet : know'st thou not that thou art an infidel, a dog, an unclean animal, a thing hideous and foul before the law ? ' The entire auditory appeared to approve of this speech, when the vaivode entered and took cognizance of the affair. When he was told what had taken place, he said coolly, ' There is nothing to do but to punish and bastinate him.' Preparations for my punishment were commenced ; I knew them very well, but the necessity of figuring as the principal actor on the occasion gave a new horror to them. The flickering light which the fir torches borne by the attendants threw upon the scene increased its terrible effect. I saw the log of wood brought in, to which was attached the cord destined to bind my feet. The guards were armed with sticks for the punishment, but my faithful landlord of the coffee-room did not abandon me : he cried out, ' Aman ! Aman ! ' (pardon ! pardon !) and

the execution of the sentence was suspended. I took advantage of this moment to approach the Cadi, and said, 'I want my firman and my bouyourdou, because they belong to me; if you dare to touch me, you have the power, but be sure that I shall not forget it. You are a cadi, and are not ignorant that there is such a city as Stamboul.' 'Ah! you will write,' said he, 'and I know how to write too. Go, dog—get thee home—to-morrow I will make thee come to Mekémé; for in truth this is not the place to do justice in.' With what satisfaction I hastened to obey him, and entered my domicile! My host was not long in returning, and assured me that in his character of witness he had settled my affair. 'It is a great misfortune for a true believer,' said he, 'to have been struck by an infidel: it is a stain which Ahmed will never be able to wipe out. But he was without arms, and I almost think he is a Yezidi; for he never saluted me, and has not taken a cup of coffee at my house.'

"The next morning, at an early hour, the Cadi sent for me again; but this time it was the secretary who was the messenger, and performed his task with great politeness. As soon as I arrived, the judge made me sit down, and ordered coffee and a pipe to be brought to me. 'Well,' said he to me, 'you played a fine trick yesterday, and chose your place well. Did you suppose you were at Smyrna or Constantinople? You are here in a *Turkish* country, among *Turks*, among savages, among devils incarnate, who every day put me in as great a fright as I put you yesterday. Do you think I don't know the privileges of the Franks? I am from Smyrna; there I have visited some of your compatriots, and yet I was obliged to treat you yesterday as I did. You saw all those armed men who filled the room, if I had taken your part, I should have been as much compromised as you. Luckily your landlord ventured to take up your defence. I could not have done it. Go into my stable, look at my horses, they are all ready for instant departure, for from one moment to another I am never certain that I shall not be obliged to follow the example of my colleague of Marcivan. However, your affair is not finished. The muleteer demands justice, and I cannot refuse it. He desires that I should give thee up to him, that he may take thee before the pacha. Listen, you are a doctor, therefore you will gain money enough on your road to take you to Constantinople. Give me what you have, in order to indemnify your antagonist, and then you will be free to depart.' I refused these terms, and declared that I would pay nothing. In the mean time the plaintiff arrived. Whilst the cadi treated with him, he sent me into another room, where his servants were; he then recalled me, and sent the muleteer to take my place. I consented, at last, to pay 300 piastres as an indemnity, to cure the wound I had made. The judge then made us come in together. 'Thou, muleteer,' said he, 'art thou satisfied?' 'Yes.' 'Salute thy adversary.' 'Thou, doctor, art thou content? salute Ahmed. Give each of you a piece of twelve piastres to my servants, and it is ended. I will take charge of the money and hand it over.' 'But,' said Ahmed of Bitlis, 'I have the mark of a blow from a Christian, what a disgrace will this be to me,

how am I to say that I have been struck?' 'Thou wilt hit upon some lie,' said the *cadi*, 'say it was your horses, for in truth it is not decent that you should confess to have been beaten by this infidel.'—p. 167.

It might have been supposed that this singular history of a Turkish trial for assault and battery would have ended here, but not so,—by accident M. Fontanier again fell in with Ahmed of Bitlis. He found from a conversation with him, that after his departure, the *cadi* had retained for his own use the whole of the three hundred piastres, had made him pay the expenses of the trial, and moreover given him the *bastinado* for having broken his engagements!! It was not, however, the blows he had received from the *cadi* which affected him, "that," said he, "might happen to any Mahometan, without affecting his honour; but having been struck by a Christian, and not having obtained revenge, that was the misfortune, it was an outrage upon religion itself." The poor man told M. Fontanier that he had made a vow never to pass again by Osmangik, and that as soon as he got home he should shave his head, the sign of independence and liberty.

It will be considered, we trust, that the passages we have taken pains to select, illustrate in some degree the Turkish character: it is rare to find a traveller with such a thorough and philosophical comprehension of its peculiarities as M. Fontanier. We must refer to the work for multitudinous proofs of the soundness of our opinion. Had our space admitted, we should have introduced other characteristic incidents which occurred to the author during the continuation of his travels. The more remarkable of his observations and anecdotes turn upon the indifference of the Turks to human suffering, or the predominant influence of their religion in affairs of government, when Europeans, attributing to them European notions, have so constantly misconceived their operations and their motives to action. We have confined our remarks to the accidents of the voyage, which are chiefly of a personal nature. The scientific and antiquarian observations are not unfrequent, but the circumstances under which our author travelled were of a kind to prevent their being followed up in any investigations of a strikingly useful kind. The geological portions are the most ample, and they will afford a considerable quantity of interesting matter to geologists. But in a country where looking at a stratum is construed into a robbery of secret treasures, where to copy an inscription is conjuring, and measuring the ruins of a temple flat Russian espionage, much is not to be expected from an unprotected traveller. M. Fontanier found himself in Turkey during an eventful period of its modern history. He was at Constantinople, the first time, immediately after the Greek revolt, and

again just after the destruction of the Janissaries; favourable epochs for observations upon the perplexed yet clumsy machinery of the Turkish government.

At the close of the journey, some of the incidents of which we have extracted, M. Fontanier arrived at the capital, where he made some stay. He then proceeded to Smyrna, and from thence sailed among the Greek islands, and was staying at one of them when the battle of Navarino was fought. This was a season of anarchy and distress for Greece, and termination of it was not at that time even visible upon the political horizon. The picture of this extraordinary country is well drawn, and the observations of M. Fontanier are remarkable for their good sense and freedom from prejudice; but even if the new fortunes preparing for Greece, and the change in its circumstances since the period spoken of, did not deprive the author's narrative of a portion of its interest, still our limits warn us that we have no space left to enter upon the subject, and that it is time to close these agreeable and instructive volumes.

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. XI.—*Plutarchi Vitæ*; Curavit Godofr. Henr. Schaefer. Vol. I.—V.
18mo. Lipsiæ. 1825—30.

AFTER the many editions which have been published of the Lives of Plutarch, it would be natural to expect that the text of so popular a work, of so popular an author, would have been tolerably established, and brought to a state of general correctness. The true, however, is not always the probable; and even after the edition of Coray, (of which we only speak from Mr. Schaefer's extracts,) it must be confessed that much remained to be done by a careful editor. Of this opportunity for improvement, Mr. Schaefer has availed himself in a new edition of the Lives of Plutarch, which he has contributed to the Leipsig collection of Greek and Latin authors, with which all our classical readers are doubtless acquainted. The work has appeared in numbers, and will be completed in six volumes; the three first and part of the fourth containing the text, while the rest of the fourth and the fifth are occupied with the notes; the sixth and last volume has not yet appeared. In a short notice prefixed to the first volume, Mr. Schaefer says: "*Textus novis curis recognitus, passimque ita refectus est ut, nisi ipsam Scriptoris manum (quod quis in tanta vanitate critices conjecturalis spondere audeat?) certe probabiliorem vulgata scripturam dare videatur.*" This statement is true to a very great extent; and the editor has undoubtedly introduced many and great improvements in the text; nevertheless, the corrections of many errors, of every kind, are reserved for the notes; from which we infer, that a short delay in the printing would have considerably increased the convenience of the reader of this edition. For instance, there are no less than twenty places in the first eight pages, where Mr. Schaefer rejects, or otherwise corrects, the readings received in his own text. It appears too, from the following statement, that the punctuation was left in great measure to the discretion of the corrector of the press, which in a Greek book is rather dangerous. Ad vol. i. p. 94, 4. "*Omnino pervellem Teubneriani correctores in distinguendo omninoque in corrigendo rem passim melius gessissent: nam ut ipse corrigerem specimina typothetica non licuit per caliginem oculorum. Primi quidem voluminis, cujus recognitione partim excluderer ob redemptoris festinationem, correctori, non indocto juveni, hoc dederam in mandatis, ut ingentem commatum inepte positorum vim deleret. Id ille nunc recte fecit, nunc secus, ut aliis locis deleret servanda, aliis servaret delenda.*" We trust, however, that the number and value of Mr. Schaefer's correc-

tions and explanations will soon enable him to remove all these blemishes in a second edition.

Our limits do not permit us to give, by numerous extracts, an adequate idea of Mr. Schaefer's performance, or even to give specimens of his criticisms from all the different lives. We will, therefore, select a few remarks in different places :

"Vit. Thes. vi. p. 7. 9. τότε δὲ πάντάπασιν ἦν φανερός πεπονθὼς ὅπερ ὕστερον χρόνοις πολλοῖς Θεμιστοκλῆς ἔπαθε, καὶ εἶπεν ὡς καθεύδειν αὐτὸν οὐκ ἐφ' ἡ Μιλτιάδου τρόπαιον.

On this passage Mr. Schaefer says : "Negligentiùs vincta oratio. Sane malles ὅπερ—παθὼν εἶπεν. Sed talia Plutarchi gravitas aliarum curiosa rerum non curat. Similis in construendo negligentia, p. 45. 8." The construction cited by Mr. Schaefer is not parallel. The awkwardness in the passage before us arises from the two verbs ἦν and εἶπεν not referring to the same nominative case. We would read ἔπαθεν, εἰπὼν ὡς καθεύδειν, &c.

Thes. viii. p. 7. 37. Mr. Schaefer rightly prefers Σίνις to Σίννις. The first syllable is used short by Ovid.

Thes. xvii. Here, and in other places, ἡθέος should be written ἥθεος.

Thes. xxiii. p. 18. 7. ἐξήρθη δὲ καὶ τέμενος αὐτῷ, καὶ τοὺς ἀπὸ τῶν παρασχόντων τὸν δασμὸν οἰκῶν ἔταξεν εἰς θυσίαν αὐτῷ τελεῖν ἀποφοράς.

Otfried Müller (Mythologie, p. 272) reads τέμενος Διγεῖ for τέμενος αὐτῷ and οἰκούς ἔταξαν for οἰκῶν ἔταξεν.

Thes. xxx. p. 23. 26. Πειρίθους δὲ πρότερος τὴν δεξιὰν προτείνας ἐκέλευσεν αὐτὸν γενέσθαι δικαστὴν [τὸν Θεσέα] τῆς βοηλασίας.

It seems to us that the words which we have enclosed in brackets are a mere marginal gloss, and should be omitted.

Thes. xxxii. ad fin. οὐ μὴν εἰκὸς αὐτοῦ Θεσέως παρόντος ἀλῶναι τὴν τε μητέρα καὶ τὰς Ἀφιδνας.

Mr. Schaefer corrects ἀλῶναι ἂν, the sense being "It is not probable, if Theseus had been present, that his mother and Aphidnae would have been taken." Without the particle the sense would be : "It is not probable that his mother, &c. will be taken. Thus, in Aristot. Rhet. ii. 19. 24. εἰ συννεφεῖ, εἰκὸς ὕσαι. "If it is cloudy, it is probable that there will be rain."

Romul. xvii. p. 45. 33. The following verse of Sipylus is quoted :

ἡ δ' ἀγχού Ταρπηῖα παρὰ Καπιτώλιον αἶπος.

Mr. Schaefer approves παρὰ, which, perhaps, is not necessary. We would write Ταρπηᾶ.

Romul. xviii. p. 46. 30. Νοῦμαν.] Sic Coraës. vulg. Νορᾶν. In nominibus Romanis magna est scribendi inconstantia codicum Plutarcheorum. Quam qui ipsi Plutarcho tribuunt, verius, opinor, judicant, quam qui librariis.—Conf. Coraës T. i. p. 373. Sed quod Moserus in Creuzeri Meletem. ii. p. 33. ait, si Plutarchi hæc culpa sit, Plutarchum secun ipsum in concordiam esse redigendum, neminem, puto, assentientem habebit. Critici enim est librariorum errores corrigere, non diffingere manum ipsorum scriptorum."—Schaefer.

In writing the Greek forms of Latin names, it seems to us advisable, when there is a choice, to adhere to the *quantity* of the Latin name.

Thus we should prefer Νομάς to Νουμάς. In many cases, however, the quantity is changed, *e. g.* in Πουτουλοὶ for *Rutuli*.

Lycurg. vi. p. 70. 21. Mr. Schaefer gives the famous rhetra of Lycurgus, in the text, divided thus :

Διὸς Ἑλλανίου καὶ Ὠβᾶς Ὠβάξαντα τριάκοντα, γερονσίαν σὺν ἀρχαγέταις, καταστήσαντα ὥρας ἐξ ὥρας ἀπελλάζειν, &c.

In the notes he says : " Sic interpunge : Ὠβάξαντα, τριάκοντα γερονσίαν σὺν ἀρχαγέταις καταστήσαντα." The meaning of this would be : " Having appointed thirty men as a council with the princes."

It appears to us, that the old punctuation, by which τριάκοντα is joined to Ὠβᾶς, is far preferable.

Lycurg. xix. Ἄν πτωχοὶ μένητε καὶ μὴ μέσδω ἄτερος θατέρω ἐρατέητε. The last word is the conjecture of Coraëus for ἐρατέημεν. Valckenaer proposes κρατέη. Mr. Schaefer approves ἐρεείνη, for ἐπιζητή. Müller Dorier, vol. ii. p. 52. conjectures ἐράη κτῆμεν.

Pericl. xvi. The following lines of Teleclides are quoted, in which he says that the Athenians gave to Pericles

πόλεόν τε φόρους, αὐτάς τε πόλεις τὰς μὲν δεῖν, τὰς δ' ἀναλύειν,
λάϊνα τείχη τὰ μὲν οἰκοδομεῖν, τὰ δὲ αὐτὰ πάλιν καταβάλλειν,
σπονδάς, δύναμιν, κράτος, εἰρήνην, πλοῦτόν τ' εὐδαιμονίαν τε.

There is great difficulty in filling the hiatus in the second line. Erfurdt read τὰ δὲ ταυτά, understanding τὰ μὲν and τὰ δὲ to mean, " at one time," and " at another time." Mr. Schaefer says that this is impossible, and that the meaning must be the same as that of τὰς μὲν and τὰς δὲ in the first line. He himself proposes τὰ δ' ἔναντα πάλιν καταβάλλειν : ἔναντα πάλιν being used like τούναντίον αὖ in Plato Phædr. p. 268.

Alcib. xxviii. p. 338. 3. ἔρρει τὰ καλὰ. Μίνδαρος ἀπεσσοῦα. πινῶντι τῶνδρες. ἀπορόμεες τί χρηὶ ἔρᾶν.

We agree completely with the following remarks of Mr. Schaefer on the opinion of Valckenaer, that this famous letter consists of two choliambics :

" Batavi commentum quoties legi, legi subridens : quippe Spartano- rum res illo temporis articulo ita claudicabant ipsæ, ut nemo ex illorum ducibus videatur potuisse otiari scazontibus fabricandis. Adde quod etiam in summo otio hic lusus erat futurus literis de re publica scriptis indignissimus. Quis non crederet insanire ducem qui de clade accepta ad civitatem scriberet ἐμμέτρως ?"

It may be added, moreover, that even if the first two clauses be forced into metre, by supposing that the first syllable of καλός is used long, and by inserting γε after Μίνδαρος, nothing will make the two last clauses long enough by one syllable for a scazon.

Aemil. Paul. i. p. 415. The following line is quoted :

φεῦ, φεῦ, τί τούτου χάρμα μεῖζον ἂν λάβοις ;

" Est Sophoclis versus e Tympanistis, paulo ille melius scriptus quam in Stobæo. Plutarchi locus, quod miror, fugit Valckenarium, qui de hoc tragici fragmento disputat. Diatr. Euripid. p. 194. Item fugit, quod non miror, Brunckium et sequaces."—Schaefer.

Of a decree of the Roman Senate, by which 150,000 men were en-

slaved, and seventy cities destroyed, in one day, (Aem. Paul. 29.) Mr. Schaefer observes; "Talia dogmata numero plurima velim expendant et ruminentur scholastici nostri, qui quaecunque foeda illa et execrabilis Romanorum aristocratia in damnum generis humani ausa est, tanquam *κατορθώματα* classicæ scilicet antiquitatis puerorum suorum coronæ admiranda proponunt. Multa deliquit levitas Atheniensium: sed longe longeque plura barbaries Romanorum."

These remarks on the brutal love of conquest, and systematic polity of unjust encroachment and aggression, which have condemned the Romans to an eternal infamy, are perfectly well founded: though, with all our admiration for that people whom the Romans were willing to despise as *merely* superior to them in all the arts of civilized life,* we must think that the conduct of the Athenians to their allies deserves another and a worse name than "levity." To their allies the government of the Athenians was an unrelenting and most oppressive tyranny: and, however we may admire the Athenian democracy, as far as the Athenian citizens were concerned, it must never be forgotten that to the subjects of Athens it was one of the worst of despotisms.

Marcell. 20. *καρχηδονιάζουσαν*. For this Mr. Schaefer corrects *καρχηδονίζουσαν*, comparing *ἀννιβίζειν*, *ἀττικίζειν*, *φιλιππίζειν*, &c. We believe, however, that the rule given by Bentley is quite correct (Mus. Crit. vol. ii. p. 548), viz. that when *ι* precedes the termination of the nominative plural of the noun from which the verb is derived, it ends in *άζειν*, otherwise in *ίζειν*. Thus *Μῆδοι*, *μηδίζειν*, *Σκύθαι*, *σκυθίζειν*. But *Λέσβιοι*, *λεσβιάζειν*. *Χῆτοι*, *χιάζειν*, &c. Thus too *λακεδαιμονιάζειν*, a form used by Aristophanes, *Fragm.* 68, ed. Dindorf. where see the editor's remark. Hence we would preserve the form *καρχηδονιάζειν*, as being regularly formed from *Καρχηδόνιος*.

Comparatio Lysand. cum Sylla, c. iii. p. 319. 28. *οἱκοι λέοντες, ἐν ὑπαίθρῳ δ' ἀλώπεκες*.

Mr. Schaefer has the following note: "Ut trimeter vulgo seorsum ponitur. Bellus vero versus, quales a nostris criticis, *qui se peritissimos jactant metrorum*, nuper tornatos supra vidimus. Nec tamen negem hoc quoque proverbium olim fuisse metricum. Quantilli enim laboris est *ἐν ὑπαίθρῳ* mutare in *ὑπαίθριοι*?"

It seems to us that the learned editor would have much improved this note by suppressing his sneer at other critics, and mentioning that the verse slightly altered by Plutarch is *οἱκοι λέοντες, ἐν Ἐφέσῳ δ' ἀλώπεκες*. See Meursius, *Miscell. Lacon.* iii. 2, p. 199.

Alexandr. vii. Mr. Schaefer considers that the famous letters of Alexander and Aristotle are certainly genuine: "ipsa brevis ostendit genuinas esse." A different judgment is passed on them by Lobeck, in his late admirable work on the ancient mysteries. *Aglaophamus*, vol. i. p. 162.

We could easily extract many useful and ingenious remarks, both critical and explanatory, from the commentary of Mr. Schaefer; but our

* It is unnecessary to remind our readers of the famous lines of Virgil, "Exeunt alii," &c.

space will only allow us to touch on one other subject relating to these notes. Mr. Schaefer is unquestionably a most able and learned critic, having gained by long habit an accurate and familiar knowledge of the Greek language. These qualities, assisted by his great industry, will doubtless always procure him the fame of a respectable commentator on Greek authors. Nevertheless, he seems to be sensitive about his reputation, almost to a morbid degree; and his notes abound with querulous appeals against accusers and calumniators, mixed up with defences of his former works; which would come with a better grace if Mr. Schaefer was satisfied not to make reprisals, or to do that to others of which he complains so bitterly when done to himself. Against Mr. Hermann in particular his attacks are frequently directed, who has, no doubt, given him sufficient provocation; but is it necessary for us to remind Mr. Schaefer that nothing but self-preservation justifies a man in using unfair weapons to repel an unfair attack? Is it impossible to defend oneself honourably against a dishonourable opponent? Even if the general coarseness of German controversy were held to be an excuse for some of Mr. Schaefer's remarks, (an excuse, however, which we could not admit,) nothing can atone for such an affront as the following:

"Ceterum Hesiï Reiskium notantis humanitatem tirones, ut in ethice proficiant, comparent cum inhumanitate Popponis similem Schneideri errorem conculcantis ferocissime præfat. ad Xenoph. Cyropæd. p. 8. Nec multum miror, qui sciam in quo ludo hanc castigationum urbanitatem didicerit."*

It would seem, indeed, from the disgraceful lengths to which the controversial writers on ancient literature have gone, that there is something in verbal criticism which has a singularly bad moral tendency, and that it is impossible to write on questions of Greek criticism without being, at the same time, angry, petulant, and abusive. Such, at least, is the opinion which might be not unreasonably formed, not only from the angry recriminations of the early scholars, but from some of the literary squabbles of modern Germany; such as those between Professors Boeckh and Hermann; and again, between Professors Welcker and Hermann; the attacks made upon Otfried Müller by Lange and Schlosser, upon Dr. Blomfield by Seidler, &c. &c. That such is not the necessary result of an active study of ancient literature has been proved by many illustrious examples to the contrary; and there is every reason to believe that it should have the very contrary effect. In the mean time we only wish that any exhortations of ours could persuade the lovers of Greek criticism to lay aside their fierce controversial spirit, and to take away from the enemies of this study their strongest argument for saying that it narrows the mind, hardens the affections, and thus corrupts the understanding.

* Vol. v. p. 297, and see vol. iv. p. 398, 418; vol. v. p. 22, 90, 111, 143, 149, 180, 205, 241. Mr. Poppo was, we believe, a pupil of Mr. Hermann's.

ART. XII.—*De Roberti Wacii Carmine, quod inscribitur Brutus, Commentatio.* Scripsit L. Abrahams, AA. LL. Mag., in Regia disciplinarum Nauticarum Academia Præceptor. Hafniæ. 1828. 8vo. (A Disquisition upon Robert Wace's Poem, entitled *Le Brut*, by L. Abrahams, &c. &c.) Copenhagen.

WE had occasion in a former Number to express our regret, that our English Antiquaries should have resigned to their French rivals the credit of giving to the reading public of the present day Wace's *ROMAN DE ROU*, a poem which belongs equally to both nations; its language being old French, and its subject the history of Norman kings and their ancestors, written, as it should seem, by the desire of—certainly at the court of—our Henry the Second; whilst its author was our countryman, not by construction merely as owing allegiance to the king of England on account of his French dominions, but as a native of the island of Jersey. Our regrets are renewed and increased when we see *BRUT* of the same author, which, except in language, is altogether English, (being a poetical, or at least, a versified history of England, from its first settlement by Brutus, the great grandson of Æneas, to the final establishment of the Saxons in this country, and their conversion to Christianity,) brought into notice by a Dane, who is thereunto incited by the connection of those Saxon conquerors with Denmark. *Herr* Abrahams thus explains the circumstances and motives that led to his undertaking the publication.

“When visiting Paris a few months since, and there occupied with inquiries into the origin of the French language, I further proposed to myself to examine and make extracts from whatever I should find amongst the MSS. that might illustrate or relate to the history of our country. Having been previously engaged with the poets of Southern France, I now, therefore, turned my mind to the lays of the Northern poets, who both wrote in a language bearing more affinity to modern French, and took for the ground-work of their lays subjects connected with the history of various nations, more especially of our own. Amongst others, I lit upon the *ROMAN DE BRUT* of Robert Wace, which, with the exception of a few fragments, and those not critically collated and corrected, has never yet been edited, although perhaps the oldest composition after the *Romane* language had been formed, and cultivated in a literary sense. This poem, transcribed from five copies in the *Bibliothèque du Roi** at Paris, I purposed to publish, and in order to afford our own countrymen a specimen of it, to translate into Danish the portion recording the deeds achieved in Britain by our ancestors, the natives of the Cimbric Chersonnesus, under the conduct of Hengist and Horsa. But now, when the approaching academical anniversary offers to the literary student an occasion of trying his powers in some curious investigation, I resolved not to miss the opportunity, but diligently to prepare my essay, such as it is, in the form of an accurate disquisition, in which I might treat of the life and writings of the poet, and briefly illustrate his poetical and historical merits, give some speci-

* If the learned author means to publish a complete edition of *Le Brut*, we trust he will previously compare his copy with the MSS. of it which exist in this country.

mens of the language he employed, adding the argument of the whole poem, to render the portions contained in this fragment the more intelligible."

Accordingly the sort of prize essay before us, (of course, as an academical exercise, written in Latin,) consists of five separate disquisitions of the argument of the Roman, and of some 7 or 800 lines of the poem, with a Danish version. The disquisitions treat of Wace himself, his name, history, and writings, of the language in which he wrote, and of the historical and poetical value of his works. With respect to the poet himself, the information being chiefly drawn from the ROMAN DE ROU, we have already given the essence of it in our review of that publication,* and shall now merely observe, that the name of Wace is established by both poems, in which the author constantly speaks of himself as *Maistre Wace*, to the utter discomfiture of the partizans of Gace, Gasse, Westace, and Huistace, &c.

The language in which Wace wrote offers more curious matter for discussion. He himself calls it *Romans*, although it is really old French, or what is usually denominated *Langue d'Oil*, in contradistinction to the *Langue d'Oc* or *Romans*. The latter name probably remained common to both *dialects*—using the word in its comprehensive, philological sense, for some time after their separation. Indeed the ingenious French editor of the CHOIX DES POESIES DES TROUBADOURS, M. Raynouard, conceives, and assuredly upon plausible grounds, that all the languages considered as corruptions of Latin, bear to their common parent the relation of descendants rather than of children, all of them being derived immediately from the *Romans*, which once prevailed throughout Italy, France, and Spain. But this is no place to discuss the learned Frenchman's views; and of our Danish editor's essay upon the subject it may be enough to say, that after describing in the usual way the formation of the language by the admixture of German conquerors with the degenerate Romanized Gauls, he further ascribes great influence therein to the Normans. He observes, that nothing had been written, in the *Langue d'Oil* at least, prior to their establishment in France; that the *Troubadours* speak of those who wrote in *Normans*, and he points out many words of Icelandic or Norse origin, of which some are now obsolete, but others are still part of the language—such as *hair* from the Norse *hata*. Should the reader be startled by the idea of attributing the literary cultivation of northern France to the Hyperborean pirates, he must recollect, that however barbarous in their belligerent capacity, those devastators of all peaceful coasts were deeply imbued with the love of song, and the desire of having their achievements recorded, like those of their forefathers, by their *scalds*, who not unfrequently accompanied the Sea Kings in their expeditions; circumstances which render our Professor's theory not improbable, though it cannot be denied, that most of the words in question might have been previously introduced by the Franks.

Wace's poetical merit is as much over-rated by his Danish editor as it has been undervalued by others. The simplicity of the *old master's*

* Number III. page 90.

style certainly possesses an appropriate charm, and his common-place truisms and his prolixity are occasionally relieved by spirited passages and graphic descriptions; but we should look vainly in Wace for the high strain of poetry of the Scandinavian Scalds, to whom Abrahams ascribes the origin of the *lais* of the *Trouveres*. If he be in the right, the northern imagination must have grievously degenerated in southern climes.

Wace's historical value his present editor considers in a twofold light. With regard to the events recorded in his narrative, and taken by him from the songs of British bards, and from Old Geoffrey of Monmouth, notwithstanding the gravity with which our editor discusses them, there can hardly, at the present time of day, be two opinions. But if Wace be no authority for what, even when he wrote, was the past, he is an invaluable authority for the then present, of which he did not mean to write. Like all the poets of the 12th and 13th centuries, he ascribes the manners and customs of his own times to his personages, whosoever they may be, and whensoever they may have lived, and consequently from his pictures of Brutus and Hengist, we learn to know the court of Henry the Second.

The argument of the *Roman* is far too long (it occupies nearly 30 pages) for us to give any account of it beyond what we have already said of the general subject, and we proceed to the portion of the poem here published, with its Danish version. Of the latter, it will suffice to say, that it is executed with the requisite simplicity, with great fidelity to the spirit, and as much to the letter as may perhaps be compatible with a strict adherence in rhyme, to the length and number of lines of the original. That such a translation should not always preserve the peculiar turn of expression, is inevitable; we should scarcely have judged it worth noticing, had we not observed with some surprise, that the translator, for the sake of the rhyme, has not scrupled to make the pugnacious Hengist speak of being frightened. To be sure, he is trying to dupe Vortigern when he does so, but the words Wace puts into his mouth are, that he cannot sleep in safety out of a fortress. We take as our specimen of this old romance, the murder of the Britons upon Salisbury Plain, the shortest complete incident in the Danish editor's fragment.

“ And now to Salisbury's wide plain,
To Amesbury Abbey's proud domain,
Britons and Saxons take their way
Upon th' appointed first of May.
The Saxons Hengist taught and bid
To bring beneath their garments hid
Their knives that cut on either side;
But peaceful seeming to abide
Whilst he harangues the British band,
Till all shall intermingled stand.
Neme iuer Seres! then he'll shout,
Words senseless to the Briton rout;
Then every man shall draw his knife
And take his Briton-neighbour's life.

When at the solemn conference,
Mingled with seeming negligence,
All sit—in honest peaceful guise
Unarmed the Britons—Hengist cries
Nim iuer Sax! Then each man drew
His knife, and his next neighbour slew.
But Hengist by the mantle grasped
King Vortigern, with strong arm clasped,
And saved him from the murd'rous dirk,
Leaving to others slaughter's work.
Those others with unwearying stroke
Clean through the folds of hood and cloak
Deep piercing bowels, piercing breast,
Gave not their knives an instant's rest.
Within, without, they fall. Outspread
Four hundred and threescore lie dead,
The wealthiest, stoutest of that day—
As many more fled thence away,
Lab'ring with stones to guard their lives.
Eldolf, an Earl of Gloucester, strives
With a huge stake, luckily found
Beside his foot, his foes to wound;
Who brought it there I cannot tell—
But with that stake he guards him well,
Lays many Saxons on the plain,
And seventy has quickly slain.
Earl Eldolf, who was bold and strong,
So scattered with his stake the throng,
That through them he unwounded went:
After him many knives were sent,
But all fell short. He reached his steed,
A horse of passing strength and speed,
And from the scene of murder hied
To Gloucester town well fortified.
The Saxons would the King have slain;
But Hengist shouted then amain,
Forbear the King! My good lord still,
Who for my sake has borne much ill,
And as my son-in-law by me
Must be defended—yet shall he
Into our hands his cities give,
And castles too, if he would live."

We imagine that our readers, contented with this specimen, will readily dispense with our working up into such metre and rhyme, the names of the cities and counties with which Vortigern, upon this occasion, purchased his life of his kindly considerate father-in-law. We should like, however, to add the revenge, subsequently taken by Earl Eldolf upon Hengist for this act of treachery and murder. But Wace does not tell his stories shortly, and this article is already quite long enough for the size of the pamphlet under review.

ART. XIII.—*Nouvelles Tables Astronomiques et Hydrographiques.* Par V. Bagay, Professeur d'Hydrographie. Paris. 1830. 4to.

FROM the state to which science has been advanced, its future progress must be slow; not only do the quantities to be determined require years of the most accurate observation, but the calculations dependent thereon must receive a development involving a degree of labour which comparatively few are disposed to encounter: hence the vast accumulation of unreduced observations, totally useless in their present state, but containing ample riches to reward any indefatigable explorer with an inclination to work so difficult a mine. Good tables may be regarded as the steam engines by which this is to be effected, and the person who erects a new one may be esteemed a benefactor to science, not merely in proportion to the immediate advantage accruing to any particular branch, but to the general increase of the available stock. For the use of every department in which calculation is necessary, innumerable tables have been published, but the very great expense necessarily attendant upon producing them, has rendered the number of correct ones extremely limited, while the rest are of a most inferior description. At present, indeed, perfect reliance can be placed upon no tables that have not stood the test of experience, and of which the perhaps unavoidable errors have received from successive generations the requisite correction. Hence arises the infinite value of Mr. Babbage's machine, which, computing almost every possible variety of combination, and printing what it has computed, precludes every error, both of calculation and of the press. This engine, by far the finest specimen of human ingenuity extant, *must* determine the direction which mathematical science will take; its infallibility being known, the object will be to bring every expression within the range of its power. All that is requisite for that purpose seems to be, that the numbers to be calculated should have *some* order of differences constant. It was generally supposed that this was limited to the sixth or under; more extended investigation has removed that limit, and we believe that the capabilities of this transcendent piece of mechanism have not been, nor can be ascertained. To advert to the subject which has elicited these remarks: for the use of the mariner, hydrographer and surveyor, various collections of tables have been published as auxiliaries, more or less perfect, in determining the latitude, longitude, time &c. and with a greater or less degree of trouble to the person who employs them; but till the appearance of the present volume, there was none which, comprehending within itself all that was required for the purpose, superseded the necessity of reference to any other books, an astronomical ephemeris of course excepted.

There is an able practical introduction concerning the different phenomena of the globe and of the heavens, with the instruments employed in examining them, together with the method of verifying and correcting the instruments in question—also an explanation of the tables. And here the reproach generally so well applied to French books is completely avoided, for numerous examples, perspicuously arranged, show the manner of performing every calculation. There are thirty-three

tables, beside those of sines, cosines, tangents, and cotangents, to every second of the quadrant, to seven places of decimals. These last never having been published, except by Taylor, whose work is scarce and expensive, impart very great additional value to the present volume, and insure for it the patronage of all scientific men. Of the other tables some are altogether new, several much improved, and in all the system of introducing a character to denote when any change takes place in the index or first part of the decimals is a most admirable precaution. On the whole we cannot speak too highly of this work, the great quantity of most useful matter it contains, the compact but clear arrangement and above all its paradoxical cheapness are claims to public support which cannot be overlooked; and from our personal experience of its advantages we say with sincerity that this most meritorious volume should be in the hands of all who are engaged in mathematical and astronomical computation.

ART. XIV.—*Antichità Romantiche d'Italia. Epoca prima. Della condizione economica, morale e politica degli Italiani nei bassi tempi. Epoca seconda. Ne' tempi Municipali.* Opera di Defendente e Giuseppe Sacchi. 2 vols. 8vo. Milano. 1828-9.

THE authors of this work have undertaken to illustrate, in a series of essays, the social, political, and economical condition of the Italians during the middle ages, an appellation by which are included no less than a thousand years, from the beginning of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth centuries. This long era they divide into the *dark* or *lower ages*, the period of which terminates about the end of the tenth century, a period of ignorance and barbaric rule; and into *municipal ages*, which begin with the eleventh century, when the Italian cities, having obtained their freedom or charters, constituted themselves into so many municipal states, first with a popular government, and afterwards under the sway of some ambitious and successful citizen. This latter was a period of regeneration, of modern Italian independence, speaking in a national sense, which was terminated by the unprincipled interference, first, of the French under Charles VIII., and afterwards of the Emperor Charles V., who gave the final blow to the liberties of Italy, and made that fine country an apanage of Spain.

The indefatigable Muratori collected immense materials on this important subject, which form a real mine for the exploration of subsequent historians. But Muratori's works are chiefly intended for the learned; they are too voluminous, and their matter too multifarious to suit the capacity of common readers. The two cousins Sacchi—one of whom, Defendente, is already favourably known by several works of light literature*—are now labouring to render the history of the middle ages intelligible to the Italians in general, who are as yet but little read in this part of their national annals, in which alone, however, they can find the real origin and causes of their present social state. We are

* *La Pianta de' Sospiri*, and *Oriole*, or *Letters of two Lovers*; both of them novels.

glad to see them turning their attention to those dark and turbulent times, with which their existence as a modern people began; they will derive from them practical lessons, better adapted to their condition, than from the beautiful classical recollections of Roman greatness, to which our present manners and ideas bear but little analogy or sympathy.

The first volume of the work before us treats of the architecture—and first of the church architecture—used in Italy during the dark ages—of the conversion of Pagan temples and Basilicæ into churches—the origin of the catacombs, and of the other sanctuaries erected by the early Christians under the name of *confessiones*, *sacraria*, and *testimonia*. Of those early sanctuaries still existing, the Basilica of San Clemente, at Rome, that of S. Paolo, lately destroyed in part by fire, the Church of Sta. Prisca, on the Aventine, that of St. Stefano Rotondo, on the Cœlian Mount, and the famous Basilica dedicated to St. Ambrose, at Milan, are the most remarkable. Our authors then proceed to speak of the churches raised under the dominion of the Longobards in the north of Italy, and give a full description of the principal ones. They then treat of the symbolic art among the early Christians, which they define as the *representation of dogmas, mysteries, and religious truths, by means of determinate forms, images, and cyphers, in the architecture of their churches*, a sort of mystic science which the initiated alone understood. This science was divided into *Hermetick* and *Orphic*, the first referring to the plan and shape of the church, the number of angles and faces it presented, and the second, or *Orphic*, consisting in the ornaments and other accessories, regulating the colour and quality of the materials employed, the disposition of the cyphers or monograms sculptured over the gates and other parts of the building, the figures of animals and other sculptural ornament, all having a mystical meaning. And the authors quote repeatedly the epistles *De Angelica Hierarchia*, and *De Theologia Symbolica*, attributed to St. Dionysius Areopagita, but which in fact were written by the Bishop Synesius, who lived in the fifth century. The whole of this chapter, pp. 138-76, is full of curious and interesting investigations.

Speaking of the civil and domestic architecture under the Longobards, the authors observe that little can be known of their style, as we have but few remaining traces of it. Here they take an opportunity of digressing into the character of the Longobardian rule in Italy, which, by many writers, and even by Muratori, has been spoken of favourably, as of an epoch of repose and happiness for the country. Tiraboschi was the first to throw doubts on this assertion, and lately the impartial and clear-sighted Manzoni, in his excellent dissertation annexed to his *Adelchis*, demonstrated its fallacy. The work before us shows that the Longobards were, and continued to be, ruthless, ignorant, and capricious barbarians, to the very last period of their dominion, that they treated their subject Italians, or *Romans* as they called them, in the most oppressive manner, and historical demonstrations are given of their tyrannical and oppressive sway. Although we suspect that the authors have assumed more than can be proved, yet we

think that there is truth on their side. It certainly appears that of all the barbaric conquerors of Italy, the Goth, Theodoric, was the only one who was really benevolent to the Italians, and that his reign was the only breathing period for that oppressed people between the death of Theodosius and the advent of Charlemagne.

Vol. II. treats of the second, or Municipal epoch of the Italian States. The authors here enter into greater details of their festivals, which he classes into military; religious; popular, such as games, masquerades, &c.; patrician, on occasion of marriages; feasts of gallantry, courts of love, introduced into Southern Italy by the Provençals who followed Charles of Anjou; rustic or Agrarian festivals, such as that of planting the May-tree; and historical commemorations and homages, chiefly kept in the feudal districts and castles of the Appennines. The celebrated tribute of the white hackney from the King of Naples to the Pope belongs to this last category.

In the seventh chapter the writers trace the influence of their various festivals on the minds and character of the Italians, as well as on the creation of their heroic poetry or romances of chivalry. The Italians chose foreign names for their heroes, because they derived their legends of Charlemagne and his times from France, which was the seat of chivalry, an institution that never spread far or took firm root in Italy.

The latter part of the second volume is entirely on the origin, progress, and decay of the municipal communities in Italy during the middle ages, the first idea of which was perhaps derived from the institution of the *commune* even under the Romans.

We expect that this interesting series of essays will not stop here, and that the authors will persevere in their object of elucidating the *civil history of the Italian people during the middle ages.*

ART. XV.—*Antologia Straniera*. 8vo. 1830. Torino, Pomba.

THIS is a Foreign Review and Miscellany, which has been lately started at Turin, and which, we think, deserves commendation, both for the excellence of its plan and the merit of its execution. It must be a matter of deep regret to all lovers of intellectual improvement, that at a time when most of the European nations, and even some of those of the New World, are ardently rivalling each other in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and rapidly advancing in civilization, Italy alone, once the great fosterer of science and art, should, as it were, withdraw from the race, and gradually fall into the rear. We are not, perhaps, like one of our contemporaries, prepared to call the South of Europe the "Dead Sea of literature;" but we cannot deny, that whilst every corner of the North has lately contributed important additions to our knowledge, Italy has added little to the common stock. Those, however, who know how her rulers, both religious and civil, strive to fetter her mind, will not be surprised at her present depression. The best periodicals on this side of the Alps, and the standard works of which northern literature is justly proud, are either entirely excluded from the peninsula, or considerably impeded in their circulation; some on account of their principles;

others in consequence of mere occasional allusions to religion or politics; and the remaining ones because they have not the honour to be known at the custom-house. Thus severed from the rest of mankind, and taught by the sufferings of Silvio Pellico, Romagnosi, Rossi, Gioia, Foscolo, Botta, and others, to abandon every useful pursuit, the Italians have been compelled to fritter away their ingenuity in endless discussions on the genius of their language; in the disputes between the classicists and romanticists, and on other subjects equally frivolous. It is, however, probable, that the patriotic undertaking of Mr. Pomba will do much towards working a change in these matters; for by such means Italy may keep pace with the daily march of intellect abroad, without alarming her oppressors with the frightful presence of foreign publications: and the geographical situation of Piedmont is highly favourable to an undertaking of this description. The *Antologia Straniera* is a collection of articles of general interest, judiciously selected from foreign periodicals, abridged and condensed when too long, and adapted, of course, to the views of a censorship, when they are found too free. In this last respect, however, we are happy to say that we do not as yet see any ground of complaint: the numbers before us evince a freedom of thought which gave us real satisfaction; and we must confess that in allowing their publication the Piedmontese government has shown more wisdom and liberality than we gave it credit for. Amongst the articles contained in the first number, there are four selected from English Reviews, viz. on the *Progress of Political Opinions in Great Britain*, from the *Edinburgh*: on *Vegetable Physiology*, from the same: on the *Pursuit of Truth*, from the *Westminster*; and on the *Principles of Elocution*, from the *North American*. There are, besides, some short notices extracted from periodicals of less importance; and an original letter from London, giving a fair account of the proceedings of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in this country, and its publications, accompanied with some laudatory remarks on Mr. Brougham, which we certainly were not prepared to see emanating from the press of an Italian state enjoying the paternal advantage of a censorship.

ART. XVI. — *Prophetæ Minores, perpetua annotatione illustrata à Dr^o Petro Four. Ackermann. Viennæ. 1830. 8vo. pp. 806.*

THIS is a useful commentary on the Minor Prophets. The author, who does not lay claim to much originality, offers it as a compilation, principally from the labours of preceding expositors and commentators, whose works may not be accessible to many biblical students. He professes to have made great use of the cognate dialects for the explanation of the more difficult forms of Hebrew words; and, in addition to the Septuagint Greek and Vulgate Latin versions, he has made ample use of the more ancient interpreters (but without neglecting modern critical expositors), for the express purpose of showing that they were not quite so ignorant of the true principles of interpretation, as some modern writers have imagined. To these Dr. Ackermann has added his own philological observations, wherever they appeared to be necessary. Critical

discussions respecting the authors, genuineness and canonical authority of the several books, are designedly omitted, as the author refers for these topics to his "*Introductio in Libros Canonicos Veteris Fæderis*," which appeared at Vienna in 1825. This last mentioned work, however, (our readers ought to be apprised,) is nothing more than an expurgated edition of the late eminently learned Dr. John Jahn's "*Introductio in Libros Sacros Veteris Fæderis in compendium redacta*," published at Vienna in 1804, and which, by a decree of Pope Pius VII., dated August 26, 1822, was put into the Index Expurgatorius, and prohibited to be read by all who are in communion with the Romish Church.

ART. XVII.—*Novum Testamentum Græce. Textum ad fidem testium criticorum recensuit, lectionum familias subiecit, e Græcis Codicibus manuscriptis qui in Europæ et Asiæ Bibliothecis reperiuntur fere omnibus, e Versionibus antiquis, Conciliis, Sanctis Patribus, et Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis quibuscunque, vel primo vel iterum collatis, copias criticas addidit, atque conditionem horum testium criticorum historiamque textus Novi Testamenti in Prolegomenis fusius exposuit, præterea Synaxaria codicum K. M. 262. 274. typis excubenda curavit Dr. J. Mart. Augustinus Scholz. Vol. I. IV Evangelia complectens. Lipsiæ. 1830. 4to.*

We cannot close this Number of our Journal without introducing to the notice of our readers this first volume of the most important critical edition of the New Testament that ever was given to the public, but which was received too late to admit of any detailed account being given of it at present. Dr. Scholz announced his undertaking at least ten years since, and its appearance has for the last four or five years been anxiously expected by biblical scholars. The latest edition of the *entire* Greek Testament, with critical apparatus, was that published at Halle, for the second time, in 1796—1806, by Dr. John James Griesbach, who, besides consulting the works of the ancient Greek and Latin Fathers and ancient versions, exhibited in a compendious form the various readings which had been collected by preceding editors, or by himself, from 355 MSS. A third edition of the first volume of Griesbach's Greek Testament appeared at Berlin, in 1827, under the superintendence of Dr. David Schulz, who gave the various readings of seven additional MSS. But the labours of both these editors have been surpassed by Dr. Scholz, of Bonn upon the Rhine, who, after visiting and collating the MSS. preserved in the libraries in various parts of Europe and Asia, has given the results of a portion of his laborious researches in the present volume, which contains the Greek text of the four Gospels, with MANY THOUSANDS of various readings collected from 674 MSS. including *Evangelisteria*, or lessons extracted from the Gospels. Of these MSS. not fewer than THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO have, for the first time, been collated (some of them partially) by Dr. Scholz.

Copious Prolegomena are prefixed, which contain a treasure of sacred criticism. They treat on the uncorrupt preservation of the sacred text of the New Testament during the first two centuries of the Christian era, on its subsequent corruption by copyists and grammarians, on the

two classes or families to which the MSS. may be referred, on the labours of preceding editors, and of Dr. Scholz himself, in restoring the genuine text of the New Testament. Some observations then follow on the mode in which ancient MSS. are written, and divided for reading in churches; on the subscriptions attached to them; on the chapters and canons of Eusebius; on the order of the several books, and on the critical aids of which the editor availed himself in preparing his catalogue of MSS. To these details succeeds a special account of the MSS. actually collated, distinguishing those which had been collated by others from such as were examined by himself; together with particulars respecting the ancient versions, fathers, ecclesiastical writers, and the acts of councils, all of which were consulted in collecting the various readings. The last chapter of the Prolegomena contains some very curious and important observations on ascertaining the genuine text, in which he establishes the theory, that there are only two classes of instruments or documents for the text of the New Testament; viz. 1. The *Constantinopolitan* class, which comprises all the MSS. written within the limits of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, or which were destined for liturgical use; and 2. The *Alexandrine* class, so called from its text having originated in Alexandria. This class contains MSS. written in the south of France, in Sicily, Egypt, and elsewhere; but, presenting a text different from that which was generally received, they neither were nor could be employed in divine service. This chapter is, perhaps, the most curious part of Dr. Scholz's Prolegomena, and will doubtless particularly engage the attention of biblical scholars.

The Prolegomena, which fill 172 pages, conclude with an account of the mode adopted by Dr. Scholz in the arrangement of the various readings, and an explanation of the contractions and marks used by him. The four Gospels fill 452 pages. The text, which is that generally called the *textus receptus*, is judiciously printed in paragraphs, carefully punctuated, with the numbers of chapters and verses placed in the margin; and below this are disposed the various readings, with the authorities for them very clearly and commodiously exhibited in two columns, in the following order; viz. 1. Those MSS. which are of the greatest antiquity, and written in uncial or capital letters; these are denoted by letters of the alphabet: 2. MSS. written in cursive or ordinary Greek characters: 3. Evangelistaria, or lesson-books; these two classes of MSS. are referred to by Arabic figures: 4. The ancient versions, both oriental and occidental: and 5. Last of all come the quotations from the New Testament which are found in the acts of councils and the writings of Greek and Latin Fathers. By way of appendix, Dr. Scholz has added the *Synaxarion* * of the MS. denoted by the letter K, (the Codex Cyprius,) of the ninth century; and the *Menologion** found

* *Synaxarion* is the name of an ecclesiastical book in use among the members of the Greek Church: it contains a *very brief* notice of their saints, and also a concise explanation of the subject of each festival which is celebrated. A *Menologion* is the same among the Greeks as a Martyrology or Calendar of Saints with the Latin or Romish Church, which contains an indication (for it can scarcely be termed a biographical notice) of the saints for every day of the month throughout the year; and also a commemoration of those saints of whom no lives are extant, and for whose anniversaries no special office is appointed.

in the MS. denoted by the letter M, both of which are in the Royal Library at Paris, and for the first time have been collated throughout by Dr. Scholz. This Synaxarion and Menologion fill forty-nine pages, at the foot of which he has exhibited the variations found in the MSS. numbered 262 and 274, both of the tenth century, and preserved in the same library. The typographical execution of the volume is singularly neat.

The preceding is confessedly a brief outline of the contents of this important addition to our stores of Sacred Literature, of which we hope to offer to our readers a more detailed account on the publication of the second volume. Sincerely do we hope that the learned and laborious editor may be enabled to finish his great undertaking at no very distant period of time; and that he will receive that meed of approbation, to which he is so justly entitled, from every one who is capable of appreciating the patient attention and minute labour, which are necessary to the production of so arduous a work.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In a note to page 670 of our last Number, we find we were guilty of an act of unintentional injustice to Lord Holland, in charging him with having drawn the whole of the reasoning, and all the material statements, of his speech in the House of Lords on the 12th of February, from our pages, without any acknowledgment. We have since learned, from the most unquestionable authority, that his lordship did allude, and in very handsome terms, to our publication, for the single fact which he drew *exclusively* from it. Had we been aware, at the time, of this acknowledgment, we should certainly have made no drawback from the expression of our admiration of his very able speech on that occasion, and of our gratification at the coincidence between the line of argument pursued by the noble lord and our own. That coincidence was on our part too hastily ascribed to the previous reading of our article; but Lord Holland's resources, both of ingenuity and reasoning, are such as to require no such aid. It is difficult for any one who takes part in discussions of general interest to ascertain what portion of his argument is derived from the communication of others, and what from his own reflection and suggestions; and where persons agree in their views of a subject very nearly, it is not unlikely that their mode of urging the opinions which they have in common, will occasionally be the same. We regret that we could not sooner perform the act of reparation which Lord Holland is entitled to from us.

Owing to the Editor not having seen the *last proof* of the article on Greece in our last Number, a few errors have crept in, which the reader is requested to correct with his pen.

Page 675, line 17, for the Vrachori read Vrachori.

677 .. 28, for *inventricis* read *inventrices*.

689 .. 23, the words "a display of" should be transposed to line 21, before "pedantic twaddle."

690 .. 23, for *πολυκοιριν* read *πολυκοιρινιν*.

695 .. 27, *dele* "for cultivating mental improvement,"

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XI.

DENMARK.

PROFESSOR MÖLLER, of Copenhagen, is publishing under the title of *Mnémon-syne*, a collection of historical monuments and portraits of the great men of Denmark; afterwards he means to publish a *Danish Pantheon*, or Biography of Illustrious Danes, in which he will dwell more particularly on those who lived during the last three centuries. He has announced a *History of Danish Literature* from the introduction of printing to the present time.

FRANCE.

A valuable collection of Autographs of celebrated characters has been publishing at Paris for a considerable time past in numbers, and is now brought to a completion, in three quarto volumes. It is entitled *Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*, and contains several hundred fac-simile autograph letters and signatures. Next to the passion for collecting the portraits, that of amassing specimens of the handwriting of great men seems to us one of the most pleasing and natural which it is possible to indulge; in the opinion of some the writing affords as good materials for judging the character as "the human face divine." Whoever wishes to know how to turn those materials to account, should study the little manual provided for his use under the title of *L'Art de juger les Hommes par leur Ecriture*, which treats the subject as a branch of the science of physiognomy. The pursuit of autograph collecting is, however, a very expensive one, as well as difficult to indulge, and it falls to the lot of few persons to possess the means, the taste, or the opportunities of gratifying it like Mr. Dawson Turner, or Mr. Upcott. To the indefatigable research of the last named gentleman, English literature is already under very high obligations, for had it not been for him we should, in all probability, have never seen the curious and interesting Memoirs of Evelyn and Pepys. The former gentleman, if we mistake not, had the intention of selecting from his ample stores and publishing a Collection of Autographs of all the English Sovereigns, male and female, from the earliest to the present time; we know not whether he still means to fulfil it. Many years back Mr. Thane, a printseller, published, under the title of *British Autography*, a collection of portraits of celebrated English characters, with their autographs under each portrait, and literary illustrations, which, we believe, is now become a rare book. And Mr. Bowyer Nichols is now publishing, if he has not already completed it, another collection confined to British autographs alone. That which is now before us has been made with considerable taste and judgment; the mechanical part of it is extremely well executed; and as the selection is not confined to French characters, but embraces a considerable number of the great men of all countries, we do not

know where the young autograph collector could so easily and at so little expense gratify his *penchant* for such memorials of the illustrious dead. Among the original letters never before published, of which there are a good many, we find one of Edmund Burke to the Comtesse de Montrond, which is very characteristic of that great man; with a copy of it we shall conclude this notice.

"I am obliged to you, Madam, for thinking as well of my intentions as they deserve. As to the rest, nothing but the most unpardonable vanity could make me conceive that I shall deserve the high things you are pleased to speak of my feeble endeavour in the cause of justice. In what you have said with regard to them, I read nothing, but your love for your country and your extreme generosity, which lead you to exaggerate the value of every endeavour to serve it in its present unhappy situation. In that light I receive the compliments, which in their excess do so much honour to the noble qualities of the mind that dictates them. I certainly would do more if I could; but I am a very private man, totally destitute of authority and importance in the state, and am, perhaps, not perfectly well with those who possess its powers. I have given all to the cause, which a man without authority can give, his unbiassed opinion, his honest advice, and his best reasons. Alas! Madam, it is not to me, or to such services as can come from me, that the persecuted honour of France must apply. Nothing more can be said. Something must be done. You have an armed tyranny to deal with; and nothing but arms can pull it down. Aided by these, reason may resume its natural authority: without them, by frequent repetition it loses its force; by frequent failure, it loses its credit. When such men as the Abbé Maury, Messrs. Cazalas, the Bishops of Aix, Clermont and Nancy; such men as M. Lally-Tolendal, and M. Mounier, and M. de Calonne, with all possible force of eloquence in their own language, and with the most masterly knowledge of their own affairs, have produced little or no effect, what can be expected from me, a stranger, writing in a foreign language, with sentiments not so powerful in themselves, and weakened still more by the secondary medium through which they must pass to the ears of Frenchmen?

Your most obedient,
and obliged humble Servant,
EDMUND BURKE."

BECONSFIELD, Jan. 25, 1791.

à Mme. la Comtesse de Montrond.

The French translation of Savigny's *History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages*, originally announced in eight volumes, is now to be comprised in four, of which two have already appeared. As this translation appears in a certain degree under the author's sanction, (indeed it is to contain corrections and additions furnished by himself,) he was applied to in consequence of an opinion expressed by some critics to the translator that it would injure the popularity of the work in France if the second part were given entire. M. Savigny, in reply, stated it as his opinion that the first three volumes were not susceptible of abridgment or retrenchment, but that the three last could easily be reduced, as to which he would readily give his advice. In consequence, the first three volumes will be a literal translation from the German, and the fourth will be a condensation of the three last volumes of the original.

A numerous and fashionable auditory was recently assembled at Baron de Ferussac's to hear M. Champollion give an account of his researches and discoveries in Egypt, from which he has just returned. Nothing, it is said, can be more interesting than the identity of the facts recorded by Moses, Herodotus, Manetho, Tacitus, &c., and established by the discoveries of M. Cham-

pollion, which will, ere long, be submitted to the public in a manner suitable to their importance. [We wish M. Champollion and his friends would spare us all their preliminary puffs; let him publish his discoveries as fast as he can, and leave the learned world to judge of their truth and importance.—Ed.]

A French Ecclesiastical Biography is announced for publication, in 81 vols. 8vo. Each volume is to include one diocese, and the one devoted to that of *Paris* is promised immediately.

M. D'Arlinecourt, after a long silence, is about to publish another romance, in 4 large vols. under the title of *The Rebels under Charles V.*

Baron Von Stackelberg announces a work to be entitled *Costumes et Usages des Peuples de la Grèce Moderne, gravés d'après les dessins exécutés sur les lieux en 1811; contenant 51 gravures enluminées.*

A new voyage round the world, it is said, will be undertaken after the termination of the Expedition to Algiers, under the command of Captain Mathieu, the principal object of which is to be the islands of the Pacific. It is also said that Captain Freycinet is preparing again to set out on a similar expedition.

Two new volumes of Poems, by M. de Lamartine, under the title of *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*, are announced for publication by Gosselin, who is said to have given 25,000 francs (£1000 sterling) for the copyright. Public curiosity is alive for their appearance.

A Society for the Promotion of Universal Statistics has been instituted at Paris, by the praiseworthy efforts of our laborious friend, M. César Moreau. It is supported by some of the most distinguished men in Europe, and we anticipate infinite advantage to society from its prolonged success.

A History of the European States, from the fall of the Roman Empire in the West till 1789, has just been commenced by M. Schoell, the author of a number of classical, historical, and diplomatic works, and is to form 30 vols. 8vo. The work consists of a course of lectures in History and Public Law, which the author has delivered at Berlin for the last five years, before an auditory composed of individuals in high station, ministers, public functionaries, and young men intended for the career of politics, law and administration.

General Count Philip de Ségur and M. de Pongerville have been elected Members of the French Academy in the room of the Duc de Levis and M. de Lally Tolendal, deceased.

Mr. Van Praet, the Administrator of the Royal Library, has been elected to the seat in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in the room of M. Gosselin.

Professor Jacobi, of Königsberg, Mr. William Herschell, of Slough, and Mr. John Dalton, of Manchester, have been elected Corresponding Members of the Academy of Sciences, in the room of Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Young, and Sir Humphrey Davy.

M. Latreille has been elected Professor of Entomology in the Museum of Natural History.

M. Auguste de Saint Hilaire has succeeded M. de Lamarck as a Member of the Academy of Science in the school of Botany.

M. Beltrami has laid before the French Academy of Sciences a Mexican MS. written in Latin, on very fine *papyrus*. This specimen, perhaps unique of its kind, is interesting in a twofold view; first, as respects the chemical analysis of the substance on which it is written; and secondly, from the light it may throw on the Aborigines of Mexico, by comparing their language in this specimen, written in Roman characters, with that of various Eastern nations. A commission has been appointed by the Academy to examine the MS.

A new Journal, devoted entirely to Geology, is about to be commenced, edited by Messrs. Boué, Jobert, sen., and Rozet. The editors announce that they will receive Communications in foreign languages, and have them translated for the Journal into French.

A work on the *Genealogy and History of the British Empire* is announced as in the press, by the *Baron de Reden*. It will be published in French, in 2 vols. folio; and is intended to give a complete and minute, but, at the same time, philosophical view of the regal dynasties of the empire and of its powerful aristocracy. Orders will be received, and prospectuses may be obtained, of the publishers of this Review.

A *Scientific and Military History of the French Expedition to Egypt* is announced; with an Introduction exhibiting a view of Ancient and Modern Egypt, from the time of the Pharaohs down to the successors of Ali Bey; and accompanied with an historical account of the events that have occurred since the departure of the French, and during the reign of Mohammed Ali. The work will form twelve volumes 8vo. with a 4to Atlas of plates, views, maps, plans, and portraits. The authors appear to have had access to the best sources in drawing up this work; they have been furnished with the official papers and Memoirs of Prince Berthier and Kleber; and Counts Belliard and Rampon have communicated accounts of the military operations in which they bore a part. Every facility of access also has been granted by the French government to the valuable archives of the *dépôt de la guerre*; but what will stamp a peculiar value on this History is the communication, by General Gourgaud, of many manuscript notes by Napoleon, on this celebrated campaign. In a scientific point of view also their work stands indebted to Messrs. Desgenettes, Larrey, and St. Hilaire.

M. Michaud, the author of the *History of the Crusades*, left Paris in the beginning of April, accompanied by M. Poujoullat, on a tour to Constantinople and Jerusalem. He will be speedily overtaken by Messrs. Caillié (the African traveller), and Stamaty, who are to travel at the expense of the government.

The third volume, completing the new edition of Baron Cuvier's *Animal Kingdom*, has at last appeared.

M. Victor Hugo's play *Hernani*, which we announced in our last to be in rehearsal, was brought out at the Théâtre Français, on the last day of February, and has been eminently successful. The money taken for admission to the theatre on the first nine nights of representation amounted to upwards of 1600*l*. The literary merits of the piece we may have occasion to discuss hereafter.

Baron Taylor is about to proceed to Egypt to superintend the excavations undertaken by order of the French government, and the removal to France of the two Obelisks, known by the name of *Cleopatra's Needles*. He will be accompanied by the young Botta (son of the Italian historian), a physician, who has just returned from a Voyage to China and round the world.

NECROLOGY.—*M. Gosselin*, the celebrated geographer, died at Paris on the 7th of February last, at the age of 78 years. His principal works are: 1. *Géographie des Grecs analysée, ou les Systèmes d'Eratosthène et de Ptolémée, comparés entre eux, et avec nos connaissances modernes*, 4to., with ten plates, 1790: 2. *Recherches sur la Géographie Systématique et Positive des Anciens*, 4 vols. 4to.; besides a variety of memoirs inserted in the Class of History of the *Mémoires de l'Institut*, and in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*. He assisted also in the labours of the French translation of Strabo.

Marshal *Gouvion St. Cyr*, one of the most remarkable military characters of the Revolution and the Empire, died in March last, aged sixty-six. He was originally educated for an artist, but entering warmly into the principles of the Revolution, he entered into the army, where he very soon distinguished himself, and so early as 1795 had obtained the command of a division. He served successively under Moreau and Massena, in the celebrated campaign with the Austrians and Russians, and afterwards in Italy, Prussia, Poland, and Spain, in which country his services were so important as to command the Marshal's baton from Napoleon, an honour which he had well merited long before. He wrote Memoirs of his Campaign in Catalonia, and of the Early Campaigns of the French Revolution, of which last work (in 4 vols.) he barely lived to see the publication. His moral character was one of the purest and most disinterested of the French military heroes.

M. Fourier, Member and Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, died on the 19th of May, in his sixtieth year. He was one of the *Savans* who accompanied Buonaparte in his Egyptian expedition, and wrote the preface to the great *Description of Egypt*. His *Theory of Heat* gained him the prize of the Institute, and has since been completed by a Series of Memoirs published successively in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences. The last of these Memoirs which has been printed contains many new views, the result of experiment, and very important calculations on the temperature of interplanetary space, the decrease of terrestrial heat, &c. He was engaged at the time of his death in preparing for the press a large work in two volumes entitled *Analysis of Algebraic Equations*.

GERMANY.

THE University of Munich has at present seventy-six professors and doctors, who are entitled to give courses of lectures. One hundred and seventy courses are announced for the summer session of the year, of which

6 theologians will give	10 courses.
12 jurisconsults give	24
7 professors of political economy	16
19 physicians	46
32 professors in philosophy	68

As there is not a sufficient number of professors for the 443 students in theology, several others will be invited to the university. Mr. Walther is expected shortly from Bonn to commence his courses. (What a singular contrast this account presents, in regard to the dominant branches of study, to an English university—take for instance political economy;—sixteen courses given by

seven professors! The professors of that science in the universities of Oxford and London, we are afraid, might live a century before the general thirst for instruction in it would raise up half a dozen rivals to ease them in their labours.)

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin has elected Messrs. Poisson and Arago Corresponding Members of the Academy, in the room of Laplace and Volta, deceased.

A new edition of the Hebrew Bible, by Gesenius, with a revised text and notes, will shortly appear.

A re-impression of Willdenow's edition of Linnæus's *Species Plantarum*, with additions and a continuation by Link, Dietrich and Schwaegrichen, will shortly commence.

In a letter from Baron Niebuhr to the Editor of the *Prussian State Gazette*, he gives the following information respecting the continuation of his *Roman History*, which it was feared had been destroyed in the fire that burnt his house.

"I wish to inform those who take an interest in the continuation of my History, that the commencement of the second part, which was then lost, has for some time been replaced; that the typographical composition of the first sheets is completed; and that so far as can be previously determined, or depends on me, the volume in hand will certainly appear before next winter. The printing of the third part will follow soon after, as the manuscript is finished to the end of the first Punic war."

Uhland, the celebrated poet, has been elected Professor of German Literature in the university of Tubingen.

A New Quarterly Medical Journal is announced at Leipzig under the title of *Acta Medico-Chirurgica totius Germaniæ*. The object of it is apparently to give Latin translations of the best German medical and surgical works, and articles in the German medical periodicals.

M. Mohl, Professor at Tubingen, has just published a Treatise on the Public Law of Wurtemberg. It contains a clear and interesting historical exposition of facts, but is deficient in original and philosophical views.

A *Commentary on the Life and Writings of St. Paul*, by K. Schrader, is in the press. The first volume, containing Chronological Remarks on the life of that Apostle, will speedily appear; and the author announces it as the fruits of extensive and original research.

Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, (sometimes denominated Prince Paul of the Opera House, and who has latterly figured among the list of candidates for the throne of Greece, once more vacant,) has arrived at New Orleans, where he is on the point of commencing the publication of his Travels across the American Continent to the borders of the Pacific Ocean. The second volume will contain his first course to the river of Kansas; the third, the description of the Upper Regions of the Missouri. Prince Paul, although born on the steps of a throne, appears to have contracted a decided predilection for the institutions of the United States, ever since he has been able to judge of them with his own eyes, and to compare them with those he has seen in other parts of the world.

NECROLOGY.—Soemmering, the celebrated anatomist, died in March last, at Frankfort, aged seventy-six.

ITALY.

Micali, the author of "Italy before the Dominion of the Romans," is about to republish his work under a new form, and with numerous alterations and additions, under the title of *Storia dei popoli antichi d'Italia*.

The Florentines have at last erected a monument in the Church of Santa Croce, to their illustrious countryman Dante. It was first exposed to the public view, with an appropriate ceremony in March last. They have thus wiped away Byron's reproach:

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore."—*Childe Har. C. IV.*

The Academy of La Crusca has awarded its great prize of five hundred scudi to Botta for his History of Italy. This is the more remarkable, as the work is prohibited in almost all the Italian states, except Tuscany. We are glad to find by both these circumstances our judgment concerning Botta's history* confirmed by the voice of the enlightened part of his countrymen. Time is the surest test of the merit of an historian.

Niccolini has written a new tragedy called *Procida*, or the Sicilian Vespers, which has been performed at Florence with great applause. As soon as we see it in print, we shall probably notice it.

In the fifth number of the *Iconografia Italiana*, or "Portraits of celebrated Italians," published at Florence, we find one of Monti, accompanied by a biographical sketch of the poet, written by his friend Giordani, in which the latter endeavours to excuse the repeated political vacillations of that imaginative and powerful writer, but weak man. "An excessive timidity," says he, "which Monti himself acknowledged with grief to his confidential friends, made him appear changeable. But he did not sell his conscience through avarice or ambition,—perhaps he even wrote on each occasion from a fresh impulse and without disingenuousness. If he praised the powerful, he never praised their vices,—he never falsified moral principles. . . ." We respect Giordani's intention in his apology for his deceased friend, even while we cannot assent to his logic. *Valeat quantum.* * * * *

The following is said to be a correct list of the foreign artists residing at Rome, who are studying the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Students of inferior branches of the art, or such as have pensions and have no public work-shop, are not included.

Painting.—26 French, 8 English, 20 Prussians, 9 Danes, 7 Saxons, 9 Swiss, 6 Bavarians, 4 Netherlands, 2 Scotch, 3 Spaniards, 1 Swede, 3 Poles, 3 Austrians, 2 Bohemians, 1 Hungarian, 1 Thuringian, 2 Tyrolese, 1 Russian, 3 Wirtembergers, 1 Portuguese, 1 Maltese, 2 Dutch, 1 Dantzicker, 1 from Lubeck, 1 from Holstein, 1 Mexican, 1 Peruvian.

Sculpture.—8 English, 2 French, 1 Russian, 1 Spaniard, 2 Danes, 2 Prussians, 2 Netherlands, 2 Swiss, 2 Saxons, 2 Swedes, 1 Tyrolese, 1 Silesian, 1 Pole, 1 Wirtemberger, 1 each from Courland, Mecklenburg, and Baden.

Architecture.—3 Swiss, 1 Dane, 1 Wirtemberger, 1 Saxon, 1 Russian, 1 Dutch. Total 167.

The printing-press of the Propaganda published last year new editions of Erpenius's Arabic and Michaelis's Syriac Grammars.

A letter from Venice informs us that an inedited work of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini has just been published, and that Goethe has translated some part of it. It is entitled *Racconti*, and was discovered by M. Gamba, bound up with a MS. copy of the treatise "Dell'Orificeria" in the library of St. Mark at Venice.

M. Gamba has also collected the materials for a new work, "Letters of Illustrious Venetians of the Sixteenth Century," including the Cardinals Bembo, Contarini, Valiero, Morosini, Navagero, &c., and two political discourses of the Senator George Gradenigo, which have been published separately.

Manzoni, it appears, prompted by an excess of sensitive apprehension, has thrown the MS. of his new romance into the fire! Ordinary writers are seldom troubled with such fits of self-revenge. We could well afford to forgive them.

Longhi, the celebrated engraver at Milan, has announced, for speedy publication, a History of Engraving, which will contain many specimens of his own burin. A German translation of it is already announced.

A new and improved edition of Carlini's Tables of the Sun is announced at Milan.

A Translation of the Life of Agricola by Tacitus, has appeared in 4to at Florence, by Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. The notes are critical and erudite, and the work is adorned with a beautiful illustrative vignette, designed in a masterly and congenial style, by the young companion of the illustrious translator.

RUSSIA.

THE first two volumes have appeared at St. Petersburg of the Inedited Papers of Peter the Great, relating to the affairs of the Admiralty, which throw a great deal of light on that extraordinary monarch's plans.

A monk at Tiflis has just published at Moscow a Russian translation of a Georgian Chronicle, compiled from authentic documents about the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Prince Vacouchta, son of Wagtang, one of the last Kings of Georgia. This chronicle contains a variety of remarkable details relative to the religious worship and manners of the tribes occupying the Caucasus and the countries situated betwixt the Black Sea and the Caspian. This work is almost the only one of any importance which exists in the Georgian language. A German translation had been published, but so incorrect as to make a new one desirable; we understand that one in French is preparing at St. Petersburg.

Polewoj, editor of the Moscow Telegraph, announces a new History of Russia in 12 vols. and takes occasion at the same time severely to censure that of Karamsin.

SPAIN.

THE friends of literature were congratulating themselves on the removal of the fanatical Señor Model from his situation as Judge of the Bookselling department; but their congratulations were premature, as they have gained nothing by the appointment of his successor Don José de Ilerra y Nariega. The first was at any rate impartial; and, although severe, had the credit of wishing to be just. Even his own family could not be kept free from the contamination of liberal principles, for on one occasion, having discovered his son reading a prohibited book, he snatched it from him and threw it into the fire; banishing him at the same time from his house for six weeks. His successor has not as yet distinguished himself by any *auto da fe*, but acts, in all cases, as he is directed by the Council of Castile, to which those interested may appeal, but as the Council gives no decision, the facility of appeal is a mere mockery. The printers and booksellers are quite at a stand-still in consequence of the present measures, and should they continue, many printing establishments must be entirely given up. The new judge, moreover, cannot endure remonstrances, which indeed have only the effect of subjecting the poor author and bookseller to additional injustice.

The first volume of a *History of Spanish Architecture and Artists* has just been published at Madrid, by Don I. A. Cean Bermudez, who has dedicated a long life to the study of Spanish Antiquities. The work will consist of 4 vols. towards the expenses of which the King has sent the author 20,000 francs. The basis of the work consists of the MSS. bequeathed to Señor Bermudez by the learned Spanish Minister Llaguno y Amirola, of which Jovellanos makes mention in the notes annexed to his eulogy of the celebrated Spanish Architect Don Ventura Rodríguez. (See our last Number, pp. 551 and 565.) But the numerous and interesting corrections of Bermudez, and his continuation of the work to the present time, constitute the most considerable portion of the work.

SWITZERLAND.

THE *Monthly Swiss Chronicle* gave lately an interesting Catalogue of all the Journals published in Switzerland. There are published every week twenty-four Journals, nine of which are edited by Catholics and fifteen by Protestants, besides five which are published once a fortnight or once a month, and a great number of scientific and amusing Journals. Ten new ones have been started since 1823.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

A reprint of Golius's Arabic and Latin Lexicon is about to appear at Frankfurt.

The Catalogue of the Ardebil Library will shortly appear, illustrated with fac-similes and other plates from the MSS. This collection consisted entirely of magnificent editions of standard Oriental works. The Catalogue of the Akhalzik Library by Mess. Frähn, Charmoy, and Mirza Dschafer is also ready for the press.

An *Asiatic Journal* is announced to appear at St. Petersburg. It forms part of a great plan for the promotion of the knowledge of the Oriental Languages in Russia; the originator of which, his Excellency Von Frähn, is allowed every means by the government for carrying his designs into execution. A Printing Establishment, a Library, and a Museum, will also form part of the undertaking. When such gigantic and persevering efforts are making by Russia in the cultivation of Oriental Literature, we are happy to see that our own country is fully alive to the necessity and importance of similar exertions on her part. The security of her possessions in the East imperiously demand that the utmost encouragement should be afforded by both the East India Company and by Government for the study of the Oriental Tongues.

We should hardly expect to find in foreign publications better information than in our own, respecting the literary or scientific labours of our countrymen, or the encouragement which they receive from public patronage or munificence. Such, however, is sometimes the case; and, as an instance of it, we find the following Article in a late Number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, of Geneva, which contains details that we have not seen in any English publication, and on that account we consider well deserving to be laid before our readers. It is from the pen of Professor De Candolle, one of the first botanists of Europe; and its publication may not be regarded as unseasonable at the moment when the materials are accumulating so rapidly for the great discussion, which is to determine the nature of the tenure on which the East India Company shall continue to hold its vast possessions for another twenty years, on which tenure the happiness or misery of so many millions of human beings must depend.

“ On the Services which the East India Company has rendered to Botanical Science.

“ The natural sciences are not among those that can be developed by the mere force of meditation. A logician or a mathematician may advance their studies by solitary reflection; a chemist may make brilliant discoveries with a small apparatus; but a naturalist is incessantly obliged to look at and to examine numerous and various beings. While Europe was yet but little explored, he might by repeated courses around his usual residence collect sufficient facts to extend the domain of science; but at the present day Europe and the countries immediately surrounding it may be regarded as known countries, and science has elevated itself to considerations of so general an order, that it requires the assemblage of the productions of the whole world to draw from them the verification of its theories. These difficult and expensive researches are above the means of the most active and the most wealthy individuals. The governments which are friendly to science felt that their assistance was indispensable to this kind of development, and in different ways have resolved to co-operate in them. Confining ourselves at present to Botany, we have seen within the last fifty years a great number of voyages executed by order of different governments, to extend the knowledge of vegetables, either with relation to their agricultural or their medical uses, or for the mere theoretical knowledge of the laws of vegetable nature. But voyages, even the best combined, generally only acquaint us with a narrow space of distant countries, and we obtain much more satisfactory results from the prolonged residence which naturalists may be called upon to make in them. The European nations which possess transmarine colonies, have been enabled in this view to be of immense service to natural history, and several of them have availed themselves of their position in a manner which has acquired them the gratitude of the scientific world. We purpose to present in several articles the powerful services of this kind which France, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. have rendered

to science. At present we shall confine ourselves to those by which the English East India Company has recently acquired the most honourable titles to public gratitude.

As soon as this Company found its sovereignty somewhat firmly established in India, it felt the great utility which might be derived, either for its own interests, or for those of humanity, in the study and culture of the vegetables of that immense country. In consequence it gave orders for the establishment of a Botanical Garden at Calcutta. It was in March, 1768, and under the direction of Colonel Kydd, that this garden was commenced, and by means of a correspondence with all the Europeans settled in different parts of India, it was speedily enriched with valuable plants. There were about 300 species in it, when, in the autumn of 1793, Dr. Roxburgh was appointed its superintendant. This botanist re-established a more active correspondence, and personally visited the coast of Coromandel, and several other provinces of English India. He succeeded in collecting 3500 species of plants in the Company's garden, of which number 1500 were plants unknown before him, of which he established the nomenclature or made the descriptions. We learn this from the Catalogue of the Garden, printed at Serampore in 1814 by Dr. W. Carey, the friend of Dr. Roxburgh. This catalogue, in a very concise form, gives us the botanical name, the Indian denomination, the place of growth, the date of introduction, and the time of the flowering and ripening of each plant. An appendix is added, containing a list of Indian species known to Roxburgh, but not yet introduced into the garden.

Dr. R. did not confine himself to a mere catalogue of his labours. He addressed successively to the Directors of the Company a great number of drawings and descriptions of Indian vegetables, from which they caused a selection to be made, which was published under the direction of Sir Joseph Banks, under the title of *Plants of the Coast of Coromandel*, (3 vols. folio. London, 1796, 1798, 1819). This magnificent work gives the figures and descriptions of 300 species of Indian plants, selected from the most beautiful or the most useful.

But the very magnificence of this publication made it impossible to extend it to the whole vegetation of India, and Dr. Roxburgh conceived the idea of giving a *Flora of India* in a more simple form. Unfortunately the derangement of his health prevented him from executing this design; he left India in 1814, and died shortly after his return to England. His Indian *Flora* was not, however, lost to science. His friend, Dr. Carey, published two volumes of it at Serampore in 1810 and 1814, and included in it, besides the plants described by Roxburgh, all those which were successively discovered either by himself, or by Messrs. Wallich, Jack, and other botanists of English India. This work is arranged according to the Linnean system, and already contains the first five classes.

After the death of Roxburgh, Dr. Nathaniel Wallich was appointed superintendant of the Calcutta garden, and his talents and activity, seconded by the liberality of the Company, have raised that establishment to a high degree of prosperity. More than 300 gardeners or labourers are attached to it; the cultivation is directed equally to the means of naturalizing or rendering more popular useful objects, and of preserving for study the rarer vegetables of different parts of India. A number of collectors paid by the Company, are constantly travelling over the countries subjected to its dominion, and in concert with the English who are dispersed over this vast empire, continually enriching the garden and the collections of the Company. Dr. W. himself travelled, in 1820, over the Nepal country which being situated at the foot of the great Himmala Mountains, presents a totally different vegetation to that of Bengal. Since that time, in spite of severe illnesses caused by the climate or

fatigue, he has visited Penang, Singapore, the kingdom of Ava, and several other parts of India; he has besides sent collectors into districts where he could not go himself; and by these various means he has amassed a very considerable collection of living and dried plants.

These treasures have already enriched Botany with numerous discoveries; several of the plants collected by Dr. W. have been described, either in Mr. Don's *Prodromus Floræ Nepalensis* (8vo. London, 1825), or in different general works, published in Europe. Dr. W. himself has, as I have mentioned above, inserted a great number of them in Roxburgh's *Flora Indica*, and has commenced the publication of two works, intended to make the knowledge of his principal discoveries more complete.

The first of these is an *Essay on the Flora of Nepál*, (*Tentamen Floræ Nepalensis*,) which gives a detailed description and lithographic figures of the principal vegetables of the country. Two numbers have appeared, (Calcutta and Serampore, 1824 and 1826, folio,) each containing twenty-five plates. Besides its botanical interest, this work deserves notice as the first in which lithographic botanical figures were given in India, designed by Indian draftsmen.

The second work of Dr. Wallich, much more magnificent than the preceding, is intended to give the history and coloured figures of the rarest plants of Asia. It will consist of three volumes, divided into twelve fasciculi, the first of which has just appeared. This collection promises to become the most valuable of which botany has reason to be proud, and will rival the great works of Rheede, Rumphius and Roxburgh.

Besides these great labours of Roxburgh and Wallich, there are others which have been protected or encouraged by the Company. Messrs. Kœnig, Heyne, Carey, Patrick Russel, Röttler, Klein, Wight, Finlayson, &c. have traversed various parts of India, with the view of studying its vegetation. All the collections of dried plants which had been made by these travellers for nearly fifty years past, were sent to London, and presented to the Company's Museum. The immensity of these materials made the Directors feel that it was impossible to render them useful without the co-operation of a great number of observers. By an order remarkable for its liberality, the Court of Directors has instructed Dr. Wallich, who is now for a time in London, to distribute these valuable collections as presents to the principal botanists of Europe, taking proper measures to secure the publication of them. This liberal distribution has already commenced, and it is probable that from this act of generosity of the Company, we shall see within a few years the whole of the plants collected in the East Indies increasing the mass of known vegetables. The number of them is estimated to be at least from 7000 to 8000 species, and every one may easily conceive how many facts, ideas, and new analogies will result from this increased addition to our present botany. The East India Company has thus acquired the most honourable titles to the gratitude of the savans of all countries; and we are very sure that every friend of science will applaud this great act of liberality, and join with us in expressing his gratitude. Even the manner in which this great operation is executed adds to its utility, and deserves to be made known.

All the species of the different collections are ranged under their families and their genera by the care of Dr. W. and the principal English botanists, Messrs. Robert Brown, J. Lindley, G. Bentham, &c. To each species is assigned a number and provisional name. Lithographic lists of these names, accompanied by the designation of the principal localities where the plant has been found, are transmitted to all botanists; all the specimens have the number attached to them in these lists, and in this manner, those who see them in the different herbals of Europe will be certain of their identity with those that are described. By means of this simple process all those doubts will be removed

which frequently arise from the sight of isolated specimens. Each family of plants is committed to the botanist who has shown a particular aptitude for its study, by the monographs which he has published, commenced, or projected upon it. Thus, to mention only a few examples which have come to our knowledge, Mr. Brown is entrusted with the *Rubiaceæ*, Mr. Geo. Bentham with the *Cariophyllææ*, the *Labiataæ*, &c., Professor Lindley with the *Rosaceæ*, M. De Candolle with the *Umbelliferaæ*, the *Caprifoliaceæ*, the *Loranthææ*, &c., M. Alph. De Candolle with the *Campanuleæ*, M. Choisy with the *Convolvuleæ*, &c.* Each of these monographers receives the first disposable duplicates in the part confided to him, and is employed in making them known to the public. The remaining specimens are distributed in such a way that they are divided into collections allotted to different countries, and thus serve in every possible way to extend the knowledge of Indian botany.

If the gratitude of botanists is due in the first place to the East India Directors, it is not less so to Dr. W., who superintends the operation. Far from seeking to profit by his position to reserve to himself the publication of these treasures, he is solely occupied in distributing them among his colleagues, in the way most useful to the progress of natural history; he employs, in assisting the labours of botanists in general, that precious time which he might devote to his personal labours, and thereby proves that he sees glory where it really is—in utility. What a difference between this enlarged and liberal mode of looking at the interests of science, and the narrow and pitiful jealousies of which literary and scientific history offers but too many examples! If we have thought it our duty to notice this event as a memorable fact in the history of botany, we have pleasure also in publishing it as a fact honourable to the human heart,—as an evidence of the progress of civilization, and of the intimate connexion which is daily establishing itself more and more between enlightened nations.”†

NECROLOGY.—We have to communicate the melancholy intelligence of the death of Professor Schultz, the learned orientalist, who has been travelling for the last three years in the East at the expense of the French government, and of whose labours notices have appeared in some of our former numbers. A letter from Col. Macdonald, the English envoy at Tauris, first conveyed the intelligence to Tiflis of his having been murdered in Kurdistan along with two servants and a Persian serjeant and soldier who accompanied him. This melancholy event took place between the villages of Bash-Kullah and Perihad Niehin. Col. Macdonald immediately sent a confidential person to the spot, to collect, if possible, the traveller's papers and effects, and to take steps for the punishment of the murderers. The loss of this intrepid and intelligent traveller is one of the greatest which oriental literature has ever sustained; it is to be hoped that the larger portion of his manuscript collections had been received in France, and that those which were in his possession at the time of his death may yet be recovered, so that the fruit of his extensive travels and laborious researches may not be lost to the world. In the *Journal des Savans*, about eighteen months or two years back, M. de Saint Martin published an account of some remarkably ancient and curious inscriptions which had been discovered by Mr. Schultz at Van, in Armenia.

* We have been informed that all the English and many of the first continental botanists are personally assisting Dr. W. in the arrangement and distribution of the vast herbaria under his charge, and that all the leading botanists of Europe have undertaken the illustration of the families of plants comprised in those herbaria.—Ed.

† We have just learned, since this was put to press, that Dr. Wallich has been elected a Member of the *Académie Royale des Sciences de l'Institut*, by a majority of 43 votes out of 46.

The *Antologia* of December last gives an account of an excursion of Dr. Gerard to the Himalaya mountains and Tibet, for the purpose of introducing vaccination into that country. At Kunauor, in Tibet, he met with an extraordinary philologist, named Cosmos of Koros, a Transylvanian, who, in 1819, had left his native country, passed through Wallachia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and from thence by sea to Egypt; from Egypt he went through Syria into Persia by way of Bagdad. After a stay of some months at Teheran, he directed his course to the centre of Asia, and arrived at the province of Ladak in 1822. Subsequently he fixed his residence at Kunauor, in Tibet, at the monastery of Karan, where he lives on the most friendly terms with the religious lamas. As a recompense for his extraordinary pains, he has made himself master of the language of Tibet, and been enabled to examine the libraries of the monasteries. Under a lama of considerable acquirements, he had made such progress, that he had completed, more than a year before, a grammar and dictionary of the language of the country, which he looks upon as the cradle of the human race. He found there an Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences in 44 volumes, the medical part of which alone filled 5 volumes. From the great number of printed documents, preserved in the archives of the monasteries, some important additions to our knowledge of history and geography may be expected. We already knew that lithography had flourished from time immemorial in the principal city of Tibet, and that it had been employed in delineating in 40 plates the anatomy of the various parts of the human body. It would appear, that when science and literature were banished from the plains of Hindostan by the tyranny of the Bramins, they took refuge in the barren mountains of Tibet, in which treasures unknown to the proud civilization of Europe have hitherto remained buried.

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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands.*
Par M. Augustin Thierry. Troisième édition, revue, corrigée,
et augmentée. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1830.

THE Norman Conquest of England, whether we contemplate it in its causes or its consequences, is perhaps one of the most remarkable events which have happened in the history of the world. To an Englishman, especially, it is connected with subjects of so deep an interest, whether he looks to the progress of his liberty, to the theory of his language, or to the study of manners, that it seems extraordinary that so long a period should have passed without its having found among ourselves any historian worthy of the subject. It has been discussed by most of our celebrated writers with a brevity and superficiality little worthy of so great a theme, and it has been reserved to an author of another country to produce a *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, which, whether we consider the philosophical spirit in which it is written, or the learning and research which it exhibits, is entitled to a high rank in the historical literature of the age. They only who are in some degree familiar with the complicated difficulties which are to be overcome in a work of this nature, who are aware how incompatible, in the generality of minds, are habits of deep and patient research with the faculty of taking a broad and comprehensive view of any great subject in its origin, and of weighing its effects upon the future history of the world, will be able to appreciate the full merit of the work of Mr. Thierry; but even the more popular and superficial reader will be amused by its variety of striking and romantic incident, by its glowing pictures of ancient manners, and by the lucid order and exact keeping preserved in the subjects which are successively and skilfully brought under the eye.

We by no means say, however, that the history of Mr. Thierry is without faults. In a work of which the object is not only to give an account of the Norman Conquest, but to trace at great length the consequences of that event, not merely in Eng-

land, but in Ireland and in Scotland, it was almost impossible for a foreign writer to have escaped some errors: to have saved him from such, there was requisite a familiarity with the history, the language and the manners of these countries, which none but a native could be expected to possess. It is accordingly impossible not to smile at the mixture of temerity and complacency with which Mr. Thierry sometimes rushes into discussions, for which he is altogether unfitted, owing evidently to the want of materials upon which he can form his judgment or arrive at a just conclusion. But these errors, which prevail principally in the concluding volume of the history, are of a nature so apparent, that every reader of this country will be able to detect them for himself, whilst they are more than redeemed by the excellence of the greater portion of his work.

It is time, however, to allow our author to say a few words for himself. The plan of his history, and the general design which he has followed in its composition, are thus clearly stated in his Introduction:

“Permit me,” says he, “in conclusion, to say a few words on the plan and composition of this work. The reader will find that it contains, as its title announces, a complete and particular history of the Norman Conquest, placed, as it were, between two more abridged sketches; the first relating to the events which preceded, and may be said to have prepared the way for the Conquest; the second embracing those events which, as natural consequences, resulted from it. In this manner, before introducing and putting into action, [this is a little too much in the style of Mr. Peter and the puppets,] the principal persons who figure in the grand drama of the Conquest, it has been my object to describe the ground upon which these scenes took place. To effect this, I have transported my reader, sometimes to Great Britain, sometimes to the Continent. I have explained the early history of Great Britain, its situation considered in itself, and as it regarded other countries, the first mutual relations between the population of England and that of Normandy, and the events or chances by which these relations gradually assumed an aspect of decided hostility, and in the end brought on an invasion from Normandy. The success of this invasion, commencing by the great victory at Hastings, introduces a Conquest, which is divided in the history of its progress, establishment and immediate effects, into several distinct and well-marked epochs.

“The first epoch is that of the territorial occupation. It commences with the battle of Hastings, fought on the 14th of October, 1066, and embracing the successive progress of the Conqueror from the east to the west, and from the south to the north, concludes with the year 1070, when the various points which formed the centres of national resistance had been destroyed, and when all the men of power either submitted to the Conqueror or abandoned the country. The second epoch, that of the political occupation, commences where the first concludes. It embraces

that series of efforts which were made from time to time by the Conqueror, for the purpose of disorganizing, or, if I may be allowed the expression, of denationalizing the vanquished population. It ends in 1076, by the death of the last chief of the Saxon race upon the scaffold, and the degradation of the last Saxon bishop. Under the third epoch, the violent results of the Conquest are reduced by the Conqueror into somewhat of a regular order, and the lands seized by his soldiers are transformed by his measures into legalized, if not legitimate property; whilst the epoch terminates in 1108 by a grand review of all the conquering barons who became possessors of lands, in which we see them renewing their oaths of homage to their chief, and appearing for the first time under the aspect of a nation permanently established upon the soil, and no longer an army employed in the business and details of a campaign. The fourth period is occupied with the intestine dissensions of the conquerors and their civil wars, whether for the possession of the conquered territory or the power of commanding in it. This period, longer than any of the preceding, only concludes in 1152, by the extinction of every pretender to the throne of England, with the single exception of Henry, son to Geoffrey Earl of Anjou, and of the Empress Matilda, niece to William the Conqueror. Finally, in the fifth and last epoch, the Normans of England and of the continent, weary of consuming and throwing away their national activity in intestine dissensions, are seen departing from their respective centres of action upon expeditions of foreign conquest or of colonization, or with the design of extending their dominion without weakening their hold at home. Henry the Second and Richard the First may be regarded as the representatives of this period, which is filled with wars upon the continent, and with new conquests territorial as well as political. It terminates in the first years of the thirteenth century by a reaction against the Anglo-Norman supremacy in England, so violent in its results, that Normandy itself, the cradle of kings, the country from which have sprung the warlike nobility and the military population of England, was for ever disjoined from the land to which it had given conquerors.

“Corresponding to these different epochs we find successive changes in the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon nation. It is first seen to lose its property in the soil, next its ancient organization, both political and religious; afterwards availing itself of the divisions amongst its masters, and artfully attaching itself to the party of the kings against their revolted vassals, it succeeds in obtaining concessions, which for a short time encourage a fleeting hope of its regaining its rank as a nation, or it is finally found engaging in an abortive struggle to recover its liberty by force. At last, overpowered by the extinction of parties in the Norman population, it gradually ceases to play a separate part in the great political drama, loses its national character in the public muniments and in history, and silently descends into an inferior class. Its revolts become extremely rare, and no longer assume the character of national struggles, but are simply characterised by cotemporary historians as quarrels between the poor and the rich. The account of one of such popular commotions which took place at London in 1196, under the

conduct of a leader evidently a Saxon by birth, concludes the narrative immediately connected with the Conquest."—Introduction, p. 25.

This passage will enable the reader to appreciate the interesting ground over which he is conducted, and we are not sorry to have given it at full length, as it will be impossible for us, within our prescribed limits, to follow the author throughout the whole, or even the greater part of his plan; and we wish at the same time that our readers may have some inducement to complete this task for themselves,—if indeed that can be called a task which will repay them with a rich harvest of useful knowledge and pleasing speculation. In our translation we have taken the liberty to leave out a little of the verbiage, which to a certain degree Mr. Thierry's historical style possesses in common with that of most of his countrymen, and sometimes to add a word where the meaning was vague and indefinite; but upon the whole the extract is faithful, and presents a clear and excellent outline of the work.

The early portion of Mr. Thierry's history, as will be anticipated from the above passage, embraces a dissertation, or rather a series of speculations, on the first inhabitants of Britain; and we cannot say that it is either very inviting or very conclusive. It is, in truth, exceedingly difficult to render discussions upon the aborigines of any nation interesting to the general reader, or even useful to the more laborious student. The extreme remoteness of the era to which such investigations relate, united to the disheartening circumstance, that the evidence upon which they are built is of that vague and traditionary character which can never satisfy the mind, renders even the best information which can be conveyed at once dry, desultory, and uncertain. It were worth while to grope our way through the cold mists and shadows which brood thickly over the ancient Scandinavian continent, at the risk of breaking our head upon some colossal fragment of Thor, or headless trunk of Odin, were we cheered with any hope of finding the bright form of historic truth sitting in some Druid cave, or shedding her clear and useful light over the gloom; but unfortunately, after our most laborious efforts, we find that the data upon which we presumed to fix our foot are crumbling beneath it; the clue derived from a similarity of language, or the investigations of etymology, snaps or disappears; the light proceeding from parallel superstitious or kindred manners is suddenly extinguished, and the unhappy antiquary is left in Cimmerian gloom, or at best in a state of chiaro-obscuro, which is little preferable to it. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Were it possible, with regard to these remote ages, to ascertain any part of their history with precision, or to discover any documents

which brought before us their manners, their laws, or their migrations, with the certainty which belongs to contemporary evidence, then the very remoteness of the era would render these discoveries more interesting and curious, than the investigations regarding a later period. But so long as all is vague, contradictory and uncertain, so long as every new adventurer who affects to penetrate the mists of ancient time, brings with him, from this "womb of chaos and old night" a story essentially different to that told by his predecessors, and most of all, so long as there are no authentic contemporary muniments or documents upon which we can firmly found our conclusions, it is very evident that we lose our pains in the search, and at best throw away the hours, or the years which should have been given to the discovery of truth, in the idle and barren display of our ingenuity. It is for this reason that we consider the first book of Mr. Thierry's work, embracing the period from what he calls the establishment of the Bretons or Britons, to the ninth century, as by far the least interesting portion of the history. It would have been easy to have justified our opinion by a brief analysis of this introductory portion, but unwilling to inflict upon our readers the same tedium and impatience which beset ourselves, and contemplating a more fitting opportunity for the discussion of our aboriginal friends, we shall make no apology for stepping over a few centuries, and proceeding to the second book, which embraces the period from about the conclusion of the eighth to the middle of the eleventh century (787 to 1048). It commences with the first apparition of the Danish corsairs upon the coast of England, which is strikingly and picturesquely given.

"For more than a century and a half," says Mr. Thierry, "Southern Britain had borne the name of England; and, in the language of its Saxon conquerors, the name of a Briton or a Welshman was used to signify a slave or tributary bondman, when three vessels, manned by an unknown crew, disembarked in one of the harbours of the western coast. Before he understood whence they came, or what they desired, the Saxon magistrate of the place met them on the shore, the strangers permitted him to approach them, surrounded him, and instantly put him to death, murdering at the same time those who were with him; after which, they plundered the neighbouring houses, and suddenly set sail. Such was the first appearance in England of the pirates of the north, named Danes, or Northmen, because they came from the islands of the Baltic Sea, or from the mountainous coast of Norway. They descended from the same primitive race as the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, they even spoke a language which could be understood by both these nations, but these signs of ancient fraternity did not preserve from their incursions either Saxon Britain or Frankish Gaul, or the territory beyond the Rhine, anciently the patrimony of the Frauks, and still inhabited by men of the

Saxon race and language. The conversion of the Teutonic races of the south to the Christian faith had broken every species of tie between them and the northern Teutones. These Northmen still in the eighth century gloried in the title of sons of Odin, and considering them as bastards and renegades, confounded them with the very nations whom they had subdued. Franks or Gauls, Longobards or Latins—all were equally odious to the men who remained faithful to the ancient divinities of Germany. A species too of pagan fanaticism, a misguided love for the dark rites of idolatry, united itself in the soul of the Scandinavians with the unbridled ferocity of their character, and their insatiable thirst for plunder. The blood of priests was shed by them with peculiar delight, churches were the favorite objects of their pillage, and they stalled their horses in the chapels then often attached to the royal palaces. With a fair wind from the east, three days' voyage brought the fleets of the Danes and Norwegians upon the southern coast of Britain. The soldiers of each fleet were commanded by a single chief, whose ship was distinguished from the rest by some particular ornament. It was the same chief too whose orders they obeyed, when, after having disembarked, they arranged themselves into battalions, and advanced into the country either on horseback or on foot. They were accustomed to salute him by the German title, Kong or Konung, which the languages of the south have mistranslated into King, for it is evident that he was only a king upon the sea, or in battle. When they feasted, the whole troop seated themselves in a circle, and the horn filled with beer passed from hand to hand without any attention to rank or precedence. The Sea-king or Battle-king, Sæ-kong, Wig-kong, was faithfully followed and readily obeyed, because he had earned the reputation of being the bravest amongst the brave; because to use the words of one of their ancient historians, he had never slept under a wooden roof, or quaffed the cup beside a domestic hearth."—vol. i. p. 110.

There seems to be something very unaccountable in the rapidity with which these Northmen reduced England, and the almost uniform success that attended every attack made by them upon the Saxons. It would almost tempt us to lay down the principle, that the seafaring and piratic life, when embraced by a race or nation originally of great strength and stature, is that which produces invariably the most unconquerable warriors. That the Saxons were a brave and powerful people there is no doubt, yet they made but a feeble defence against these sons of Odin. They themselves, in the days of Hengist, when still pirates and pagans, overwhelmed with the same facility the British people; and the great Rolf or Rollo who had not yet been banished from Norway, when he and his corsairs attacked the Franks in Neustria, a people sprung from the same stock, but who had become domesticated in France, found as little difficulty in overwhelming all opposition and establishing an independent kingdom in the heart of a hostile country. And in truth, if we consider the necessary effects of

such a life as that which was led by these children of the ocean, we shall find that it was admirably calculated to produce firm hearts and strong bodies. Exposed from their infancy to every inclemency of a cold and rugged climate; trained early to the use of arms, to fight on sea or on land; from the perils of the winds and the waves by which they were perpetually surrounded, having a constant necessity for presence of mind, prompt courage, and unwearied exertion; nursed in the bosom of a gloomy and sanguinary superstition, which measured its future rewards by the sum of courage which they had shown, and of blood which they had shed; believers in the powers of magic and sorcery, yet also believing that human boldness if exerted to its utmost, could controul even such supernatural agency, it is difficult to conceive that a whole nation nursed up in such a faith, and under such circumstances, should not have been a tremendous and almost invincible enemy. It is impossible for any one to read the original historians of this extraordinary people (and it is a remarkable fact that these have been collected with a religious care, and published with a learning and fidelity which has never been surpassed in similar undertakings) without being struck with much that corroborates this opinion as to the overwhelming energy and valour of the Northmen. There is a joyousness in their descriptions of the most perilous enterprises, a high wrapt enthusiasm and physical delight in the midst of danger, a kindliness and kindred feeling in the epithets applied to the winds and the waves, which not only convinces us, in the fine phrase of Campbell, that they were "nurslings of the storm," but that they positively preferred such a life and education to every other, and would rather have been rocked by the billows of a winter sea, than lulled to contemptible repose by the sweetest zephyrs that ever stole their odours from the gardens of the south. Let the reader but peruse the song of Regner Lodbrog, or dip into any of the Sagas, or if he is desirous for information in a more popular form, consult the admirable chapter of Turner in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons* upon the Sea-kings of the north, and he will be convinced of the truth of these remarks. The whole Scandinavian continent indeed, embracing Norway, Sweden and Denmark, was little else than a nursery of men brave by necessity. The interior of these countries was almost one vast solitude, covered with thick and interminable forests, and given up by man to the undisturbed possession of the bears and wolves. The sea-coast alone was peopled, and divided amongst a variety of petty chiefs or little kings, whose summer occupation was piracy, and whose winter months were employed in war and the chase, not to mention a very deep devotion to the "horn," which, whether in peace or in war, was the inseparable

companion of the Norsemen. But in addition to such chiefs or princes as held that small portion of land in the country which had been cleared of wood, the seas around the Scandinavian continent swarmed with the Vikings or pirate kings, whose sole property consisted in their fleets and their plunder, and who possessed not a foot of land. This body of fierce and enterprising adventurers was constantly recruited from the younger sons of the land kings, driven out like the young eagles by the parent birds, to seek their livelihood, first in little predatory excursions against some rival chief, whose territories lay near their home, and afterwards in those more important and more terrific expeditions which carried fire and sword to every coast in Europe, and sometimes even as far as Constantinople itself.

“Mox in ovilia

Demisit hostem vividus impetus,

Nunc in reluctantes dracones

Egit amor dapis atque pugnae.”

It was in the year 835, that the first army of Danish corsairs disembarked upon the coast of Cornwall.

“The first great army of Danish and Norman corsairs,” says our author, “which directed its efforts against England, disembarked upon the coast of Cornwall, and the Cornish Britons, the ancient inhabitants of the country who had been reduced by the English to the miserable condition of slaves, immediately joined the enemies of their conquerors, either from the desire of satisfying their national revenge, or from a lingering hope of recovering their liberty. The Northmen, however, were repulsed, and the Britons of Cornwall relapsed under the yoke of the Saxons; but shortly after this, other fleets appeared in the west, and brought with them such an overwhelming force of Danes that nothing could prevent them from penetrating into the heart of England. It was their practice to sail up the great rivers till they found a commodious station; they then left their ships, and after dragging them up on dry land, and securing them by entrenchments, spread themselves over the face of the country, seized the oxen and horses, and from sailors soon changed themselves into cavalry, to use the expressions of the contemporary chronicles. In their first expeditions they were contented with plundering the country, after which they retired to their ships, leaving behind them some entrenched camps or military stations for the purpose of protecting them on their next visit to the same coast; but very soon they changed their mode of procedure, and established themselves permanently in the land as masters of the soil and of the inhabitants, driving back the Saxon population from the north-east to the south-east, as the Saxons themselves had driven back the ancient British race from the sea of Gaul to the opposite ocean.”—vol. i. pp. 111, 112.

In this quotation, we think the author has accidentally fallen into an error, where he speaks of the military stations or entrenched

camps being thrown up to protect them upon their return. Instead of being the last thing done, we believe that the construction of a camp or entrenched fortification was invariably the *first* labour performed by the northern pirates when they landed from their ships. Its object was quite apparent. It served as a safe receptacle to which they carried the plunder, and drove the captives, with the herds and flocks which they had seized in the interior. Within this camp, before their embarkation on their return, they held the feast, and the entrenchments were so placed in relation to the station where they had left their ships, that in case of attack or pursuit, it could protect their retreat and cover their embarkation.

We cannot follow our author in tracing the fiery progress of this destroying people in England, in listening to the groans of the Saxons, or in dwelling with enthusiasm upon the actions and character of the great Alfred, who amid the gloom and smoke of war with which he is surrounded, starts from the historic canvas the model of a patriot king, a warrior, a legislator, and a man of letters. As to any effect indeed upon the national constitution, the manners, or the language, the period during which the Danes obtained possession of England is of little importance. Their descents upon the coast, their desolating progress into the interior, and even their permanent conquest and settlement were too short-lived and evanescent to have any lasting effects. It was a storm or tornado which tore up, seamed or scathed the superficies, but did not alter the great features of the country. It is enough for our purpose to know that after the death of Alfred (A. D. 901) and the subsequent reduction of England into one kingdom, the Danes recommenced their invasions; that the country was once more conquered by Swein King of Denmark, at the conclusion of the tenth century, and that the throne for upwards of fifty years was possessed by a succession of Danish sovereigns, till the great revolt of the Saxons under Earl Godwin, who restored the English line in the year 1040, by placing the crown on the head of Edward the Confessor, the son of Ethelred the Saxon king, who had been deposed by Swein, and compelled to seek an asylum at the court of Robert Duke of Normandy.

It is to the rise of this small but extraordinary state, that we must now turn our eyes. Lightly as it was then regarded by such mighty sovereigns as Swein or Canute, from it, as is well known, proceeded that conqueror, who, whilst their thrones were ephemeral, was destined to establish a dominion in England of wonderful strength and duration. Let us attend then, for a few moments, to the first settlement of Normandy, standing as it were beside the cradle of this infant people, visiting the sources of that proud and

swelling river which was afterwards to hold its course so irresistibly through Europe. There cannot be the least doubt that the Normans were originally Norwegians. In the history of the Norwegian kings, which was written by Snorro the son of Sturlas, in the middle of the thirteenth century, known by the name of "*Heimskringla*, *Edr Noregs Konunga-Sogor*,"* and which has been received as perfectly authentic by the greatest northern scholars, the exile of Rollo, and the settlement of Normandy are thus succinctly related.

"One of King Harald's dearest friends, (the historian is speaking of Harold Haarfager, or Harold with the fair locks, who reigned in Norway from the year 885 to 936) whom he chiefly honoured was Jarl Rognvald, who took to wife Hilda the daughter of Rolf, surnamed *Refta*, (in plain English Rolf with the large nose). Their children were Rolf and Thorer. Rolf was an illustrious pirate, and of such tall stature that no horse was able to bear his weight, so that being forced to march always a-foot, he became known wherever he went by the name of Footman Rolf, (the ancient Norse is *Gaungo Rolfr*). He frequently committed his piracies in the Baltic, and it so happened that on a certain summer season when he had returned from his expedition, and landed at Vikia, he slew the hogs which were feeding on the shore, and distributed them among his men. Now Harold the king was at this moment dwelling in Vikia, and being grievously offended with such conduct, since he had passed a law that no one, under the severest penalties, should dare to plunder within his own country, he instantly in the public assembly banished the offender from Norway. After this, Rolf sailed over the Western Sea to the Hebrides, and from thence to Vallandia, or France, where he far and wide extended his piracies, and obtaining a permanent dominion as a Jarl, caused that province to be thickly peopled by Northmen, which was afterwards named Normandy. Footman Rolf's son was William, who was the father of Richard, who begat Richard the second, who was the father of Robert Langespade, whose son was William the Bastard, from whom all the kings of England are descended."†

Such, as it is given by Snorro, is the brief, yet, from its extreme simplicity, very interesting account of the banishment of this celebrated pirate from his paternal seats. But there are other more minute, in some respects more romantic, incidents connected with the event, which seem to rest on perfectly genuine authority.

Footman Rolf, with his squadron of hardy adventurers, first sailed, as we see, to the Western Isles, which he probably plundered, although we find no account of his expedition in the Scot-

* See the learned preface of Gerard Schonning to the *Heimskringla*, published at Copenhagen, 1787.

† *Heimskringla*, vol. i. p. 101.

tish historians. From these he steered to England, then under the dominion of the great Alfred; and having effected a descent upon the English coast, he, as usual, commenced his piratical operations by throwing up entrenchments, from which he marched to attack the country. Although successful, however, in collecting a large booty, the admirable dispositions made by Alfred rendered the enterprise every day more difficult and precarious; the sea prince retreated within his encampment, and became pensive as to his future destinies. In this situation, after having retired to rest, careful as we may suppose, and with a mind full of thickcoming fancies, an extraordinary dream visited his pillow. "He found himself suddenly in France, sitting on a high hill and looking upon a noble river. Upon the sides and at the foot of the mountain were seen various kinds of aquatic birds, which, after having washed and dipt their wings in the stream, began to feed upon the banks, and soon after to build their nests in the trees, and bring forth their young." The pirate chief was much impressed with the dream, which having puzzled his own magicians, was read by one of the English Christian captives whom he had taken, in the way most suited to their own wishes; and the result was, that Rolf determined to conquer for himself a permanent settlement in France, and entered into a strict league of amity with Alfred.* The reader will look in vain for this singular dream in the pages of our author Thierry, and other modern historians. But it is mentioned in authentic northern chronicles, and we consider its being expunged as one of those mistaken improvements which a too enlightened and philosophic spirit is often introducing into history—stripping it sometimes of its most delightful and attractive attributes, and striking out the characteristic touches which give individuality and interest to the narrative. At the time of Rolf's arrival in England, in the conclusion of the ninth century (895), it must be recollected that he and his companions were Pagans; that one of the strongest features in the national character of the Norwegians was a belief in dreams and visions; that their imagination was cultivated to the highest degree by a love of the marvellous; and that in the circumstances in which the adventurer was placed, nothing could be more likely than that he should dream of invading France.

Rolf accordingly commanded his ships to be unmoored, and after a friendly parting with Alfred, who was so pleased to see him turn his back upon England that he furnished him with twelve transports laden with grain, the Norsemen set sail, and

* Krantz, *Chronicon Regnorum Aquilonarium*, p. 650. See, also, another account of this dream in the article on Wace's *Roman de Rou*, in a previous number of this Journal, No. III. p. 97.—*Editor*.

were soon overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning which would have terrified any ordinary mariners, but which to these children of the sea only gave an opportunity of exhibiting their skill and intrepidity.

In their voyage they first made a descent upon Frisia, and totally routed the forces brought against them by a duke of that country, the object probably being to reprovision their ships, and strike terror into the coasts connected with France. From this they at once steered for the Seine, and entering the river, already well known to the Danish corsairs, sailed up to Rouen, surveying the best stations or harbours as they proceeded, occasionally landing at the different religious houses on the banks of the river, and showing by the pacific and methodical conduct which they pursued, that their object was not, as usual, to plunder and leave the coast, but something very different. The miserable condition of France at this period, and the dreadful panic of the people, were seen by the mode of Rolf's reception at Rouen. He was met, not by an armed force, but by a deputation of the clergy, and the interview was followed by his quietly taking possession of a city which could make no resistance. On entering it the marks of the havoc of his countrymen, the Vikingr, were the first objects which arrested his attention. "*Vidit disjecta mœnia, ruinas ædificiorum, regionem satis feracem, sed cultoribus exhaustam.*"*

From Rouen the chief continued his voyage up the river, and the French monarch in deep dismay despatched a messenger who knew the language of the strangers, to question them as to their future intentions. The interview which took place, and which has been somewhat injudiciously diluted and abridged by Thierry, was admirably characteristic.

" 'Who are you,' said the envoy, 'and from whence do ye come?' 'We are Northmen,' was the reply, 'and we come from our ships. Look at their ornaments (the vessels of the Vikingr were generally richly carved and gilded) and at our dress, and if thou hast ever been in Denmark you will recognise both.' 'What is your design?' 'To settle in your kingdom, and if we are opposed, to fight our way.' 'Are you ready to submit to the King of the Franks, and to obey his orders?' 'It is not our fashion to submit to any one. To command, or at least to be equals in all things, is what we are accustomed to.' 'Who is your chief or prince?' 'We acknowledge no one as such—we are all equal.' "†

Such were the principles of stern independence professed by the men who founded the kingdom of Normandy.

Nothing can be more interesting than the future history of Rolf, or as he now began to be called in the language of the Franks, Raoul, or Rollo. His conquest of Normandy; his

* Krantz, *Chronicon Regnorum Aquilonarium*, p. 650.

† *Ibid.* p. 659.

acquisition of the rich country of Bretagne; his conversion to the Christian faith, and marriage with Ghisela, the king's daughter; his change from the fierce and indomitable sea prince, with the stamp of piracy and paganism fresh upon him, to the wise and enlightened legislator, whose acts are still the ground-work of the *Coutumes de Normandie*—these are all incidents which, unless they were founded on unquestionable evidence, might be pronounced too romantic to be believed. Not the least of these marvels wrought by Rollo was the transformation which he seems to have effected upon his squadron of northern corsairs, from their accustomed existence of perpetual variety and unlicensed plunder at sea, to a life of settled habits upon land. This probably was one of the most difficult tasks which he had to perform; and we can easily believe that it was long before his followers were thoroughly reconciled to their new habits of life—that the old corsairs, as they gazed from the pacific fields, which they were compelled to cultivate, upon their native element, often wished to be once more upon the waters—and that for a long time they found themselves in the condition of the inconstant lovers in the old song of “Sigh no more Ladies,”

“One foot on sea—another on shore.”

At the time that Duke Rollo and his descendants, all of them men cast in the same mould of genius and enterprize, were working these wonders in their new kingdom, the English crown, as we have seen, had been restored to the Saxon line, and placed on the head of Edward the Confessor, who had been bred up at the Norman court. This monarch, unacquainted with the prejudices of his own subjects, had imbibed the strongest partiality for the Norman character and manners; and on his accession to the throne, the nobles of the country which had given him an asylum, encouraged by the invitations of the king, flocked in such numbers to his court, that England began to look more like a Norman than a Saxon kingdom. This is powerfully described by our historian.

“Crowds,” says he, “of those Normans, who pretended some relationship with Edward, passed the Straits, sure of a kind reception. Every suitor, provided he could speak in Norman French, might reckon with certainty on a favourable answer. This language banished from the palace the national tongue, which became an object of ridicule to the foreign courtiers, and every Englishman, who endeavoured to please his sovereign, found himself under the necessity of babbling his flatteries in this favourite idiom. The men of rank, of ambition and of intrigue, studied and spoke it in their castles as the only dialect worthy a personage of birth: the large Saxon mantle was thrown aside for the short Norman cloak; even the letters of their writing were changed into the

long-shaped Norman characters, and instead of signing their names at the foot of their deeds, as before, they suspended to them seals of wax, in the Norman fashion. In a word, whatever remained of ancient national usages, even in matters the most indifferent, was abandoned in disdain to the lower classes. But the people who had shed their blood for the liberty of England were, it may be believed, little struck with the beauty of short cloaks and long letters, and gloomily began to think that the dominion of a foreign power was beginning to be introduced under an affectation of national improvement.

"Earl Godwin, although the first amongst the Saxon nobles, and next to the king, did not disdain to recall to mind his plebeian origin, and joined the popular party against the Norman favourites. The son of Ulfnoth, and his four sons, all of them excellent soldiers, and favourites of the people, set themselves in opposition to the Norman influence as boldly as they had drawn their swords against the Danish conquerors. In the palace, where his daughter and their sister was queen, they retorted injury for injury to the parasites and courtiers of Gaul; they derided their exotic manners, and blamed the weakness of the king, who made such persons the repositories of the fortune of the country, and the confidence of the throne.

"The Normans received these reproaches carelessly. * * * * They represented to Edward that Godwin and his sons insulted him with an arrogance which knew no bounds, and that it was not difficult to detect in them the design of betraying him, and of reigning in his stead. But while these accusations were made in the palace of the king, very different were the judgments formed of the character and conduct of the Saxon chief and his sons, which were passed in the popular assemblies. 'Is it astonishing,' said the people, 'that the man who placed the crown on Edward's head, and keeps it there, should be indignant to see a set of foreign upstarts elevated above him? And yet how nobly does he restrain himself from uttering a single reproach against the man whom he has himself made king.' The Norman favourites were stigmatised in these meetings of the people as infamous slanderers, as workers of discord and trouble in the nation; whilst to Godwin, a hero whom they pronounced invincible both by sea and land, were breathed out fervent prayers for length of days and of honour. They cursed the fatal marriage of Ethelred, the father of Edward the Confessor, with a Norman woman—a union entered into to save the country from a foreign invasion, but which had drawn after it a new invasion and a new conquest, more dangerous because it was carried on under the masque of peace and friendship."*

Mr. Thierry's second book closes with this striking passage. The third, which opens with the insurrection of the English against Edward's Norman favourites, concludes with the famous battle of Hastings, and is infinitely more interesting than the two preceding. The author, unembarrassed by the dry details and antiquarian discussions through which he had to wade his way

* Thierry, vol. i. pp. 214—217.

before getting to his main subject, at once brings it before us with great boldness of pencil and felicity of expression, qualities which seem in him to be the result of a warm imagination, a familiarity with the ancient writers, and a consequent clearness and definiteness in his conceptions, which communicate themselves to his style, and pervade the arrangement of the various historical groups which occupy the picture.

The rebellion, of which the reader, from the last passage extracted, must have anticipated the occurrence, concluded in the destruction of the anti-Norman party of Earl Godwin and his sons, in their banishment from the country, and the complete ascendancy of the Normans. The weak monarch, more than ever under the influence of these favourites, even went so far as to shut up his queen, the daughter of Earl Godwin, in a convent, and to spoil her of her jewels and her lands.

"The days which followed these transactions," says Thierry, "were days of joyance to the foreign favourites, and Normandy continued more than ever to furnish governors to England; so that by degrees the Normans came to hold the same supremacy in that country which the Danes had conquered by their swords. A monk of Jumieges, named Robert, became Archbishop of Canterbury; another Norman monk filled the see of London; Saxon prelates and abbots were deposed to make way for Frenchmen, who pretended to be connected with the king through his mother; the governments of Earl Godwin and his sons were divided amongst foreigners; a Norman of the name of Eudes became chief of the four provinces of Devon, Somerset, Dorset and Cornwall; and Ralph, the son of Walter of Mantes, was placed over the province of Hereford, and had the command of the defensive stations established against the Welsh."*

Amongst these Norman visitors to the court of Edward, came one illustrious guest, afterwards too fatally known to the Saxons. This was no other than the Conqueror himself, then simply William, Duke of Normandy, and the fifth in descent from Rollo. There is a strong presumption, we think, that the first idea of becoming master of England had already arisen in his mind; and if such was the case, the condition in which he found that country must have been particularly encouraging.

"In riding through the land," says Thierry, "the Duke of Normandy might have easily persuaded himself that he had not quitted his own dominions. The captains of the English fleet which received him at Dover were Normans; they were Norman soldiers who formed the garrison of the castle on the neighbouring cliffs; crowds of governors and dignified clergy who came to pay him their respects were Normans; Edward's Norman favourites respectfully ranged themselves round their feudal chief; so that William appeared in England almost more a king

* Thierry, vol. i. pp. 228, 229.

than Edward himself; nor was his ambitious spirit slow to conceive the hope of becoming so, when the monarch who had made himself the slave of the Norman influence should be called away by death."*

The duke, however, was far too prudent to make any open mention of his ultimate designs, and returned to Normandy with the conviction that the proper season for their execution was not yet fully arrived. The events which followed are of a very interesting description, and a train of circumstances which at first sight appeared the most inimical to the designs of the Conqueror, actually co-operated to hurry on the catastrophe which seated him on the English throne. These, however, we can only glance at, but the reader will find them clearly detailed by Mr. Thierry. Earl Godwin, infinitely the most powerful noble amongst the Saxons, who, as we have already seen, had been banished from England, invaded that country, assisted by his sons, of whom Harold was the bravest and most popular; and such was the success of the enterprise, and the powerful hold which they maintained over the affections of the people, that Edward was compelled to submit to their terms, and to consent to the re-establishment of Saxon influence, and the banishment of the Normans from the court. These foreign favourites, however, did not wait for any such slow process as an act of banishment, but fled in the utmost precipitation to Normandy.

"The Normans," says Mr. Thierry, "Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Bishop of London, hurried through the western gate, followed by a troop of their own soldiers, who massacred several English in their flight, and after gaining the coast, threw themselves into some fishermen's boats, the archbishop in his terror and confusion having left the pall which he had just received from Rome as the emblem of his dignity, and along with it the most precious of his effects."†

Whether Edward the Confessor was perfectly sincere in his reconciliation with Earl Godwin, and cordially acquiesced in the violent revolution which for a season was a death-blow to all Norman influence, is not very easily discovered. It is certain that Harold, the son of Godwin, became a great favourite of the king, was entrusted with an authority, and wielded an influence superior to that of any other officer under the crown, and if we may believe the ancient historian of Norway, was treated by the monarch like his own son. An event, however, was at hand, of which the Duke of Normandy ably availed himself to facilitate his designs against England. At the reconciliation between Godwin and the Confessor, the Saxon chief had been obliged to deliver his youngest son, Ulfnoth, and another noble Saxon youth, to the king as hostages for his fidelity, and he in his turn committed

* Thierry, vol. i. p. 433.

† Ibid. p. 238.

them to the keeping of the Duke of Normandy. After they had remained for ten years beyond seas in a species of honourable captivity, Harold requested permission of the king to visit Normandy, and to reclaim them in person. To this request Edward made a remarkable reply.

"I cannot refuse you my permission," said he; "but if you will set out, it must be against my advice; for certain I am that your voyage to Normandy will bring some misfortune upon yourself and your country. I know Duke William and his crafty spirit: be assured he hates you; nor will he accede to your wishes without being certain that it is attended with advantage to himself. The best way to get back the hostages is not to go yourself, but to send another."—vol. i. p. 257.

It is easy to discern in this speech, we think, that feeling of awe and terror which Duke William's intercourse with Edward had produced upon the feeble mind of the Confessor, the dread, in short, which a superior intellect leaves upon an inferior mind, which, although it has ability to discern the craft and ambition under which it quails, fears to encounter them, and finds a timid security in keeping at a distance.

Harold, however, whose character was bold and unsuspicious, adhered to his original purpose of visiting the court of Normandy in person, and the result evinced how truly the Confessor had depicted the designs of the duke, and how prophetic was his anticipation of evil. He was at first received with the utmost distinction, and William openly congratulated himself on becoming the host of the bravest, the noblest and the most popular man in England. These were not words of empty compliment. They were true. William felt them to be so, and he knew that in the event of the death of the King of England, there was none more worthy or more likely to succeed to the throne than the stranger who was then his guest. But he had already resolved that this crown should be his own, and his object therefore was to trammel Harold with such engagements, that he should either be compelled to lend him his assistance, or should be reduced into such a situation as to render any opposition he might make fruitless and unpopular.

The mode in which he accomplished this was a masterpiece of policy. His first step was to disarm all suspicion in the bosom of his guest. Harold and the small suite which attended him were treated with the most marked distinction. The hostages, he declared, were free upon his simple request, and he was at liberty instantly to return with them to England; but he trusted he would remain with him for some time to enjoy the pleasures of his court, and to accompany him in a tour through his domi-

nions. Harold consented. The journey from town to town was one continued fête; the Saxon Prince and his companions were knighted after the Norman fashion; and such was the unsuspecting enthusiasm with which they regarded their noble host, that they accompanied him in an expedition against his revolted subjects of Brittany, and shared in the perils and plunder of the campaign.

It was on their return from this service, in which William had treated Harold with such friendly confidence as to share with him his tent, and eat at the same table, that the crafty Norman threw his meshes over the Saxon Prince. They were riding together, side by side, when the Duke of Normandy managed to lead the conversation in a careless manner to his early ties with King Edward. We shall give the rest in Mr. Thierry's own words.

“ ‘ When Edward and I,’ said the Duke, ‘ lived like twin brothers in the same tent, he made me a promise, that if ever he became King of England, he would nominate me heir to the crown. Harold,’ he continued, ‘ I should like well that you would give me your assistance to make this promise good; and rest satisfied, that if, by your aid, I obtain the kingdom, I shall very readily grant you all that you demand.’ Harold, completely taken by surprise at this unexpected fit of confidence, could only reply to it by expressions of vague acquiescence, when William thus proceeded: ‘ Since my friend is thus willing to assist me, I must be so bold as to point out what I expect of him. The castle of Dover must be given up to my soldiers, a well must be sunk in it, and it must be strengthened in its fortifications, and the ties between us must be drawn more strongly together by your bestowing the hand of your sister on one of my chiefs, and yourself consenting to marry my daughter Adela; moreover, I expect that previous to your departure you will leave with me one of the two hostages whom you came to reclaim, and whom I shall bring into England when I arrive there to claim the crown.’ At these words Harold became awake, not only to all the perils of his own situation, but to the danger to which he had unexpectedly exposed his young relations. The only way to relieve himself from his embarrassment was to give a verbal consent to the demands of the Duke of Normandy, and he who had already twice unsheathed his sword to expel all foreigners from his native land was compelled to promise that he would deliver the principal fortress of the country into the hands of a foreigner. It was his pusillanimous object to purchase a momentary safety and repose by a falsehood, reserving to himself the power of breaking his engagement at a future period. But he was severely punished for the subterfuge.

“ William, for the present, forbore to press his guest; but he did not suffer him to remain long at peace. In the town of Avranches or of Bayeux, for writers are not agreed as to the locality, the Duke of Normandy convoked a Grand Council, composed of his richest and noblest barons. On the evening of the day preceding that whereon they were

to meet, he caused the bones and relics of the Saints that were preserved in the convents and religious houses of the neighbourhood to be secretly collected and put into a large hamper or hollow vessel, which he covered with a cloth of gold, and placed in the middle of the Hall of Council. When the Duke had seated himself in his chair of state, holding in his hand a rich sword ornamented with a chaplet of flowers of gold, and having around him his Norman barons, and the Saxon Prince, he commanded a missal to be brought, and placed upon the covered vessel which held the concealed relics. He then rose up, and thus addressed him, with a loud voice ;—‘ Harold, I here require of thee, in presence of this noble assembly, to confirm by thine oath the promises which thou hast made me : to assist me to obtain the throne of England after the death of Edward ; to espouse my daughter Adela, and to send over thy sister to Normandy, that she may be united to one of my barons.’ The Saxon, who, from his open nature, had once more allowed himself to be taken by surprise, did not dare to deny his promise, and approaching the missal with a troubled air, extended his right hand upon its leaves, and swore to fulfil his engagements to the Duke, if life was spared to him, and God but granted him his assistance. ‘ May God assist him !’ shouted the assembled multitude ; and while Harold still stood upon the spot, the Duke gave the signal, the sacred book was removed, the cloth of gold which covered the relics was lifted up, and the dry bones and skeletons, which filled the vessel to the brim, were exposed to view, upon which, in utter ignorance, the son of Godwin had taken an oath of tremendous sanctity. It is said by the Norman writers, that Harold, on casting his eyes upon the relics, started back and shuddered at the sight ; but recovering himself, he soon afterwards took his departure from Normandy, carrying with him his nephew, and leaving behind him his younger brother in the power of the Duke. William accompanied him to the shore, loaded him with presents, and returned to his court, rejoiced at having thus fraudulently extorted from the man who in all England was the best able to have thwarted his ambitious designs, a public and solemn oath that he would forward and assist them.”—vol. i. pp. 261—263.

On his return to England, Harold informed the King of all that had taken place. “ ‘ Did I not warn thee,’ said the feeble monarch, whose mortal disease was then fast undermining his frame, ‘ that I knew Duke William’s character, and that your visit would bring great perils upon yourself and the nation ? God grant that I myself may not live to behold them !’ These words, and the grief of the King,” says Mr. Thierry, “ give us some ground to believe that Edward, in his days of thoughtlessness and youth, had actually made to a foreign prince the foolish promise of a dignity which it belonged solely to the English people to bestow. We cannot tell whether, after his accession to the throne, any further engagement or intercourse had been entered into which could fan the ambitious hopes of the Norman Duke ; but in the absence of any express stipulation, it was perfectly natural for

William to conclude, from the constant friendship with which he was treated by Edward, that he secretly favoured his wishes, and virtually made himself an accomplice in his ambitious designs."—vol. i. p. 264.

If such thoughts were then passing in his mind, he could not fail to perceive the great advantage which Duke William had already gained, and the immense additional strength which the oath he had extorted from Harold gave to a promise originally little heeded. And this is exactly one of those points in history in which, in order to judge of it fairly, we must transport ourselves into the times of which we speak, and view it through the medium of the superstition and the bigotry of the age. The Court of Rome was at this moment discontented, and in a fume at the part which had been adopted by Edward and Harold in expelling the Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, and installing in the archiepiscopal chair a Saxon stranger, who, before he had obtained the sanction of the Holy See, had the audacity to wear the pall of the extruded prelate.—vol. i. p. 240. This feeling of animosity had been artfully encouraged by the Duke of Normandy, and the oath which had been pronounced by Harold upon the relics of the saints, and in circumstances of awful solemnity, enabled him, in the event of its being broken, to represent him as a perjured traitor, an outcast, and a rebel to the church; and rendered it certain that the court of Rome, already inimical, would become doubly inveterate, would co-operate in the designs of his ambition, and throw into the scale against Harold the all-powerful sanction of its authority and approval. The result showed how truly William had judged. Edward the Confessor died soon after, and in his last moments, amid speeches full of terror and superstition, and which seemed darkly prophetic of the miseries which were approaching, declared that the man most worthy to succeed to the vacant throne was Harold, the son of Godwin.* The day after the funeral of the Confessor, Harold was crowned and anointed, and with the royal ensigns, the golden crown and sceptre, there was presented to him, according to an ancient Saxon practice, a large battle-axe, the symbol of the sons of Odin. If we may believe Roger Hoveden, the new monarch (according to the estimation of these times) was every way worthy of the throne.

"So soon as he assumed the reins of government, he abrogated all unjust laws, and enacted others which were just and equitable; he showed himself the patron of the churches and monasteries, and exhibited the utmost piety and veneration for all bishops, abbots, monks, and clerks; he was humble, pious, and affable; a terror to evil doers,

* Roger de Hoveden, p. 256.

and a friend to the good. His governors, lieutenants, and civil officers, received strict orders from him to seize all thieves, vagabonds, and disturbers of the public peace; whilst he himself spared no pains, but laboured in the sweat of his brow for the defence of his kingdom both by sea and land."*

It required indeed the utmost talent and exertion upon the part of the new monarch to make head against the complicated dangers which threatened to overwhelm him. Tostig, his elder brother, had been banished from England for misgovernment, and he now entered into an alliance with Harold, King of Norway, who issued a decree to collect the half of the vessels and of the soldiers of his dominions, and determined to invade England in the spring.†

"This Norwegian monarch," says Mr. Thierry, "was the last Scandinavian prince, who, deserving the appellation of King of the Sea, had in his piracies visited the rich western nations. His vessels had passed the straits of Gibraltar and cruised in the seas of Sicily; he had sacked Constantinople, and carried off a youthful daughter of the imperial house. Like most of the northern corsairs, he was a poet, and during his distant voyages, when the winds had fallen and the vessel lay becalmed, amused himself by turning into verse the successes which had crowned their efforts, or the hopes which animated their ambition."

But although, as was afterwards shown, this royal pirate proved a most formidable enemy, Harold's darkest anticipations turned towards Normandy, and there was something in the very moderation and calmness of the first steps taken by William, which was fitted to excite deep alarm.

The Duke was in his park at Rouen, indulging in the amusement of archery, of which he was passionately fond, when the news of the death of Edward and the election of Harold was suddenly brought to him. It threw him instantly into a deep reverie. He mechanically gave his bow and arrows to one of his attendants, passed the Seine, and, entering the long gallery of his palace, paced it in deep thought, and betrayed marks of great agitation. After some time, one of his most intimate counsellors ventured to approach him. "My lord," said he, "the report goes that the King of England is dead, and that Harold, false to the oath he made you, has seized the throne." "It is too true," said William, starting up from the seat into which he had thrown himself; "my chagrin proceeds from the death of Edward, and the wrong which Harold has done me." "And why distress yourself," replied the counsellor, "at that which can be amended? For the death of Edward indeed there is no remedy; but for the wrongs of Harold, have you not brave soldiers, and the right on

* Roger de Hoveden, p. 256.

† Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 149.

your side? Essay it hardily then. A work well begun is half accomplished." The counsel was no doubt poured into a willing and ready ear; but it was the habit of William's mind to unite caution with resolution. He had weighed the magnitude of the enterprize, the difficulties which surrounded it, and the dangers which attended an ill digested and precipitate attempt. He determined therefore to remonstrate with Harold, whilst he secretly forwarded his preparations, and resolved on contesting the crown to the last extremity. All things, however, were managed with that decorum which in those days usually preceded a mortal defiance. A messenger was despatched from the court of Normandy, who upbraided the Saxon King with his breach of a solemn oath sworn upon the holy relics. If we may trust the historians of the time, Harold admitted the engagement, but pleaded that it had been extorted from him when he was under bodily fear, and added that he had been compelled to renounce that royal dignity, which was not then his own to bestow, but belonged to the people of England, without whose consent he could not espouse a foreign princess. A second remonstrance produced no more satisfactory explanation, and William then judged himself at liberty to declare that, within the year, he would exact the debt which was due to him with his sword, and that upon the spot where Harold believed himself most safe.

"So," says William of Malmesbury, "the messengers returned without accomplishing their object; but the Duke spent the whole of the subsequent year in providing the necessaries for war; his own soldiers were armed and kept in discipline at a great expense; foreign troops were invited into his service; his different squadrons and battalions were so carefully formed that they were made up of the tallest and strongest soldiers; whilst he took care that the chief captains and officers, besides having a perfect knowledge of the military art, should be men of mature age and experience: to have seen them either at the head of their soldiers, or alone, you would have thought them kings, not officers."*

The names of the noblest of these kingly chiefs have been preserved to us by William of Poitiers, the faithful contemporary biographer of the Conqueror. They were "Robert, Count of Mortain; Robert, Count of Eu; Richard, Count of Evreux; Roger de Beaumont, Roger de Mont-Gomeri, William Fitz-Osbern, and Hugo, the Viscount."† The same author informs us that there came to the assistance of the Duke a great many

* Wm. of Malmesbury, p. 56.

† Guillaume de Poitiers, *Vie de Guillaume le Conquerant*, p. 387. We quote from the beautiful edition published by Mr. Guizot, Professor of Modern History in the University of Paris.

foreign knights, attracted partly by his well known generosity, and above all by the assurance which they had of the justice of his cause. To keep up this character of justice, to render the expedition popular, and to accustom his soldiers to habits of strict discipline, William, during the time that the army was encamped, waiting for a fair wind, forbad all plunder.

"Such was his prudence and moderation," says William of Poitiers, "that he supported at his own expense, during a whole month, 50,000 men at arms, whilst adverse winds detained them at the mouth of the river. The expenses of the knights, foreign as well as Norman, were cheerfully paid; but he would permit no one, however high his rank, to seize any thing at his own hands. The flocks and herds fed in the fields as securely as if they had been shut up in some sacred place. The crops ripened for the sickle of the labourer without being cut down by foraging parties, or trod under foot by the haughty carelessness of the knights, and the weak and unarmed husbandman travelled where he chose, singing on his horse, and gazing without fear on the troops of warlike men who crossed his path."

This striking and beautiful picture, comes from a contemporary who in all probability was on the spot. William of Poitiers, however, has concealed the opposition which the Duke met with in his great designs from some part of his subjects, which is strikingly described by Mr. Thierry, who uses the words of the Chronicle of Normandy.

"The Duke," says he, "then convoked a great assembly of the states of Normandy, the richest and most considerable men of war, besides churchmen and merchants. To them he explained his project and solicited their assistance; after which the assembly retired to deliberate at freedom, and secluded from all influence. In the debate which then took place the opinions appeared various. There were some who were anxious to assist the Duke with ships, ammunition, and money; others refused to contribute anything, saying that they had already more demands upon them than they could pay. This discussion was not carried on without tumult; and the members of the assembly, scattered in groupes, spoke and gesticulated with great eagerness. In the midst of this confusion, William Fitzosbern, seneschal of Normandy, raising his voice, exclaimed, 'What mean these disputes amongst yourselves? Is he not your lord? Hath he not need of your assistance? Is it not your duty to make him your offers before waiting for his request? If he accomplish his purpose without your assistance, by heaven he will not forget this. Shew then that you love him, and do it with a good grace.' 'Without doubt,' said they, 'he is our lord; but it is enough for us that we pay his rents. We owe him no aid for any expedition beyond seas. His wars have already weighed too heavily upon us. If he fails in his new enterprise, our country will be ruined.'"

After much discourse of this nature, it was resolved that Fitzosbern, who knew the means and fortunes of each of them, should be the bearer of a message to the Duke to excuse the assembly for the smallness of their contributions. The members, however, insisted on accompanying him into the presence of William, and a very extraordinary scene followed, which is well described by Mr. Thierry, or rather by the Chronicle of Normandy.

"The Normans," says the author, "then returned to the Duke; and Fitzosbern thus addressed him: 'I believe,' said he, 'that there are not any more zealous men in the world than those now before you. You know the aids which they have already furnished; the burdens which they have already sustained. Would you believe it, my lord; they are anxious to do more; they are as anxious to serve you beyond sea as on this side of it. Proceed, then, in your designs, and spare for nothing. He who as yet hath only furnished two mounted soldiers is ready to double his contribution.' 'No, no!' exclaimed the assembly with one consent. 'We never commissioned you to speak thus. We never promised any such thing, nor shall such ever be the case. Let the Duke stay in his own land, and we shall pay him the services which are his due. We are not bound to assist him in the conquest of a kingdom which belongs to another. Besides this, if for once we consented to this double service, and followed him beyond seas, it would become a right and a custom for the future. He would become a hard master to our children. This shall never be. No; this shall never be.' Upon this the multitude, as before, began to form into different groupes, by tens, twenties, and thirties; the tumult became general, and the assembly separated.

"William, although surprised and angry beyond measure," continues Mr. Thierry, "was compelled to dissemble, and betook himself to an artifice which has seldom failed in the hands of men of power, who are anxious to overcome any popular resistance. He appealed individually to the various members of the assembly whom he had consulted in a body; beginning with the richest and the most influential, he entreated them out of pure love and favour to assist him; he assured them that nothing could be farther from his intention than to employ their liberality as a handle to wrong them by any future exactions; and he offered to engross a promise to this effect in a deed under his great seal. Not one, as he expected, had the hardihood to pronounce a refusal in a solitary interview with his liege lord. Their consent was instantly taken down in writing, and the example of the first brought over those who followed them. One subscribed to furnish ships, another to fit out soldiers, others declared themselves ready to march in person; the clergy contributed their money, the merchants gave their stuffs, and the peasants brought their provisions."—vol. i. pp. 281—285.

This general feeling was greatly increased by the arrival of the Bull from Rome, authorising, under the sanction of the papal authority, the invasion of England. The inimical disposition of the court of Rome to the cause of Harold has been already ex-

plained, and the Duke of Normandy found no difficulty in availing himself of this feeling. The violated oath of Harold became the basis of an alliance between him and the Apostolic See. The Church adjudged England to belong by hereditary right to the Duke of Normandy, and he in his turn engaged to the Church that England should be replaced under the maternal care of Rome, and that the annual tribute to St. Peter, formerly levied by Canute the Dane, should be again raised in England.—*Thierry*, vol. i. p. 277.

In addition to this Bull, the Pope sent to the Duke a consecrated banner, and a ring which was said to contain, set under a brilliant diamond, one of the hairs of St. Peter; and fortified by the superstitious sanctity which these presents added to his enterprise, William, having completed his preparations, gave orders for the fleet to rendezvous at the mouth of the river Dive. There they waited an entire month for a fair wind. At last a breeze carried them as far as St. Valery, near Dieppe; but here again the wind changed, it blew a gale, and some of the transports being wrecked, the soldiers were again disembarked, and the sight of the dead bodies of their companions cast on the shore made them murmur, and look gloomily.

“It was then,” says William of Poitiers, “that he subdued adversity by prudence, and, concealing as far as he could the death of those who had perished in the waves, gave orders to bury them with secrecy, and in the meantime comforted his men by daily increasing their rations. Then it was that by various remonstrances he consoled the drooping and reanimated the feeble; and arming himself with holy prayers that it would please heaven to change the adverse winds into favourable breezes, he caused the body of St. Valery, the beloved of God, to be carried out of the church, followed in procession of all whose duty it was to assist in this act of Christian humility. At length the favourable wind so long wished for arose; every voice and every hand was raised in gratitude to heaven, and all began to embark with the utmost haste. The Duke in his ardour and impatience was not slow to reprimand those who showed the slightest inclination to loiter.”*

Four hundred large vessels in full sail, and more than a thousand smaller transports, weighed anchor and stood out to sea at the same signal, the vessel of the Duke in person leading the way. The banner sent by the Pope was fixed to his topmast, and on his tent was worked a cross. The sails were of divers colours, and in different places bore emblazoned upon them the three lions, the ensigns of Normandy, whilst the prow was ornamented by a carving of a child with a drawn bow, and an arrow ready on the string. This vessel being a better sailer than the rest of the fleet

* Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 392.

outstripped them during the day, and in the course of the night left them far behind. In the morning the Duke commanded a seaman to go a-head and look out for the rest of his ships, who reported that he saw nothing but the ocean and the sky, upon which they came to an anchor. The Duke assumed a cheerful air; and afraid lest anxiety and fearfulness should infect his followers, made them serve upon deck a sumptuous collation "in which there was no want of wines strongly spiced."*

"The singer of Mantua," says William of Poitiers, in a burst of monkish enthusiasm, "who, for his cloge upon the Trojan Eneas, the father and the glory of ancient Rome, well deserves the title of the Prince of Poets, would have found no unworthy theme in commemorating the gentle courtesy and the tranquillity which presided at this repast. Meanwhile the rower mounted the mast again, and gave warning that four ships were in sight; and soon after, going a-head for the third time, he cried out that he beheld a forest of masts which covered the sea."†

On being joined by his fleet, William again weighed anchor and continued his voyage; but it is here necessary to look for a moment to England, where Harold, although surrounded by difficulties, showed himself in every way worthy of the throne. It was, indeed, a fearful crisis for any monarch to be exposed to. Whilst the Duke of Normandy waited for a fair wind, the breezes, which were adverse to one invader, blew fair for the navy of the Norsemen; so that King Harold Hardrada had sailed for England in the month of August with a fleet of 200 ships. This fated country, therefore, found itself at the same moment exposed to the invasion of two different armaments, which proposed to make a simultaneous descent on different sides of the island; and with these odds against him, Harold had also to struggle against the superstitious terrors which began to agitate and enfeeble the minds of his subjects. Various prophecies which had been current at the time of the decease of Edward the Confessor were still fresh in the minds of the people. It was said that such misfortunes as had not happened since the days of Hengist were about to overtake the Saxons; that it had been long predicted that people of a strange speech were to subdue England; and whilst men brooded over such dark anticipations of evil, a meteor or comet flung its dreadful glare athwart the heavens, and riveted the attention of the people, who universally believed it to be a precursor of some dreadful event.

But these ominous appearances were belied by the total defeat of Earl Tostig and the King of Norway, of which Mr. Thierry

* Thierry, vol. i. p. 292.

† Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 394.

has given us an admirable description. If we may believe old Snorro, the Norsemen were supernaturally warned of the terrible slaughter which awaited them. It is stated in the "*Heimskringla*," that "whilst the royal fleet was at anchor, one of the soldiers in the king's ship saw in his dream a gigantic female standing upon an island, holding in her hand a crooked sword; whilst there alighted upon the stern of every vessel a crowd of eagles and ravens, whom she congratulated upon the feast which was preparing for them, promising that she would accompany them to the field." To another of these gifted corsairs, "there arose in his vision of the night a fleet, which he knew to be that of his master Harold. It steered for England, disembarked the freight of warriors, and on the shore the sleeper recognised another hostile army, clothed in glittering steel, and with clouds of pennons waving in the sun. Suddenly a shape was seen before the ranks, bearing the form of a tall and terrible woman, riding upon a wolf, and holding in her teeth a human head dripping with blood."* In these females who visited the slumbers of the children of Odin, the poetical reader will immediately recognise the three Destinies of the noble ode of Gray.—But to return to Harold. He had awaited the expected descent of the Normans, with his army upon the southern coast, and began to think that the approach of winter would prevent the enterprize of the Duke, when he received intelligence that the King of Norway and his brother Tostig had made good their landing, and after having burnt Scarborough, had doubled the point of Holderness and sailed up the river Humber. He learned soon after that Morcar and Edwin, two Saxon earls, to whom the government of these parts had been committed, had assembled the force of the country, but were defeated, and compelled to shut themselves up in the city of York, to which the Norwegians had laid siege whilst their fleet lay at anchor in the Ouse.† The crisis was one of infinite danger and difficulty, but it was met by the Saxon king with promptitude and courage. He instantly put himself at the head of his best troops, and by forced marches reached the city at the moment the townsmen had resolved to capitulate. This was at nightfall, and the Norsemen, who, according to the terms of the agreement, were to enter the town in the morning, had deserted the lines, and were asleep in their encampment. We shall give the rest in the words of Mr. Thierry.

"The unexpected arrival of the Saxon king, who had marched so as to avoid the enemy's outposts, and had been fortunate in not meeting any traitor to advertise them of his approach, at once changed all these

* *Heimskringla*, vol. iii. pp. 150, 151.

† *Ibid.* p. 154.

dispositions. The citizens resumed their arms, and the gates of the town were shut and strictly guarded, so that no intelligence could be sent to the Norwegian camp. On the following morning the sun broke out with that intense heat which sometimes distinguishes an autumnal day, and that division of the Norwegian force which left the camp upon the Humber to accompany their king to York, believing that they had no enemy to deal with, put off their mail shirts on account of the great heat, and marched with no other defensive arms than their helmets and bucklers. On coming within a short distance of the town they suddenly perceived a great cloud of dust, through which, as it approached, they could discern the quick glancing of steel against the rays of the sun. 'Who,' said the king to Tostig, 'are these men who come to meet us?' 'It can be none other,' replied the Saxon earl, 'than the English, whose errand is to sue for pardon, and to supplicate your friendship.' Before this was well said, however, the mass advanced, extending itself every moment till it became an army arrayed for battle. 'The enemy! the enemy!' cried the Norwegians, and instantly dispatched three horsemen to carry the intelligence to the rest of the army in the camp and the fleet, and to hasten their arrival. Meanwhile the king unfurled his standard, known by the name of the 'Landeyda' (devastator of the world), and drew up his men in a long line of no great depth, and whose horns or extremities were bent back almost to touch each other; so that the array was in the form of a huge circle of equal depth, in which shield touched shield both in the first and second rank, whilst the king and his officers were within the circle, where also was fixed the standard. Earl Tostig occupied another position, surrounded by his own men, and having his own standard. The king had ordered this disposition of his troops, because he knew it was the common custom for horsemen to attack in squadrons and suddenly retreat; for which reason he commanded, not only that his army should be drawn up in this manner, but that a reinforcement of archers should be added where they were most needed. Those in the first line received orders to fix their lances in the earth in such a position that the points of them should be opposed to the breasts of the horsemen, whilst the second rank had orders to level the points of their lances against the breasts of the horses."*

Before the armies engaged, twenty Saxon horsemen, clad both men and horse in steel, rode up to the Norwegian lines; one of whom, in a loud voice, exclaimed,

"Where is Tostig, the son of Godwin?' 'He is here,' cried Tostig himself. 'If thou art he,' continued the Saxon, 'thy brother bids me salute thee—he offers thee peace, friendship, and a restoration to thine ancient honours.' 'These are fair terms,' was the reply, 'and very different, it must be allowed, from the injuries with which for the last year he has loaded me. But should I accept his offers, what remains for Harold, the son of Sigurd, my noble ally?' 'He shall have,' said the messenger, 'seven foot of English earth, or a trifle more, for his height

* *Heimskringla*, vol. iii. p. 159.

exceeds the common run of men.' 'Go back then to my brother,' said Tostig, 'and bid him prepare for battle: it shall never be said that the son of Godwin has betrayed the son of Sigurd.' Upon this the battle began, and almost at the first shock of the two armies the Norwegian king received an arrow in his throat, which slew him on the spot. Tostig immediately took the command of the troops, and his brother Harold a second time sent to offer him and his Norwegian allies life and pardon; but all exclaimed they would rather die than be under any obligation to the Saxons. It was at this moment that the soldiers, who had been aboard the fleet, came up in full armour, but worn out with their march under a burning sun. Although strong in numbers, they could not sustain the shock of the English, who had already broken the first line, and seized the royal standard. Tostig was slain, and along with him most of the Norwegian chiefs; whilst, for the third time, Harold offered peace to the vanquished, which was now accepted. Prince Olaf, son of the monarch who had fallen, along with the Bishop of Orkney, retired with twenty-three ships, after having sworn friendship to England. The island was thus delivered from a new conquest by the Norsemen."*

We have taken the liberty to substitute in this extract the account of the mode in which the Norse king drew up his army, as described in the strong and clear language of Snorro,† instead of that given by Mr. Thierry, which conveys but a very vague and imperfect idea of the peculiar dispositions of Harold Hardrada and Tostig. The circular form of drawing up a body of spearmen was, if we mistake not, when the enemy consisted of cavalry, a favourite piece of ancient military tactics. It was employed by Wallace in the battle of Falkirk,‡ and it is evident that the mode of arranging the lances in oblique and horizontal lines must have presented on all sides a very formidable front against cavalry. We accordingly learn from Snorro, that so long as the Norsemen kept their ranks, shield touching shield, the Saxon cavalry made no impression, and it was only when they became assailants in their turn, and thus weakened their ranks, that the English charges began to make an impression. The death of the King of Norway at this crisis, who could alone have restored order and inspired confidence, probably decided the fate of the day, and Tostig being soon afterwards slain, the defeat became total.

In the striking account given of this battle by Snorro,§ the old chronicler has added one or two little circumstances, omitted, we regret to say, by Mr. Thierry, but which are strongly illustrative of manners, and give individuality and distinctness to the narrative. As the English king's army approached, the Norwegian

* Thierry, vol. i. pp. 299—301.

† Hemmingford, *Historia Edwardi I.* p. 163.

‡ Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 159.

§ Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. .

monarch rode along his line, carefully inspecting its formation. He was mounted on a black horse with a white star in its forehead, a blue surcoat or tunic was thrown over his armour, and his helmet was splendidly ornamented. It will be recollected that Harold Hadrada, who is thus described, had carried his piratic excursions as far as Constantinople, and his armour as well as his ornaments were probably of eastern manufacture. In galloping round his circular phalanx the horse fell, and the king was thrown on the earth; but he instantly started on his feet, and observed to those around him that a fall was a good omen (fall er farar-heill), "*lapsus itineris feliciter processuri est omen.*"* The English Harold observed this accident, and inquired of the officer next him if he knew who that tall man was who had just then been thrown from his horse; and hearing that it was the King of Norway, he remarked that he was indeed a noble and an august looking personage, but that he was about to be deserted by his fortune. In the interview before the battle between Earl Tostig and the messenger from the English army, we learn from Snorro the romantic circumstance, that this messenger was his own brother, King Harold. Tostig, however, concealed the circumstance, and addressed him as if he was ignorant of his rank. When the interview terminated, the Norse king inquired of the Saxon earl who the envoy was who had spoken so eloquently.

" 'It was my brother, King Harold,' said Tostig. 'You did well to conceal it,' was the answer, 'for he came so close to our lines, that had I known him, he at least never should have returned the messenger of our defeat.' 'He behaved rashly for so great a prince,' replied Tostig; 'for there was a chance that what you say might have happened; but I knew that he came to offer me peace and an ample territory, and in such circumstances I should have preferred to be slain by him, rather than that he should have fallen by my hand.' 'He is a little man, but he stood firmly in his stirrups,' was the indifferent reply of the Norwegian king."†

This anecdote shows that Tostig, though a bitter, was yet a generous enemy.—But we must turn now to Duke William and his fleet, whom we left steering with a fair wind for England.

They had cleared the port of St. Valeri on the 29th of September, and arrived next day, the 30th September, 1066, at Pevensey in Sussex, near the town of Hastings. The first circumstance which was eminently favourable to the enterprize of the Duke, was his finding the coast at Pevensey totally defenceless; so that from his great armament, consisting, according to Wace in the *Roman de Rou*, of upwards of a thousand vessels, in-

* Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 159.

† Ibid. p. 161.

cluding boats and shallops,* were disembarked the soldiers, the horses, the provisions, and the palisades for defence of the entrenched camp, without the smallest disturbance or difficulty. This appears extraordinary, and difficult to be accounted for without the suspicion of treachery; for although Harold, with the flower of his army, had marched against his brother and the King of Norway, it is impossible to believe him guilty of such utter negligence as to have left the coast, which he had himself watched during the summer with the utmost vigilance, totally defenceless and exposed. Such, however, William found it, and the disembarkation proceeded with as much quietness and regularity as if it had been a pacific naval show, instead of a hostile invasion. It has been described by our author in a few brief but expressive lines. We shall make no apology, however, for becoming a little more gossiping and particular, as we believe there are few English readers who will not consider the details connected with this memorable invasion as amongst the most interesting in the range of our history. It is fortunate too, that of few other events has there come down to us a more minute account. The *Roman de Rou* of Wace, an almost contemporary chronicler, since he received his information from his father, who was alive at the time, and the celebrated Tapestry of Bayeux, undoubtedly coeval with the events it describes, are both of them accessible; and in studying their minute and graphic details, we behold the entire scene of the disembarkation and the battle acted before our eyes. Indeed, if a couple of Saxon old ladies had seated themselves on the rocks above Pevensey, and afterwards honoured us with the result of their observations, we scarcely believe that we could have derived from them a more amusing narrative.

After the fleet had anchored in the port of Pevensey, the Duke gave orders that the archers should be the first to disembark, and they accordingly landed; "each," says Wace, "having his bow in his hand, with his quiver and arrows at his side; all of them clothed in short close garments, and having their hair cropt and their beards shaven; all reached the shore in safety, and found no armed men to dispute their passage."† Immediately after the landing of the archers came the knights in full armour, clothed in their habergeons, with their shields at their neck and their helmets braced. They were mounted on their war horses, and they at once leapt upon the sand, where, with their swords girt round them and their lances raised, they took possession of the

* *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 145. The Chronicle of Normandy states the fleet at 907 great ships, besides smaller vessels. "Neuf cent sept grandes nefes, sans li menu vaisselin."

† *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 148.

plain. The barons had gonfanons, the knights their pennons, and with these they drew themselves up next the archers. After this came the carpenters, the smiths, and the other workmen attached to the army, who brought along with them and discharged from the boats the whole materials of three wooden forts or little castles, of which the different beams and planks had been prepared in Normandy. The Duke himself came last, and in leaping, all armed as he was, from the boat, his foot sunk and slipped on the wet sand, and he fell his whole length upon the beach. A cry rose amongst the soldiers that it was a bad omen. "Nay, by the splendour of God," cried William, employing his usual oath, and springing on his feet, "it is not so: see you not that I have taken possession of the land without challenge—it will all be mine, as you shall soon see."* Upon this one of the soldiers ran to a little hamlet hard by, from the soil round which he took two handfulls of earth, and, coming to the Duke, he knelt down and said, "my lord, I here give you seisin of this kingdom—it is yours." To which William replied, "I accept it, and may God keep it to me."† Orders were then given to construct a fortified camp, and to put together the wooden castles, which were defended by palisades and ditches, within which the army could protect itself in the event of any sudden attack. This, it may be remembered, was exactly the same step which was taken by William's great ancestor, Rollo, when, 170 years before this, he landed in Normandy. And we have already observed, that it was the general practice of the Viking or sea kings, in their piratic expeditions.

After their labours the Duke and his officers, with the rest of the army, took their dinner—an event which is strikingly depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry. In this curious relic we see the slaying the sheep and oxen, the preparations of the cooks, the smoking of the pots and goblets, the laying the tables, the blessing the repast by the Bishop of Bayeux, and the arrangement of the guests at the ducal table, very lively depicted; whilst the inscriptions above, "*Hic coquitur Caro, hic ministraverunt ministri, hic fecerunt prandium,*" inform us of the subject in rude but very intelligible latinity. Next morning part of the army advanced to Hastings, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages flying before them in crowds, and the Normans being permitted, without a check, to make a second entrenched camp near this town, and to despatch parties to explore the country and bring in provisions.‡ The Duke himself conducted one of these parties along with William Fitzosbern and twenty-five knights or men at

* Roman de Rou, vol. ii. p. 152.

† Ibid.

‡ Harleian Miscell. reprinted in Moss's History of Hastings, p. 40.

arms; but the fatigue they endured was extreme, owing to the rugged and impassable nature of the roads, and the heat of the season. Most of the party were dreadfully worn out, and Fitzosbern, although a strong man, became unable to sustain the weight of his armour; upon which the Duke bade him cast off his habergeon and helmet, and, throwing them upon his shoulder, marched forward, the wearied knight following in his leather doublet, to the great delight of his soldiers.* We may remark, that this anecdote corroborates William of Malmesbury, where he informs us that such was the great strength of the Conqueror, that none of his subjects could bend his bow.

King Harold lay at York wounded, and reposing himself after his victory, when word was brought him by a messenger who had been witness to the disembarkation, that the Duke of Normandy had landed his army and entrenched himself near Hastings. He received the news as was to be expected, with an exclamation of deep regret that he had not been on the spot. "Better to have surrendered," said he, "all that Tostig demanded, than not to have been at the port when William came to anchor, I would have engaged my life that they should have been driven into the sea. But such was the will of God," he added, "and it was impossible for me to be every where at once."†

Maiz issi plout el Rei celestre
Io ne poiz mie par tut estre.

Wounded as he was, however, he resolved, with the characteristic promptitude and courage which distinguished him, instantly to march against the invader and give him battle.

"He began his march towards the South," says Mr. Thierry, "with his victorious army, giving orders as he advanced to all the chiefs of the provinces to arm their levies, and conduct them to London. The soldiers of the West came without delay, those of the North were retarded by the distance; yet still there was good ground to believe that the King of England would soon find himself surrounded by the forces of the whole country. One of those Normans who had escaped the operation of that act of exile which had been passed against them, and who now acted the part of a spy or secret agent of the invader, sent word to the Duke to be on his guard, adding, that in four days the son of Godwin would be at the head of a hundred thousand men; but Harold was too rapid in his movements to await the four days; nor could he overcome his desire instantly to attack the foreigners, especially when he learnt the indiscriminate ravage and havoc which they had committed round their encampment. The hope of sparing to his subjects the evils of a protracted war, and not unlikely the idea of repenting, by a bold

* Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 396.

† Roman de Rou, vol. ii. p. 157.

and unexpected assault, the same manœuvre which had already procured him victory, determined him to march to Hastings, although with an army four times smaller than that of the Duke of Normandy. But the camp of William was carefully guarded against a surprise, and its outposts extended to a great distance; troops of cavalry, who fell back upon the entrenchments, brought instant and early notice of the approach of the Saxon king, who came on with the fierceness and celerity of a madman; so that, thwarted in his purpose of carrying the camp by a surprise, he was compelled to moderate his speed, and to halt within seven miles of the Norman position. Here he immediately changed his line of operations from the offensive to the defensive, and entrenched himself, apparently with the design of awaiting the attack of the enemy, behind his fosse and palisades."*

When the two armies were thus encamped, the leaders soon became informed, by the spies who passed from one host to another, of their mutual positions and strength. One circumstance here mentioned by the *Roman de Rou*, and corroborated by the Bayeux Tapestry, is illustrative of manners. The Saxon spies, probably peasants of the neighbourhood, and little acquainted with the Norman fashion of shaving the beard and upper lip, and cropping close the higher part of the head, came back with the intelligence that the Norman camp had in it more priests than soldiers. Upon which Harold smiled, and remarked that these were valiant knights and brave soldiers, as they would soon discover, although they had neither beards nor mustachios like the Saxons.† In the Tapestry of Bayeux accordingly the English soldiers are invariably represented with long hair and great mustachios, whilst the Normans, not excepting the Conqueror himself, appear with not only the upper lip, but nearly the whole of their head shaven, excepting a portion of hair left in front.‡

At this time the Duke of Normandy despatched an eloquent monk named Hugh de Margot, to demand an interview with Harold, and to propose certain terms by which a general battle might still be avoided; but every proposition was treated with scorn. "I will neither demit my royal dignity in favour of William," said the Saxon monarch, "nor submit to the arbitration of the Pope, nor meet the Duke in single combat." A second message conveyed to him the offer of the whole of his kingdom beyond the Humber, and to his brother Gurth the immense possessions of Earl Godwin; but it was treated with equal derision and indignity.§ "Then hear, Harold," exclaimed

* Thierry, vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

† *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. pp. 174, 175.

‡ Observations on the Bayeux Tapestry, by the late Charles Stothard, Esq. *Archæologia*, vol. xix. p. 187.

§ *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 179.

Hugh de Margot, in a loud and solemn voice, "my master's last message. He bids me tell thee that thou art a perjured and lying man; that thou and all that support thy quarrel are excommunicated by the Pope, and that he is himself in possession of the Bull."

If we may believe the Norman historians, the Saxon leaders and their men at arms who stood round them trembled, and looked troubled at the mention of this dreaded word of excommunication; and it required all the arguments of Gurth, the younger brother of Harold, to re-establish their confidence. Nor was this all that the King owed to this brave youth, who afterwards fell in the battle. Gurth earnestly intreated him to fall back upon London and collect new reinforcements, whilst he and his brother Leofwin sustained the attack of the Normans; but Harold replied that it would ill become him to remain at a distance whilst others hazarded their lives, and, full of his usual courage and confidence of victory, proceeded to make his dispositions for the battle.

We shall give the account of this memorable day in the words of our author, as we consider his description a fine specimen of historical writing; the facts and the manners being first drawn fresh from the well of contemporary writers, and then thrown together with that felicitous grouping, and that warm glow of imagination, which distinguish the higher historian from the mere chronicler or annalist.

"Upon that ground, which ever since has been known by a name borrowed from the Battle, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a chain of little hills, fortified on all sides by a rampart of strong wooden piles and twisted branches. On the night of the 13th of October William announced to his army, that on the day following he had determined to fight. Upon this the priests and monks, who with the hopes of plunder had changed their cassocks for steel coats, and followed the army in great numbers, resumed their religious duties, and whilst the knights and soldiers were preparing their arms and their horses, offered up prayers and sang litanies for the safety of the host. The little portion of time which remained was employed by the soldiers in the confession of their sins and receiving the Sacrament. In the other army the night passed in a very different manner, the Saxons abandoning themselves to great revelry, shouting and singing their ancient national ballads, crowding round their camp fires, and quaffing their horns full of beer and wine.

"When morning broke, in the Norman camp the Bishop of Bayeux, clothed in a steel hauberk which he wore beneath his rocquet, celebrated mass, and blessed the troops: he then threw himself upon a superb white horse, and with his lance in his hand drew up his squadron of cavalry. The Norman army was divided into three columns or lines.

In the first were the men at arms belonging to the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those soldiers who served for pay; the second consisted of the Bretons and Poitevins; and the third was formed of the best troops of Normandy, led by the Duke in person. In front of each of these columns or battalia were drawn up several lines of footmen clothed in light armour, worn over a quilted cassock, and bearing either long bows or steel cross-bows. The Duke rode a Spanish horse, with which a rich Norman had presented him, on his return from a pilgrimage to Sant Iago, in Galicia. He wore, suspended round his neck, the most holy of the relics upon which Harold had sworn; and a young Norman called Tonstain-le-Blanc carried at his side the standard which had been blessed by the Pope. At the moment when the soldiers were about to march, with a loud voice he thus addressed them:—‘Take care that you fight well, and to the death: if the day is ours, it will make our fortunes for us all. Whatever I gain, you shall gain; if this land is to be mine, it shall be yours also. You know well that I am come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation of the felony, perjury, and treasons of these English. Have they not murdered the Danes upon the night of Saint Brice, slaying alike both women and men? Have they not decimated the companions of Alfred, my ancestor, and caused them to perish? Advance then, and with the aid of God let us revenge upon them all their misdeeds.’

“The army moved forward, and soon found itself in view of the Saxon camp, which lay to the north-west of Hastings, and the priests and monks who had hitherto marched in the ranks, now left them in a body and took their station upon a neighbouring height, where they could offer up their prayers, and behold the battle undisturbed. At this moment, a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the battle, and with a loud voice began the song of Charlemagne and Roland, chaunting those valorous deeds which were then famous throughout France. As he sung, he played with his sword, casting it high in the air and catching it again with his right hand, whilst the Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted their cry of God aid us! God aid us! Arrived within bow shot, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their quarrels, but the shots were for the most part blunted or thrown off by the high parapet which surrounded the Saxon entrenchments. The foot lancers and the cavalry then advanced to the gates of the fortification and attempted to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind their entrenchments, received their assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp, that they broke the lances and cut sheer through the coats of mail. This so dispirited the Normans, that unable either to force the entrenchments, or remove the palisades, they retreated upon the column which William commanded, worn out with their fruitless attack. The Duke, however, commanded the archers to advance anew, giving orders to them no longer to shoot point blank, but with an elevation, so that the arrows might descend within the entrenchments of the

enemy. Many of the English were wounded by this manœuvre, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself had his eye struck by an arrow, notwithstanding which he still continued to fight at the head of his army. The Norman infantry and cavalry again advanced to the attack, encouraging each other by shouts of *God aid us!* and invocations to the Virgin; but they were repulsed by a sudden sally from one of the gates of the entrenched camp, and driven back upon a ravine covered with brushwood and thick grass, where from the roughness of the ground their horses stumbled, and falling confusedly and thickly upon each other were slain in great numbers. At this moment a panic terror seemed to seize the foreign army: a report arose that the Duke had fallen, and a flight began which must soon have been fatal, had not William thrown himself before the fugitives, threatening and even striking them with his lance till he compelled them to turn back. Behold me! my friends, cried he, taking off his helmet, it is I myself. I still live, and and by the help of God I shall be victorious. Upon this, the men at arms renewed their attack upon the entrenchments, but still found it impossible to make a breach in the palisades, or to force the gates, when the Duke bethought himself of a stratagem, by which he might induce the English to break their ranks and leave their position. He gave orders to a squadron of a thousand horse to advance and afterwards to retire suddenly as if they fled. At the sight of this pretended flight the Saxons lost their presence of mind, and with one consent rushed from their entrenchments with their battle axes slung round their neck; suddenly a concealed body joined the fugitives who wheeled about, and the English, thrown into disorder and taken by surprise in their turn, found themselves assaulted on all sides with the sword and the lance, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their ponderous battle-axes. Their ranks being once broken, the entrenchments were carried, and foot and horse indiscriminately rushed in, but the close battle was still maintained with great obstinacy and hand to hand. Duke William had his horse killed under him, and Harold with his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly torn down and replaced by the sacred banner that had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle, till the shades of night falling upon the field rendered it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other except by the difference of language.

“The few surviving companions of Harold, to use the words of an old historian, after having well fulfilled their duty to their country, dispersed in all directions, yet many covered with wounds or worn out with their exertions lay stretched along the neighbouring roads, whilst the Normans in the fierce and cruel exultation of their victory spurred and galloped their horses over the bodies of the vanquished. They remained all night upon the field of battle, and next day the Duke, at the rising of the sun, drew up his army, and from the roll which had been written before their departure from St. Valery, called the names of all who had landed in England. Multitudes of these now lay dead or dying, stretched beside the Saxons, and those who had the good fortune to survive, enjoyed as

the first fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first which was inscribed in the black roll of the Conquerors.

"The mothers, the wives and the children of those soldiers who had willingly marched from the adjoining neighbourhood to die with the monarch of their choice, now hurried pale and trembling to the field, to claim and carry away the dead bodies which had been stript and plundered by the enemy. Two monks of the monastery of Waltham, which had been founded by the Saxon king, came humbly to the Duke and requested the body of Harold, offering ten marks of gold for permission to pay the last duties to their benefactor. It was given them, and they repaired to the spot, but found it impossible amid the heaps of slain to distinguish the body for which they sought, so much was it disfigured by the wounds which covered it. Sad and despairing of success, they addressed themselves to a beautiful woman whom Harold had loved before he was king, and besought her to accompany them in a second search. Her name was Edith Swanen-hals, the swan-necked Edith. She consented to the mournful errand, and affection more quick-sighted than either friendship or devotion soon led her to the mangled body of her lover."—vol. i. pp. 310—318.

No battle could be more obstinately contested than that which decided the fate of England, and seated a new dynasty on the throne. It began at nine in the morning, and continued not only as stated by Mr. Thierry till night, but was prolonged throughout a great part of the night. The Duke of Normandy, according to some historians, had three horses killed under him, and Harold fought with such desperate valour, and so ably availed himself of the strong position which he had chosen, that but for his death, which happened late in the evening, a very different result might have taken place. Even after that fatal event, when the Saxons were at last driven from their entrenchments, they made so desperate a stand in a neighbouring valley, that the Normans took to flight, and William, hastening through the dark to the spot, met Eustace, Count of Bologne, and fifty of his iron clad knights flying at full speed. With the broken truncheon of his lance, which was all that remained to him, he rallied the fugitives for a moment, and the Count Eustace, as he leant over the neck of his horse to speak to the Duke, received in the dark and from an unknown hand a blow between the shoulders, which caused the blood to burst out of his mouth and nostrils. The Norman historians delicately conceal the hand that dealt this, and appear to insinuate that it belonged to some Saxon warrior, but we think there can be little doubt that the correction came from William's

broken truncheon. Be this as it may, the Duke again charged the Saxons and finally drove them from the field.* It is almost impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of the respective armies; but we think there can be little doubt, in opposition to the exaggeration of the Norman writers, that Harold's army was greatly inferior to that of the Duke. It is evident that he fought the battle before his new levies had been made, and with that comparatively small body of troops with which he had attempted to surprise the Norman camp. Defeated in this, he availed himself of his military skill in entrenching his troops in ground which appears to have been ably selected, and in supplying the defect of numbers by the great strength of his position. He appears likewise by a device somewhat similar to that which was practised by Bruce at Bannockburn, to have intersected the ground over which he expected the Norman cavalry to charge with deep ditches, and towards the middle of the battle the stratagem took effect, and immense numbers of the invaders perished in these concealed pits.†

These particulars are to be found in the pages of the Norman and Saxon historians; and, indeed, excellent as is the description of the battle given by Mr. Thierry, the enthusiast in the history of his country will find many additional and characteristic touches in such writers as have been esteemed, perhaps erroneously, beneath the dignity of history. In that very interesting work, especially the *Roman de Rou*, so long shut up in manuscript, but of which a beautiful and apparently an excellent edition was lately published at Rouen, which was reviewed in an early number of this Journal, (No. III. pp. 82—109,) nothing can be more delightful than the whole account of the Conquest: and there seems to be little doubt that although bearing the apocryphal name of Roman, it is entitled to the character of an authentic history. But we dare not venture to pursue the subject any farther—nor can we at present add a single word on the consequences of this defeat, or on the subsequent history of the Conquest.

ART. II.—1. *Vom Beruf unsrer Zeit für Gesetzgebung und Rechtswissenschaft*. Von Friedrich Carl von Savigny. Zweite, vermehrte Auflage. (On the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and the Sciences of Law. By F. C. von Savigny. Second Edition, enlarged.) Heidelberg. 1828.

2. *De l'Organisation Judiciaire et de la Codification, extraits de*

* Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 409.

† Roman de Rou, vol. ii. p. 218.

divers ouvrages de Jérémie Bentham, jurisconsulte anglais. Par Et. Dumont. Paris. 1828. 8vo.

3. *De la Codification en général, et de celle de l'Angleterre en particulier*, en une série de lettres adressées à Mr. C. P. Cooper, Avocat anglais, par J. D. Meyer. Amsterdam et Londres. 1830. 8vo.

IN a former number of this Review, we intimated our intention of examining a question which has been discussed at considerable length by several foreign writers, viz. the expediency of forming a digest of laws, or, as it is generally termed, a *code*. Savigny* and Thibaut in Germany, and in France and the Netherlands, Meyer and other writers, have at different times advanced into this debatable ground. Their opinions are marked by numerous shades of diversity; but in general refer so much either tacitly or expressly to the legal system of the writer's country, that we prefer taking for the groundwork of our discussion, a treatise published by the firm of Bentham and Dumont, which may be considered as a fair representative of the extreme doctrines of the advocates of a code. With these we shall contrast the objections commonly urged on the opposite side; and shall endeavour to point out a middle course, having previously ascertained the real merits of the question, which the combatants have enveloped in a thick cloud of ambiguous and unmeaning phrases, useful only to those who wish to extinguish the debate, till we, and all persons who are anxious for a safe, definite and limited change, are inclined to join in the supplication of Ajax, and pray that, if we are to be destroyed, we may at least be destroyed in the light.

Even if we should be unable to carry conviction to the minds of our readers, we shall rejoice to have set on (what we consider) its true grounds, the important question of the expediency of a code, at a time when the attention of many persons in this country is turned to the mode of improving both the matter and form of our laws, and when far greater changes are not only entertained, but warmly approved and eagerly forwarded by those who see in the project of a code nothing but difficulty, danger, and anarchy.

It might have been expected that the late work of Mr. Meyer, coming from an author well skilled both in the theory and practice

* In the new edition of Savigny's famous tract no change has been made in the original text; but a short preface has been added, in which the author softens his former judgment on the French writers upon Roman law, together with an appendix containing a reprint of a review by the author of several works on codification, and the report of the Court of Montpellier on the project of the French civil code, which appears to us quite devoid of merit.

of jurisprudence,* and intended to bear particularly on the English system of law, would have afforded much assistance to an impartial inquirer. We are compelled, however, by a love of truth to say, that however much we may admire the high character and good intentions of this learned jurist, we are often at a loss, even where we agree with his conclusions, to discover the tendency and bearing of his reasoning, or to trace the connection of the various matters which he has mingled in the dispute.

Throughout this Article we shall follow the example both of M. Dumont and Mr. Meyer, in using the word "codification," to signify the process of making a code. We do this, not because we approve of Mr. Bentham's practice of coining new words for the occasion, but because we believe that many of the vague and contradictory notions entertained on the subject of legislation, may be traced to an ambiguity of the words "code" and "codification." The use of language being to convey the thoughts of one person to others, it is necessary that he should employ symbols which others can understand. Now we maintain that the English language contains a sufficient stock of established and current words to express all ideas relating to political science. But if Mr. Bentham chose to consider his native tongue as so barbarous and uncultivated a dialect as to present no proper vehicles for his philosophical thoughts, surely it was doubly his duty to define the precise meaning in which he uses his new terms. Nevertheless, no definition of these terms is given; and they are, as we shall presently show, used by Mr. Bentham in very different senses. This is one of the many instances to prove the *self-delusion* of him who writes to others in a language invented by himself, obscure to others, and even by himself, perhaps, not distinctly conceived.

The materials from which M. Dumont drew up the summary of his author's doctrines on codification,† were of two kinds: First, The proposals which Mr. Bentham addressed at several times to different states, viz. to the President of the United States of America, the Emperor Alexander, and the Cortes of Spain and Portugal, that he might receive from them a commission to prepare a civil and criminal code, on condition that it should receive a regular examination by competent judges. Second,

* See the review of his former work on the Judicial Institutions of Europe in No. VI. of this Journal.

† In one of the last of those extraordinary productions, annually published under the name of the "Westminster Epilogue," we observe this word latinized.

"Ista omnis pereat nova codificatio! cur non
Contenti antiquis?"

Here too is shown the prevailing error, which we shall frequently have occasion to advert to in the present article, that *codification* means an enactment of new law.

Those writings in which Mr. Bentham has explained his views on the disadvantages of unwritten laws, and the best method of compiling a complete code. To this discussion M. Dumont has added, *de suo*, a translation of an article in the Edinburgh Review, supposed to be written by Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Bacon's memorial on a Digest of the Statutes, and a summary of Mr. Peel's speech on the consolidation of the laws on Theft; to which is added, a sketch of a title on theft, belonging to a criminal code established in the republic of Geneva.

The four requisites of a code, according to Mr. Bentham, are—
 1st. That it should tend to the happiness of all the community.
 2d. That it should be complete. 3d. That it should be clear, precise, and methodically arranged, so as to be easily understood.
 4th. That each law should be accompanied with a commentary, stating the reasons for its enactment. Before we proceed to examine Mr. Bentham's development of these positions, we may mention that, in any just sense of the word, codification is plainly a mere question of style and arrangement, altogether distinct from the intrinsic merits of any particular law. Each law must be considered by itself; but a code is a collection of laws, and must be judged as a whole. A code might be skilfully compiled, of which the several enactments were barbarous and tyrannical. The question at issue between the defenders and opponents of a code, is, whether it is better that the laws (whatever they are) should exist partly in statutes, partly in judicial decisions, partly in text books and other records of doubtful and mixed authority; or that they should be collected into one complete body. Does a system of law fulfil the second and third of Mr. Bentham's conditions; is it more complete, clear, precise and intelligible, with or without a written code? This is the first point in debate on this subject, and it does not touch upon the *goodness* of the laws; and therefore it seems to us that Mr. Bentham's first condition is superfluous, and betrays a misapprehension of the true nature of the dispute. We may likewise mention that the fourth condition implies the first, for if the law can be proved to be expedient, it must be for the general interest.

On the necessity of completeness in a code we are referred to the Treatise on Legislation. It is quite obvious that in a body of law nothing should (if possible) be omitted, or left either to guess, chance, or caprice. The next head, viz. on the clearness and arrangement of the law, in our opinion one of the most important subjects of inquiry, is despatched in a very cursory manner. The chapter is headed "On Method, or the Means of Notoriety." After a few remarks on the mass of new laws annually showered

down on the people of England, on the means of giving publicity to new enactments, on the difference between the civil and criminal law, and on the possibility of dispensing with the services of lawyers, the discussion is at an end. The expediency of a running commentary to the code, assigning the reasons for each law, and referring it to the general interest of the community, is enforced at greater length. 1. It will be useful to the inhabitants of the country, who will study particular parts, of which the commentary will help to teach them the true sense, and at the same time to fix it in their memory. 2. To the Judges this commentary will be both a guide and assistant when they are called on to give the reasons of their decisions. These reasons will only be the development and application of the principles on which the general law is founded. 3. It will also be of great service to legislative bodies, in restraining them, by the assignment of valid reasons, from hasty or injudicious interference with established laws. 4. Considered with reference to public education, it will tend to implant proper moral feelings in the breasts of young men, if they are early brought up both in a knowledge of the laws, and the principles on which they are founded. Not only, however, (says Mr. Bentham) is such a commentary expedient, but it is necessary. Can a law be good which is not supported by good reasons?—and can any one be trusted who can assign none? A Nero or a Claudius can make laws; the difficulty is to justify them. A tyrannical lawgiver would be ashamed, an ignorant lawgiver would be detected, in this most difficult part of his labours.

So far Mr. Bentham on the utility of his commentary. We remain, nevertheless, quite unconvinced by his arguments, so numerous and weighty the difficulties seem to us. In the first place, either the commentary will be taken as a part of the text, and will control its meaning, or it will not. If it does not, it seems to be a mere impertinence; and this, from Mr. Bentham's second argument, is clearly not the light in which he views it. If, however, the commentary is to be taken with the text, what a field would be opened for distinctions, for forced constructions, for refinements, and other contrivances of lawyers to advance their client's cause, which Mr. Bentham so much deprecates! In a large code of laws it is impossible to foresee the doubts and uncertainties to which such explanations might lead. Again, in assigning the reasons for some of the fundamental and acknowledged laws, it would be necessary to write volumes of abstract metaphysical, political, and moral principles. For instance *we* content ourselves, in our rude unpolished system, with enacting

that if a man robs or steals he shall be hanged, imprisoned, &c. according to the circumstances of the case. Mr. Bentham, however, must begin by laying down that stealing is a crime against society. The next step is to prove this proposition. Now, we beg to ask, whose opinion is to be taken on this question? One man will say that theft is a crime because it is forbidden in the Decalogue; another because it is prohibited in the New Testament, and is inconsistent with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; a third will say that every man has a natural right to the produce of his own labour; a fourth, that stealing is an infraction of the original contract, or a breach of the moral or religious duty of obedience to the *positive* laws of civil society; a fifth will assert that it violates his moral feelings; a sixth, that it is contrary to general utility; a seventh, that the pain of losing is greater than the pleasure of gaining; and so on, till the unhappy assigner of reasons, after a day's exhibition, will find his original picture completely blotted out by the multiplicity of substitutes and improvements of the public. The age of man, it should be remembered, is threescore years and ten; but if it was tenscore years, we doubt whether the mover would, in the first hundred years of his life, have persuaded a majority of the two Houses of Parliament to pass, sentence by sentence, his different books, to show why murder, robbery, &c. are crimes. The only reason why business can be transacted in a large and mixed assembly is, that a majority may agree in favour of some measure; though, perhaps, no two vote for it on precisely the same grounds. Does Mr. Bentham suppose that the Catholic question would have passed last year if a long demonstration had been annexed to each proposition, and the bill been laid on the table in the form of Euclid's Elements, every member who voted for the measure being understood to assent to the proof as well as the enunciation? It is also frequently necessary that a certain rule should be fixed by law, which is in a great measure arbitrary in its enactment, ὅταν δὲ θᾶνται (as Aristotle says) ἤδη διαφέρει. For instance, why should the legal nonage in England be limited to twenty-one years, rather than twenty years and eleven months? Why should it be the rule of the French code that a landed estate shall escheat to the Crown after the twelfth degree of consanguinity? Why not the eleventh or the thirteenth? Why should not the rate of some duty be a penny higher or a penny lower? All that can be said in such cases is, that some point must be fixed, and the law has fixed it. We could likewise, if it were necessary, show that Mr. Bentham is quite mistaken in supposing that the reasons of a judge's decision are merely a development of those on which the

expediency of the law is founded. Nor is there, in our opinion, much ground for hoping that tyrants will be shamed out of making bad laws, by the necessity of assigning reasons for them. Was there ever a plausible reason wanting for a bad law in the history of oppression? Few, if any, of the worst edicts of the French despotism, were issued without some such preface. What was on the principles of the worst times in Europe the conduct of states towards each other? They first decided that a war with another nation would be for their interest; and then cast about for reasons to show that they were aggrieved; since (as the Italian novelist* says) a war without a reason would be unjust. In free states, misgovernment generally arises either from interest or ignorance. Against which of these evils would the commentary protect us? The conduct of England towards Ireland up to the last quarter of the last century, was marked by an exclusive regard for its own imagined but utterly mistaken interests, and an invariable disregard of those of the subject people. But can it be supposed that the English legislature would have been for a moment puzzled in assigning colourable reasons for their adherence to that system; or that the oppressors of the day would have been more wanting than the Protestant associators of our day in fine sentences about reclaiming the native Irish from barbarism and superstition, on the duties of civilized and Christian men to savages and Papists, and other topics suited to the taste of the times? On the other hand, our bloody criminal code arose in a day of ignorance. Benevolent men wished to suppress crime, and, like the first lawgivers of every country, thought that severity was the best means of checking it. They erred; but they erred with their age; and would only have recorded their mistaken notions in the commentary, as they established their mistaken system in the text. It is something in the present moment, that their conclusions only, and not their principles, are sanctioned by legal enactment. As to the assistance which the commentary would afford to legislative bodies, there is not, in these days of short-hand and printing, much fear of arguments in favour of a measure being either lost or forgotten. In a few generations the commentary will only contain "the wisdom of ancestors;" and we greatly fear that their posterity will be so ungrateful as to be wanting in a due respect for these labours of former times; and a ridicule may attach to the law which may be only deserved by the arguments meant to support it. Very sound doctrines may be upheld by very weak reasoning. With regard to its use in education, if the state chooses to take the instruction of

* Manzoni, *Promessi Sposi*.

the youth into its own hands, some scheme may surely be devised for training them to habits of morality and respect for the law, without entailing on the nation so severe a burthen as this commentary would be.

The next two chapters contain a discussion on the disadvantages of unwritten laws, applying only to those countries which have not a written code, and chiefly to England and the United States of America. Mr. Bentham begins by stating that in England the law is divided into statute law and common law, the latter having no fixed basis, and having been formed by decisions of the courts, on which certain *judicial rules* have been founded which the judges profess to follow. The common law is therefore not a written law. These statements, however, are very far from correct. The law of England consists of three distinct portions. First, the *statute law*, consisting of parliamentary enactments, now comprised in twenty-seven closely printed quarto volumes. Secondly, the *common law*, which consists chiefly of the ancient English jurisprudence, partly Saxon, and partly Norman, so far as it has been left untouched by the courts of equity, and of laws subsequently declared by the courts at Westminster. This common law is to be found in many books of considerable antiquity and of various contents, but is chiefly contained in the reports of the decisions in the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas. It embraces all the criminal law which is not included in statutes, and most of the civil law which does not relate to real property, bankruptcy, the law of powers, wards, lunatics, and the numerous other subjects almost wholly engrossed by the Courts of Chancery. This last jurisdiction is founded upon, or rather has founded, the third great branch of our law—the *equitable law**—which is exclusively due to the legislation of the judges in equity, and principally of the lord chancellors. Many of our ancient laws, particularly those affecting real property, were oppressive and impolitic in the extreme; and a large part of the equitable jurisdiction has arisen from the discretion which the Lord Chancellors successively assumed, both in directly overruling the law, and evading it either by giving to the legal rules a wide and liberal construction, or by interposing their arbitrary authority on

* In the reign of James I. it was laid down by the two chief justices that "the law of England was divided into three parts—common law, statute law, and custom." 12 Rep. 76. Compare Co. Litt. 115, b. That which is here called custom, i. e. apparently the customs of manors, copyhold, &c. and of Parliament, we include (as is now usual) under the common law. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century, equity has grown into a large and most important branch of our jurisprudence. The common error, that English equity rests on some mysterious foundation, either on some supposed sentiment of the human mind in general, or of the judges in equity in particular, and not upon positive and written rules, is clearly and accurately exposed by Blackstone, 3 Comm. 429—442.

the ground that a court of conscience would redress all wrongs occasioned by fraud. This important branch of our law is exclusively contained in the reports of the judgments of the courts of equity.

Both portions of our *unwritten* law are therefore not only *written*, but *printed*; and printed in so great a number of volumes, that there is probably no English lawyer who possesses a complete collection of them; and if any such exists, it is only to be found in the libraries of the Inns of Court. Mr. Bentham, however, (if he were to be informed of our remarks,) would probably say that he was not ignorant of this enormous mass of printed law, but that he called it *unwritten*, because it was not collected into one body, or reduced to positive rules. Now to this supposed answer we must object that it certainly suggests a very novel use of the word "written;" and if it is meant that the judges do not consider themselves as much bound by former judicial decisions as by positive law, we disagree altogether. It is true that judgments are sometimes overset; but only because they are *illegal* and inconsistent with other judgments, not in *spite of* their legality. One of the reasons adduced by a witness in the Appendix to the Report on Real Property,* for preferring report law to statute law is, that in the former there is no room for torturing the sense of words, or adopting a narrow construction, as the spirit and not the letter of the rule must be observed. We do not indeed assent to this *argument*, as we believe that there are as many subtilties in the construction of equitable and common law as in the construction of statutes; but the *statement* implied in it, that the law which rests on cases is at least as firmly fixed as that which is established by statutes, seems to us unquestionable. The two means, therefore, which (according to Mr. Bentham) the judges have employed for evading the common law, viz. *forced constructions* and *distinctions*, are by no means peculiar to the unwritten law: these weapons were used against it, not because it was unwritten, but because it was oppressive and unjust; and the very same arms have been and might be used with the same effect against a written code. Our common and still more our equitable law, is uncertain, contradictory, and expensive; not because the rules do not exist, but because they are ill expressed, inconsistent, and

* Mr. Tyrrell's evidence, p. 477. But nothing can be more absurd than some of the rules of construction for deeds and other legal instruments. Mr. Senior, *ib.* p. 588, says, that "wherever more than one interpretation can be given, our rules of construction almost uniformly apply that which is least rational." Who can say that in the equitable decisions on illusory appointments, (as they are called,) the spirit of the rule has been adhered to?

scattered up and down through a heap of rubbish, without order or symmetry. It is not the *quantity*, but the *form* of our report law which causes the mischief. That a systematic arrangement of this mass of law would be a great public benefit, we shall presently attempt to show; but we are forced to disagree with Mr. Bentham, both in his reasons for disapproving the present system, and the mode of improving it.

We next come to the causes of the opposition to a written code in England and elsewhere. The formation of an universal code has (according to Mr. Bentham) two classes of opponents, impostors and dupes. Judges and lawyers who find in an unwritten law opportunities for exercising power and gaining money, persuade the public that codification is hurtful, because it touches their own interest. All those half-educated persons, those superficial reasoners, who deluded by the impostors believe that the formation of a complete code is impossible, constitute the class of dupes. Such is Mr. Bentham's division of those who differ from him in opinion as to the expediency of a code, on the modesty of which we shall say nothing. With those who think the compilation of a code impossible, it is not, (as Mr. Bentham says,) very easy to argue; but as we shall presently examine this question, we shall pass over his arguments in this place. On the interested opposition of the lawyers to reform, Mr. Bentham of course dwells at great length; and it cannot be doubted, that much of the outcry against a simplification of the law arises from a fear of the diminution of profits. He considers that a lawyer, of the common standard of morality, will only consent to a reform of the law in three cases. First, If his individual position is such that the public benefit resulting from the reform will not occasion any diminution in his gains; secondly, if in case they are lessened, he estimates his share of the public advantage as considerably greater than the gain which he may derive from a bad law; thirdly, if the loss is inconsiderable or even uncertain, and if at the same time so much honour may be gained by supporting the measure, and so much discredit by opposing it, that upon the whole it is more advantageous to him to give it his assistance. That there are persons who, often perhaps unconsciously, will be moved by these ignoble considerations, cannot, we fear, be denied; but that they do not apply to the majority of the legal profession is proved incontestably by the evidence attached to the reports on common law and on real property, and the disinterested advice which has lately been afforded by so many practitioners of all classes.

From this subject we proceed to the explanation of the *manner* in which Mr. Bentham recommends that a code should

be formed. The obvious plan is that some person or persons should receive a commission, either from the King or the legislative assembly, to embody a system of laws. This scheme, however, does not meet with Mr. Bentham's approbation, whose project is as follows:—that no particular persons should be appointed, with fixed salaries, and authority to propose a body of law; but that the state should announce its intention of promulgating a code, and invite all the world, foreigners as well as citizens, to send in their tenders, with a general account of their system, and one article of the code stated at full length in the form in which it is meant to stand, and a commentary to prove its expediency: that all these specimens should be printed at the public expense, and the author of the best be persuaded, if possible, to draw up the whole code; if not, each separate division of the code, the criminal, commercial, &c. should be the work of one hand: that no salary should be given for this labour: and that, the merit being equal, a foreigner should be preferred to a native.

On reading the above suggestions, our first impression was, that if it were proposed to devise a plan of codification which should ensure universal opposition, and excite an universal alarm; which should throw away the collected experience of ages like a cast-off garment; which should expose to caprice the dear-bought victories of an old, a free, and a civilized people; which should set at nought the habits of a nation confirmed in them by time, and little accustomed to sudden change; and which should place on the die all that was most precious and sacred, Mr. Bentham's would carry off the palm, by a long distance; unless its utter absurdity, its absolute impracticability, were considered to remove its right to the prize. After the most mature consideration, our opinion remains unchanged; and at the risk of being set down either as dupes or impostors, we must still think that its absurdity stands unrivalled in the history of political speculation.

In the first place Mr. Bentham loses sight of the proper object of a code: codification is, in strictness, new compilation of old law. If the commissioners alter the law, they do not codify, they legislate. By legislating, a new element of discussion is immediately introduced, which belongs to the deliberative body of the state. To arrange and compile law is the business of a jurist; and can only be done properly by one who has made positive law his particular study. To make new laws is the business of a statesman, and lawyers are proverbially said to be bad legislators.* Whence then this sending in of pattern codes, by

* Mr. Meyer is guilty of the same confusion with respect to the proper object of a code "L'Angleterre réunit à un haut degré tous ces élémens; elle peut avoir une législation nouvelle, indépendante, et conséquente en elle-même; il ne s'agit que d'utiliser ce

amateur lawgivers, each bent on realizing his own Utopia? Whence this total abandonment of regard for established institutions; this *carte blanche* of legislation? the rights and liberties of a great people would be treated like the subject of a prize essay; on which any inhabitant of the earth might exercise his fancy as he pleased. Even the earliest codes of the most barbarous nations have contained more of ancient custom than is commonly supposed. The historical researches of modern days are continually detracting from the works of Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, Servius, Alfred, Edward the Confessor, &c., in whose names the laws of many different times and persons have been concentrated. If then a new set of laws cannot be imposed on a simple rude people, by how much more is that difficulty increased when we have to deal with an ancient and highly-civilized nation. It really seems to us so little short of infatuation to suppose that the English people would agree to consider their Book of Law as really unwritten, and employ one person to write it for them, for the first time and according to the latest improvements, that we must think it a waste of words to argue against such a proposal. In advancing this scheme, however, Mr. Bentham has not even the merit of consistency, for he makes in the former part of this work some observations which are quite irreconcilable with the above suggestions.

"England," says Mr. Bentham, "has not a code, but it possesses the most ample materials for making one. Traverse the continent of Europe, and consult all the libraries of jurisprudence, all the archives of the courts, and you will never succeed in making such a collection as can be compared, either for the variety, extent, clearness, or force of the arguments, with the English law reports, together with the abridgments and text books, which enable them to be studied in a tolerably methodical arrangement."—p. 339.

In another place, in speaking of the origin of the common law, he says:

"At first every decision was purely arbitrary; every judge was forced to begin again. There was no science, because there was no experience. The improvement of the law dates from the time when it became customary to collect the decisions of the courts, and the reasons on which these were founded. Hence was formed that immense collection of reports, that rich storehouse of legislation, that inheritance of the wisdom of the

qu'elle possède," &c. &c.—De la Codification, p. 209. And, together with the scheme of a code, he recommends the establishment of provincial courts and of public prosecutors, a limitation of the functions of justices of the peace, the abolition of the distinction between common law and equity, a change in the appellate jurisdiction, particularly of the House of Lords, &c.; all of which may or may not be most desirable alterations, but have no connexion whatever with the question of a code or digest of laws.

ablest lawyers, to which no other nation has any thing at all comparable, and which furnishes all the materials which can be desired for compiling a general code. But if I grant that the common law has the advantage of guiding and fixing the decisions of the courts in a large number of cases, still it is not the less true, that it generally leaves questions to be discussed, doubts to be resolved, and chances inevitable; and that all the good which results from it, and which no one denies, would be, not doubled merely, but increased in a tenfold degree by a written code, which would embody all the acquisitions of so long an experience."—p. 361, 362.

Now could it have been believed, that the writer of the above sentiments, to which we subscribe without the least exception, should have proposed that tenders of a code should be sent in to the government without any restriction as to existing laws, and that, *cæteris paribus*, a foreigner should be preferred? Does Mr. Bentham suppose that a stranger could be acquainted with the contents of these reports, which he declares to be the richest magazine of jurisprudence which the world contains? Does he think that such a knowledge is possessed by the most learned lawyers of foreign countries? * By every well-educated Englishman? By the best-educated Englishman? By every moderate lawyer? Or is not such a knowledge, and a power of well using it, confined to a few gifted persons, who have grown old in the practice and study of the law? These are the only persons from whom a compilation and arrangement of our report law is to be expected; and these must be selected with care, and liberally rewarded by the state, which cannot, more than private individuals, expect to obtain for nothing an article of inestimable value.

Such is our opinion on Mr. Bentham's project of codification. We would melt down the old, alloyed, and shapeless coin, in order to recast, in a pure and symmetrical shape, the large quantity of precious metal which it contains. Mr. Bentham would throw away the whole, silver as well as well as copper. We are, however, aware that this plan of rejecting all the old materials and beginning anew, as if no law existed, is supposed to be sanctioned by an authority greater even than Mr. Bentham's, but which, though almost sacred in our eyes, we may venture at times

* "Although," says Lord Bacon, "I have read, and read with pleasure, the Scottish statutes, and some other collection of their laws, yet I am unwilling to put my sickle in another's harvest, but to leave it to the lawyers of the Scottish nation; the rather, because I imagine with myself, that if a Scottish lawyer should undertake, by reading of the English statutes, or other our books of law, to set down positively in articles what the laws of England were, he might oftentimes err; and the like errors, I make account, I might incur in theirs."—*A Preparation toward the Union of the Laws of England and Scotland*, vol. v. p. 84, ed. Montagu. It is much to be feared, that a foreigner who should undertake to throw aside the law of England, and write a new code in its place, would be as much less modest as he would be much more ignorant than the great man whose words we have quoted.

to desert, especially if, as we hope to convince our readers, his opinions on this point either were not consistent, or that their inconsistency is apparent, and not real.

Lord Bacon, in the 8th book *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, has the following aphorism on the subject of codification.

“Duplex in usum venit statuti novi condendi ratio. Altera statuta circa idem subjectum confirmat et roborat, dein nonnulla addit aut mutat; altera abrogat et delet cuncta quæ ante ordinata sunt, et de integro legem novam et uniformem substituit. *Placet posterior ratio.* Nam ex priore ratione ordinationes deveniunt complicatæ et perplexæ; et quod instat agitur sane, sed corpus legum interim redditur vitiosum: in posteriore autem major certe est adhibenda diligentia, dum de lege ipsâ deliberatur, et anteacta scilicet evolvenda et pensitanda ante quam lex feratur; sed optime procedit per hoc legum concordia in futurum.”—Aph. 54.

Lord Bacon, however, seems to have meant to restrict this recommendation to the composition of new acts of parliament, when some considerable changes or additions are contemplated: for his 59th Aphorism on *New Digests of Laws*, is as follows:

“Quod si leges aliæ super alias accumulatæ in tam vasta accreverint volumina aut tantâ confusione laboraverint, ut eas de integro retractare et in corpus sanum et habile redigere ex usu sit; id ante omnia agito, atque opus ejusmodi opus heroicum esto, atque auctores talis operis inter *legislatores et instauratores* rite et merito numerantor.”

By the last words he means that although a compilation of laws is not properly a work of legislation, yet, so great and difficult would be the task, that those who performed it might be almost considered as the makers and restorers of the law. The same sentiment is expressed in equally clear terms by Lord Bacon, in his speech on the union of the English and Scotch laws.

“This continual heaping up of laws without digesting them, maketh but a chaos and confusion, and turneth the laws many times to become but snares for the people. And, therefore, this work I esteem to be indeed a work, rightly to term it, heroicall.”—vol. v. p. 75.

In the succeeding aphorisms he goes on to point out the manner in which this “expurgation and new digest of laws” should be executed; and recommends that the common law should be compiled separately from the statute law; that the very words of the ancient laws should be as far as possible retained; with other cautions, which prove beyond a doubt that by the aphorism first cited he did not mean to recommend that the whole law of a nation should be considered as repealed, and that the authors of a new code should make a fresh beginning, without reference to the customs and institutions of the country. The same principles

are enforced at greater length, and more fully explained by Lord Bacon, in his admirable "Proposition for compiling and amending the Laws of England," which he addressed to King James, when attorney-general; and in his "Offer to the King of a Digest of the Laws of England;" in the latter of which treatises the following sentence exactly marks the line which we wish to establish.

"I have commended the laws of England for the matter; but surely they ask much amendment for the form; which to reduce and perfect, I hold to be one of the greatest dowries that can be conferred on this kingdom."—vol. v. p. 360.

In the same spirit is his recommendation in his Discourse on the union of England and Scotland, that

"there be made by the lawyers of either nation a digest under titles of their several laws and customs, as well common laws as statutes, that they may be collected and compared, and that the diversities may appear and be discerned of."—vol. v. p. 35.

In quoting the above passages, we trust that we shall not be suspected of wishing to substitute authority for argument, or to decide a doubtful question by an appeal to names, however great and venerable. Our only object is to show that the matured scheme of one equally skilled in the philosophy and practice of law, though at first sight resembling that proposed by Mr. Bentham, has, in fact, no affinity with it: and that it affords no grounds for maintaining that any person, dead or living, has ever before entertained any notions at all according with the extraordinary plan suggested by the latter writer.

It was also our wish to show by an illustrious example the confusion which may arise from not attending to the ambiguity of the words "code" and "codification:" which may signify either a remodelling of the old law, or an enactment of new law; a change of form only, or a change both of form and substance. An opinion is conceived (and, as we think, a very just one) that a total repeal of the jurisprudence of a nation and a substitution of a new code in its place, framed without reference to the law which exists, would be dangerous and impolitic. Hence a certain vague undefined prejudice against a code is formed, and people oppose it, when only a new arrangement of existing law is meant, because the same name is also applied to a different process.

This fallacy, however, (for we can call it by no other name,) appears to have caused in this country so general a delusion, that of all the witnesses whose examination is appended to the Report on Real Property, and who mention the subject of a code, we scarcely observe one who does not take it for granted that codifi-

cation is the enactment of a system of new law. The first question put by the commissioners on the law of real property is on the abolition of tenures; *i. e.* of the feudal doctrine that the King of England is lord of the soil. Throughout the answers to this question, a prevailing notion may be traced, that the abolition of this doctrine would entail the alteration of the whole of our law of real property, and the making of a new code. Now it should be observed, that, for the administration of law, it is not the system or doctrine itself, but the rules derived from that system or doctrine, which are practically employed. The student may, to gratify his own curiosity, search into the reasons and origins of laws; but he pursues this study not as a practitioner, but as a philosophical inquirer. A legislator examines into the reasons for laws with another view, not to ascertain why they are, but why they should be; but when the law is past, the reasons are thrown aside (except they are embodied in Mr. Bentham's Commentary), and the positive rule alone remains. When therefore the law has been once laid down, a discussion upon its merits or origin, whether by judge or counsel, is inconsistent with their respective duties. From the doctrine of tenures we derive an established rule, that all lands are held of the Crown. This rule, though as much founded on fiction as the title of King of France assumed by the Kings of England, appears in effect to be completely harmless. But if the laws founded on this doctrine were regularly sanctioned by the legislature, if the King were declared *ultimus hæres*,* and the other rules of less importance were enacted in the very same words in which they now stand—how would the law of real property be less complete than it is at present? The truth is, that in law we have nothing to do with *doctrines*; positive rules are alone wanted. When the building is completed, it is useless to retain the scaffolding.†

It is to this system, of considering nothing fixed in itself of which the reasons cannot be satisfactorily assigned, that much of the uncertainty of our law is to be traced. When an act is

* In answer to the question on the abolition of tenures, Mr. Sidebottom says, "If it were not for some such rule as that of the King being *ultimus hæres*, I do not know what could be done," &c. (Appendix to Report on Real Property, p. 371.) Thus it is the rule alone which is really wanted.

† It is on this mistaken ground that the Commissioners of Real Property are of opinion that the abolition of the doctrine of tenures would abolish the law of primogeniture. It is a matter of history that these two rules were connected: as positive laws they are completely independent of each other. See Appendix to their Report, pp. 248. 337. 349. 365. In the last page the Commissioners show that they are aware that it is possible to re-enact the old law; a course which, if their false principles were true, would be perfectly safe and easy. Nevertheless they think that an abolition of the law of tenures would be equivalent to a recurrence to first principles!

passed by a legislative body, it repeals all preceding laws on the same subject. But the decision of a court, which is our substitute for acts of the legislature, may be impugned because it is inconsistent with some other decision, or some other source of law, and there is no fixed mode of reconciling such contradictions. A law cannot be overcome, but a decision can. The evils of this system are well exposed by Mr. Bentham.

“ You are told, for instance, in your particular case that the report, which is in your favour, was the work of an incorrect reporter—that another report of the same case presents considerable variations, and that in the decision alluded to sufficient attention had not been paid to a previous decision altogether contrary—that the judges were not agreed—that the most skilful and distinguished among them were of a contrary opinion—that the feeling of the bar was notoriously opposed to this decision—that the published and printed report is contradicted by another report of the same case, neither printed nor published, but found in an authentic manuscript in the possession of your adversary’s counsel. In short, it will be declared and proved that there exist on the same point judicial authorities, some adverse, some favorable, and that amidst their contradictions all that can be advanced in your favour is more than overbalanced by opposite opinions.”—p. 356.

Upon such grounds the last decision is frequently questioned, and not unfrequently overruled. There are now equally valid legal authorities, directly opposed to each other; and the law in many cases becomes completely unsettled. Mr. Bentham would say this evil arose because there was no written law: we say it arises because the written law is uncertain and contradictory. But if one of these contradictory rules were brought into a code, and sanctioned by the legislature, doubts of this nature never could arise. We should carry the rule into effect without investigating the original doctrine, and employ the engine in its latest and most perfect form, without referring to the crude and unprofitable shapes which in the course of its improvements it has successively assumed.

The truth however is, that, while openly the method of report law is applauded, a system of codification has in this country been for a long time silently going on, performed by private hands and with considerable ability, but in late days enforced by the sanction of the legislature, and tried with the most signal success. The Text Books and Abridgments of different branches of our law are so many codes, not authentic, it is true, but still answering many of the uses of an authoritative digest. The consolidations of the statutes on the bankrupt, turnpike, customs, excise and other laws, and on some branches of the criminal law, have been partial contributions to a complete code; though

perhaps not performed in a very skilful and scientific manner. The success of these first efforts cannot be denied. But we wish to argue the comparative merits of report law and codification on theoretical rather than practical grounds, and in order to balance them, shall propose the three following tests by which to try their respective merits:—

1. A body of law should be expressed in the most perspicuous language.
2. Contained in the smallest compass.
3. Arranged according to the subject matter.

Is it possible to deny any of these propositions, either in respect of law or any other system of rules which requires to be precisely stated and easily remembered, so as to serve as a standard of conduct? Let us therefore examine which of the two systems will best pass through the ordeal of these principles.

In remodelling ancient law, Lord Bacon (as we have seen) recommends that the words should be retained as nearly as possible; a caution which might probably be observed to a very considerable extent in digesting our report law,* as the oral delivery of decisions did not permit the judges to fall into the insufferable wordiness of our statutes. But in adopting the technical terms into a code, there is, according to some persons, much danger and difficulty. Mr. Madison, formerly President of the United States of America, observes, in a letter to Mr. Bentham, that “with the best plan for converting the common law into a written law, the evil cannot be more than partially cured; the complex technical terms to be employed in the text necessarily requiring a resort for definition and explanation to the volume containing that description of law;” and a learned barrister† considers this an unanswerable objection to a *new code* in our present state.

Whether it is an objection to a new code is nothing to the present question. But is it an objection to digesting the old law? Our technical words either have or have not a definite meaning: if they have not, their total loss would produce no injury; and if they have, that meaning can be expressed in definitions. These definitions, like the laws themselves, can be col-

* Perhaps to a greater extent than in digesting the Statutes, for (as Mr. Dumont observes, p. 434) “the composers of the English laws do not appear to have perceived that a generic term supersedes the use of words expressing the species included in that genus; and that these enumerations, instead of giving the law additional certainty, in fact make it more doubtful and suggest the means of eluding it; for the enumeration never can be complete, and if several cases are specified, it is natural to suppose that the omission of every other is intentional.” See also on this subject Meyer, *De la Codification*, p. 219.

† Mr. Bellenden Ker's evidence, Appendix to Report on Real Property, p. 249.

lected, arranged alphabetically, and sanctioned by the legislature, which compilation would supply that great desideratum, a law dictionary of undoubted authority. But observe an example:—If a lawyer were explaining to an unlearned friend the meaning of the terms “*Entail*” or “*Tenant in Tail*,” he would not dive into the feudal system, cite the statute *de Donis*, or confound his inquirer with the laws on perpetuity: he would simply say that “*Tenant in tail*” means a person who has received an estate in a certain manner, is entitled to certain privileges, and liable to certain restraints. To trace the progress of our legal history is always laborious, and often unsatisfactory; but there is no ordinary practitioner who cannot ascertain beyond a doubt the ideas which are now attached to these and similar expressions.

This however, though generally, is not universally true, and there are in law, as in every other art, words liable to be used in several senses. That any legal enactment or system of definitions can completely guard against ambiguity of terms, it would be absurd to maintain; but it would go far to remedy an evil which is now unquestionably the source of much litigation. One would suppose, from the reasoning of some persons, that at present our law is perfect—that it is the spotless Diana of the Ephesians*—that there can be now no quibbles, no ambiguities, no sophistical arguments by counsel, nor disputed decisions by judge. “Do not you think,” say the Commissioners of Real Property,† “that generally speaking there must be a circumference of doubt round every body of law and decision, so that the farther you go in defining and particularizing, you excite a greater number of doubts?” If it is true that by defining you increase the number of doubts, the converse must follow, that by not defining you remove doubts; or, in other words, that the more uncertain the law is, the more certain it will be. We confess our inability to penetrate the mystery of this doctrine; and must leave the solution of so curious an enigma to the initiated.

It appears, therefore, that in respect of language, a code would have the advantage of statute law, and would be on a footing with report law; while the addition of a table of legal definitions and a collection of rules of construction generally applicable, would give it a decided superiority over any part of the present system. This is the only ground of those mentioned above, on which the two methods engage on nearly equal terms; for it is plain that our report law, scattered through hundreds of volumes, and encumbered with an immense alloy of useless matter, is not con-

* See Mr. Bentham's remarks, p. 352.

† Appendix, p. 250.

tained in the smallest possible compass consistent with precision; and no attempt at arrangement, except by private hands, can be thought of. Now arrangement is the peculiar merit of a code, and it is by the convenient disposition, not the substance of the laws, that a code should be judged. What has been the case with the late consolidation of parts of our criminal law?—These acts, although new law has been introduced on certain points, consist for the most part of old law collected from statutes, cases, and text books, condensed into a small compass, and expressed in intelligible language. Has our criminal law become more or less adapted to its purpose by being thus re-cast? Is it more advantageous that regulations for the prevention of theft should be scattered up and down amongst enactments on the most heterogeneous subjects, some in force, some expired, some expiring, or be classed in appropriate divisions? The labour wasted in tracking a doubtful point through the endless labyrinth of our law is incalculable, and a proper contemplation of it would infallibly drive a disciple of Adam Smith, deeply impressed with the advantages of productive labour, to utter madness.

It is, however, curious that this very confusion and multiplicity of the sources of our law, the most imperative reason for making a code, has been used, and used with confidence, as an argument against a code. For, it is asked, are practitioners after the formation of a code never to recur to the law in its old state? Is it to be declared not only that the code is law, but that the code alone is law? The most eager advocates of codification are doubtful on this point. Even Mr. Humphreys, in his answer to the Commissioners, seems fearful of maintaining the affirmative.* But his hesitation involves him in contradictions. "If," he says, "when a practitioner had a hopeless case under the new law (i. e. the code) he chose to look at the old law to see whether there is any loop-hole under it, he must be allowed to do it."† In other words, a practitioner, whenever he sees fit, may involve the Court in inquiries into ancient cases. And yet he says, that "it is practicable to declare nothing to be law but what is contained in the code," and that "where he could not declare this, he would not act." How it is possible to reconcile a permission to cite cases against the code with the exclusive authority of the code, we are unable to understand. If, however, it is practicable to make a complete digest of the existing law, it would be also safe to declare that nothing else shall be law. Lord Tenterden

* A German jurist, named Pfeiffer, who wrote in 1815, is however bold enough to maintain it. See *Zeitschrift für gesch. Rechtswiss.* vol. iii. p. 18.

† Report, p. 352.

on Shipping, Sir E. Sugden on Powers, Mr. Fearne on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, and many other text writers have respectively exhausted their subjects. If then a single individual, stealing some leisure hours from a multiplicity of business, can, by his own unassisted exertions, carry the digest of one branch of law so near to perfection, how much more would a *Committee* of such able men, mutually assisting and advising each other, and enabled, by an ample remuneration, to devote all their time and energies to the work, be capable of producing a code nearly free from omissions? With a sufficient time for search into the multifarious sources of our law, and a circulation of the code amongst all classes of the community before its promulgation,* we deny that there will be a danger of any important omissions. In this we are confirmed by experience, in one of the few cases where experience can be appealed to. In the year 1804, Feuerbach, a celebrated German jurist, was commissioned to draw up a criminal code for the kingdom of Bavaria. A large collection of materials had been already prepared. His project, when completed, was first submitted to a separate law commission (*gesetz-commission*); it was then examined and amended, first by a committee of the privy council, and afterwards, by the whole privy council. After a period of nine years thus consumed, the criminal code was, in 1813, promulgated. Savigny appeals to this case as a signal instance of the failure of a code; for within the space of three years 111 articles had been repealed, some of considerable magnitude and importance. Whether the Bavarians were good legislators is a question which we shall not now stay to examine; and we are quite willing to admit that all who make laws are liable to make bad laws. But we wish merely to ascertain whether *all* the criminal law was collected, not whether the criminal law was *good*; and as Savigny mentions no additions, but only *alterations* (*abändernde Novellen*),† we must conclude that the faults were of commission and not of omission. In this case, therefore, experience is in favour of the possibility of attaining to completeness.‡

* It may be remarked, that the invention of printing and paper has given to modern nations a means of attaining to completeness in their codes which the Roman jurists did not possess, viz. a power of circulating the proposed digest among the community before it is confirmed by the legislature. In this manner, persons belonging to particular trades and callings would respectively examine the subjects with which they were conversant; and a large portion of the public would be, as it were, served with legal notice of the contents of the code.

† *Zeitschrift für geschichtliche Rechtswissenschaft*, vol. iii. p. 14.

‡ Montesquieu (*Esprit des Lois*, xxviii. c. 45.) speaking of the persons who first compiled the *droit coutumier* of France, says, "Leur objet était plutôt de donner une pratique judiciaire que les usages de leur temps sur la disposition des biens. Mais tout s'y trouve."

It must, however, be acknowledged that the example of the French code appears to be less favourable to the cause of codification. It has been found that the body of laws, partly digested, and partly enacted for the first time, under the superintendence of the Emperor Napoleon, is very far from complete, and recourse has been had, in want of a legislative provision, to the Roman law, with its numerous and voluminous commentators.* Besides this, various works and discussions preparatory to the French code are allowed to controul or explain its meaning; and besides the reports of decisions, there are the acts of the legislature and the imperial and royal ordinances since the year 1804, in which the code was promulgated. All this extraneous matter, it is alleged, growing about and over the legal code, and having a semilegal authority, is highly injurious to the cause of justice; and should warn us against attempting a similar measure. We confess, however, that this instance does not weaken our conviction of the expediency of such an attempt. It must be remembered that the French code was undertaken under very peculiar and very disadvantageous circumstances. France had just emerged from a long dreary night of despotism, only to engage in a most bloody and unrelenting civil contest, succeeded by a military tyranny. In the ancient French monarchy there were scarce any settled forms of justice; the clergy had privileges, the nobles had privileges, districts and towns had privileges; and even if the strong arm of the government had never interfered, the laws and rules of judicature differed so widely for different classes and places, that no uniform principles of law or procedure could have been established. The troubles and excesses of the Revolution were still more unfavourable to the formation of fixed notions on the details of civil law, or the training of a class of men to a minute and extensive knowledge of jurisprudence. Add to this, that the authors of the code were required to execute their task with great haste, in order to meet the pressing wants of the French community. Is it not therefore evident, that when a body of men, not assisted by a collection of reports like that of which Mr. Bentham so highly extols the merits, sat down to compile a system of law, they would be unable to execute their task with completeness, and that, unless revisions and additions were constantly made, their labours would remain imperfect?† It is hardly too much to say, that before the formation of their code the French had

* It seems to us that Mr. Meyer, p. 158—185, has not succeeded in explaining away the objections of Savigny as to the incompleteness of the French code.

† On the imperfections of the French code, and particularly on the ignorance of the Roman law, upon which it is in great part founded, shown by its compilers, see Savigny, p. 54—81.

no law. Its rules were so capricious, uncertain and partial, they varied so much according to persons and places, the will of the judges or the court, that they scarcely deserved the name of legal rules. That this is not the case in England need scarcely be remarked. The rules of law are uniform, are universal, are authoritative; the judges have long been bound to obey them; there is a large body of men thoroughly acquainted with these rules; and there is an immense and valuable mass of decisions, which have been in great measure codified by private hands.

The inconvenience arising from the mass of legal enactments, *subsequent* to the promulgation of the French code, and which do not form part of it, is of course an argument in favour of codification. Such acts either of the king or people should be regularly incorporated with the digest of the other laws.*

Although, therefore, we cannot think it fair to argue from the case of France in 1804 to England in 1830, even on the assumption that the French code has failed of its purpose, we are willing to admit that under the most favourable circumstances, and with the greatest care and foresight, some omissions will be found, and some cases will arise in which the ancient law has been repealed, and no new law substituted. The manner in which the French have provided against this evil has been just pointed out. In Prussia, the code of Frederick the Great, or the *Landrecht* (as it is called,) has not, like the French and Austrian codes, a paramount authority, but is merely subsidiary to the Roman and provincial laws and customs of the country. These local customs were to have been collected into separate codes; but this task has only been performed for East Prussia.† This example, therefore, of a code subsidiary to the customary law, when we are inquiring what law shall be subsidiary to a code, affords no assistance. In the Austrian code itself there is a provision guarding against its own omissions. In the first place, recourse is to be had to the decision of analogous cases in the code, (which is very scanty in its provisions,) and if this fails, to the *law of nature*.‡ Those who know how great confusion has arisen in systems of jurisprudence from this term, will tremble at the sight of it, even where it is not, as here, synonymous with the arbitrary legislation of the courts.

In England, where the body of jurisprudence is much greater, and where a recourse to the civil law is out of the question, we are sanguine enough to think that it would be practicable to give to a code an exclusive authority; and rather than declare that where

* On this subject see Meyer, *ibid.* p. 197.

† Savigny, p. 83.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 107.

the code was silent, the old law should be revived, we would give to a supreme court of appeal a summary jurisdiction, on the report of an inferior court that the code contained no provision on the point. The principle of the decision being stated by this high court should be added to the code, and the rule be considered as dating from the promulgation of the code, subject to be amended by parliament. In this manner justice would in most cases be done to the parties; and the eyes of the public would be more opened to the silent legislation of the courts. The great success with which some of the North American states, and particularly that of New York, have revised their statutes, incorporating much of the common law, and amending and purging the whole, afford the strongest reasons for supposing that we can deal in the same manner with that which, in the main, they inherited from us.*

But granting that in some cases injustice will be done, still if public grievances can *on the whole* be lessened by the formation of a code, are they to be perpetuated for fear of some rare instances of individual hardship? In this, as in every other political measure, there is a balance of good and evil. "C'est mal raisonner contre la religion," says Montesquieu, "de rassembler dans un grand ouvrage une longue énumération des maux qu'elle a produits, si l'on ne fait de même celle des biens qu'elle a faits."

"Not only, however, (it is said,) must a code be all-comprehensive, but exceedingly minute and particular. For suppose it merely to enunciate general propositions, *principles* as they are called, hardly any case can be decided by it; every emergent case† is a case of detail, and requires a law of detail. For if there be no law of detail, the number of arguments and considerations which may be brought to bear on every point raised, is so great, and the value of each so differently estimated by different minds, and the logical result is consequently so distant and uncertain, that hardly any two men will be brought to the same conclusion. A mere law of principle, therefore, is no law at all."‡

The above objection is taken from a pamphlet, in which the question of a code is discussed with ability, but, as it appears to us, in a very inconclusive manner. The distinction attempted to be raised in this passage between a law of principle and a law of detail, does not in fact exist. A *principle of law* is a legal rule

* See Parkes on the *Equity Jurisdiction of the United States*, (London, 1830,) in the Introduction, particularly pp. cxv.—cxix. He has reprinted (pp. 167—232) the Revised Statutes of New York relating to Real Property, where the whole law on that difficult subject is laid down in a clear, succinct and methodical form.

† We are not sure that we understand this phrase, but conclude that an "emergent case" is a case as it arises—*emergit*.

‡ A Discourse on the Present State of the Law of England, by John Barnard Byles, Esq., p. 26.

expressed in general terms. Whether that rule is of wide or narrow application makes no difference; it is equally a principle. Every decision, even of the most trivial point, is founded on some principle. When the Court of Chancery decrees that a tenant in tail cannot cut down certain trees because they are ornamental, if its judgment is founded on the most special circumstances, still it goes on the principle that *all* persons in those circumstances will be similarly restrained. It is necessary to guard against the error of supposing that because a rule of law embraces only a few cases, it is not a principle. The most minute regulations may be stated in the most general terms. A law of detail, therefore, not only can, but must be a law of principle; and so far from its being true that "a law of principle is no law at all," it is certain that there can be no law which is not a law of principle. The more perfect a code is, the more detailed, minute and specific will be its provisions.

But, it will be asked, must learned judges, now acquainted with the law, and capable of rapid decision, go once more to school, and keep litigants in suspense while they are learning the law? Admitting that they are capable of rapid decision, we answer that they will have no law to learn. The law will in substance be the same, and the judge who originally mastered it in the old shape, will find it republished in the new. The change will have been wrought in form alone, and what was tediously picked out of volumes will reappear embodied in a chapter. If doubts exist, by contrast and comparison they will be fully brought into view. Therefore, at the very outset, the labour of the judges, and the consequent occupation of public time, will rather be diminished than increased; and it will appear that these learned individuals, of whose toil the opponents of a code are so tender, have been undergoing greater fatigue through the mistaken zeal of their advocates.

Some again object that if we obtain one code we shall soon want another, and that the spirit of change having once gone forth, can never be again confined. This argument, however, implies the mistaken notion which we have so often noticed, that codification is the making of *new* law. It is true that there is no end to change; but there is an end to arrangement: and when the laws are once compiled in a convenient form, the fusion which they have undergone will increase their permanency, because it will make their excellence more evident.

"Nothing can prove more clearly," says Mr. Meyer, "that codification is neither the source nor occasion, nor even the pretext of a succession of laws, than that the same phenomenon is met with in all countries, even in those where it never has been intended to establish or sanction a positive and written code of laws. Even England itself, the great main-

tainer of customary laws, where the possibility and usefulness of a positive legislation has only within a few years been discussed or suspected, is in this respect subject to the same evils as France and Prussia, Austria and Bavaria. The most learned English writers make the same complaints with regard to the multitude of new statutes, as the jurists of France and other parts of the continent, on the interminable succession of laws."—*De la Codification*, p. 198.

Others, on the contrary, object that a code having been once formed, *no* change can afterwards be made. If a code could, like that of Lycurgus, be considered as perpetuating a certain collection of laws, this objection would, indeed, be fatal. For after undergoing the process of codification, the law may still be either bad or good. In its substance no change is necessarily made. You may codify the fictitious processes of fines and recoveries, the distinction of equitable and legal estates, the anomalous machinery of gavelkind and copyhold tenures, and establish the litigious John Doe and Richard Roe in the titles and sections of a digest. A law to be decyphered from cases is sometimes bad, and always uncertain. By codification it is rendered certain, and only remains bad. If bad it is for ever to remain, what greater benefit could be conferred on the people than a restoration of the ancient Report-law? But a sovereign authority cannot limit itself, and it surely cannot be denied that the legislative body will have *power* to change the code. Having then the power, is it not probable that they will have the best *opportunity* of improvement, when the existing law is clearly ascertained, when all the enactments relating to one subject are collected together, when contradictory or inconsistent rules are placed side by side, and the most oppressive hold an equally important place with the most salutary regulations? Under a system of Report-law, no one of these advantages exists. The law is not clearly ascertained, nor collected and arranged; contradictions and inconsistencies are not apparent; and there are sleeping laws which, though as valid as any other act of the legislature, are not noticed by the public or the profession, because they do not occur in the Reports. The difficulty of ascertaining the negative fact, that *no law* exists on a given point, is much greater under such a system than is generally believed. It happened only in the session of 1829 that a bill was introduced to rectify a certain abuse: after a discussion on more than one night by several members, it was at length discovered that the very case had been provided for by a statute of Anne!

So far, therefore, from it being true that a code would be an obstacle to the further amendment of the law, a process equivalent to codification is a necessary prelude to any change.* Other-

* "Toute législation existante doit être connue de celui qui veut rédiger une loi nouvelle." Meyer, *ib.* p. 231.

wise we are legislating blindfold, and either seeking cures for imaginary evils, or applying improper remedies to diseases imperfectly understood. But besides the increased facility of amendment, there would likewise be a greater power of supplying deficiencies in the law. Before the separate parts of any system, even if it is the work of one hand, are collected and put together, no judgment can be formed either of its symmetry or completeness. What then must be the condition of a body of law, of which some parts are a thousand years, some six months old; which has arisen from the enactments of Saxon kings, of Norman kings, of barons and of parliaments; from the feudal law, the Roman law* and the canon law; from the decisions of courts of law and courts of equity, and from local customs and franchises: the whole administered by innumerable tribunals, and applied by dint of fiction to the complicated and artificial wants of a highly civilized community? That this mighty maze of law contains the most valuable materials, even Mr. Bentham acknowledges; but to allow the precious ore to be obscured and contaminated by the baser substance in which it is embedded, is a wilful and wicked waste, and affords an instance of indolence and want of enterprise, which in their private concerns few persons would exhibit.

Nor is this the only bad effect of such remissness. The large admixture of absurdity which our law contains furnishes an opportunity for confounding the good and bad in one general censure; and those who habitually rail at all existing institutions, finding that much is hurtful, conclude that the whole should be repealed. Hence a vague feeling of insecurity and oppression is generated, which belongs to a *part* only of our system. This, however, is an error of which the public at large can never be convinced; as the study of our law, even in particular points, is so arduous and irksome, that few who do not make it their profession can venture to undertake such a severe task. Persons of very ordinary capacities and small means, availing themselves of the education which is everyday more easily obtained, may attain a tolerable knowledge of history, geography, of mechanical inventions, and natural philosophy. Whatever they acquire in these branches of knowledge is definite and satisfactory. But let a question of law affect them; be their ingenuity ever so great, their intellect ever so cultivated, still the masses of legal lore, confused by contradictory decisions—by statute contravening statute—by the probable authority of dicta, and by the doubtful value of reports, will frustrate their utmost diligence. If they apply to the

* See Foreign Review, part ix. p. 75; Meyer, *ib.* p. 212, 253; also Hume's remarks, History of England, at the end of Richard III. Blackstone and the common lawyers are very unwilling to admit the influence of the civil law upon our jurisprudence.

ablest practitioner, their inquiry still remains unsatisfied. He refers them to the judge, and the necessary consequence deserves attention. If the law can be obtained from the judge alone, the client naturally concludes that the judge is the maker as well as dispenser of the law, and that the avowed principle of our constitution, in theory assuring to the people the enactment of the laws which bind them, is practically nullified by the custom of the courts. That there is foundation for such complaint is universally agreed. The prevalence of the evil, to a certain extent, is incident to the limited powers of human intellect. But why such an evil should needlessly be increased—why it should be repeatedly forced upon the attention of the community—why the law should not be collected, arranged, amended, and declared—why the criminal, condemned to an ignominious death, and the suitor decreed to exchange opulence for want, should not be enabled to perceive that they are subject not to the will of the judge but to the law, to a law clearly defined and established by the legitimate lawgivers of their country—are questions for the existence of which not only the opponents of a code are deeply responsible, but all those who suffer so important a matter to go by default, and waste in irresolute indolence the hours which might be used in conferring an invaluable boon on the present age, and on posterity a lasting benefit. This necessity of attending at an early period to the compilation of a code, is doubly necessary; for as Thibaut, the great advocate of an universal code for Germany, has well remarked, the difficulty increases daily. Every year produces new laws, new decisions, new refinements and contrivances of lawyers to evade oppressive enactments. Like an avalanche, the body of law is continually increasing its bulk as it rolls down the steep of time. When, therefore, it is remembered that the formation of a code does not necessarily imply either the abrogation of old, or the substitution of new law, but that at the same time it offers the best means of rectifying errors and supplying deficiencies; that it lessens the uncertainty, expense, and chances of litigation; and that, by giving an increased notoriety to the criminal law, it tends to disseminate the doctrine, that punishments are intended to prevent, not to avenge crime; we cannot but hope that that cause, which we verily believe to be the cause of truth, will make its way in the world, that conviction, like the chastisement of heaven, will come with a sure, if a slow foot, and that nations will at length learn to see their true interest. Without entering into the large controversy as to the usefulness of establishing an universal code for all Germany, we may say, that, in the present divided state of that country, such a measure seems quite impracticable. The efforts of her philanthropic jurists must therefore be confined to

collecting and arranging the law of the separate states; who will thus increase the efficiency by narrowing the field of their exertions. Whether such independent digests would eventually retard or discourage the formation of a general code, let others decide. In the British empire, however, the same law extends its force over England and Ireland; and with the exception of Scotland, where an extreme jealousy of alteration seems to prevail, there is in these islands no contest between separate systems of jurisprudence. In addition to this advantage, we live in an advancing, not a receding age. Our improvements are gained by slow and difficult steps; but the way which is once made is never retraced. In this respect we fulfil a condition prescribed by a great philosopher — “Optandum esset (says Lord Bacon) ut hujusmodi legum instauratio illis temporibus suscipiatur, quæ antiquioribus, quorum acta et opera retractant, litteris et rerum cognitione præstiterint. Quod secus in opere Justiniani evenit. Infelix namque est, cum ex judicio et delectu ætatis minus prudentis et eruditæ antiquorum opera mutilentur et recomponantur.”* If it was true of the age of Justinian, and if it is true also of some periods of our history, that a corrupt and slavish generation had lost the spirit of freedom which breathed in their ancestors, to the present age, at least, this disgraceful charge is not applicable.

Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Let it not, then, be said, that the opportunity being most favourable, the means in our power, the object most beneficial, the heart and will were alone wanting.

ART. III.—*Storia ed Analisi degli antichi Romanzi di Cavalleria, e dei poemi romanzeschi d'Italia, con Dissertazioni sull' origine, sugl' istituti, sulle cerimonie de' Cavalieri, ecc., con figure tratte dai monumenti d'arte*, del Dottore Giulio Ferrario. (History and Analysis of the Ancient Romances of Chivalry, and of the Romantic Poems of Italy; with Dissertations on the Origin, Institutions and Ceremonies of Knighthood, &c. with figures taken from Monuments of Art. By Dr. J. Ferrario.) 4 vols. 8vo. Milano. 1828-9.

WHEN, forty years ago, an eloquent writer, indignant at the first ominous scene of violence and outrage perpetrated in the metropolis of France against an exalted and ill-fated lady, exclaimed in a burst of impassioned feeling, “the age of chivalry is gone,” he illustrated the meaning of his sentence by a splendid enumeration of the qualities which he considered as constituting the

* De Augm. Scient. lib. viii. Aph. 64.

essence and the spirit of that chivalry of which he deplored the loss—"the generous loyalty to rank and sex, the proud submission, the dignified obedience, and that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." That the principles of chivalry were in theory such as Burke here describes them to be, we can believe; that they were ever put into general practice, even in the golden age of the institution, we doubt; that they continued to animate the breasts of any class of men later than within some centuries of the epoch in which Burke wrote, we deny. Chivalry was the spiritualism of feudality; it was an attempt to incarnate a pure essence on a vicious system: the intention was good, and some good it certainly produced. While the laws and the administration of justice were too imperfect or too ineffectual to protect the weak and to restrain the strong, chivalry supplied in some measure this deficiency in the social state;—it naturally allied itself with religion,—it armed itself with military power, and following the spirit of the times, it acted against the arbitrary in an arbitrary manner. The age of chivalry passed away with that of feudality, of baronial independence and popular vassalage; it vanished with that Gothic structure on which it had bestowed a certain cast of rude symmetry and grace. Its name, and certain of its forms, lingered behind; some of its principles became engrafted on the manners of modern society, and served to stimulate individuals to deeds of honour; but as a whole the spirit of chivalry had fled, it had disappeared even in France, the cradle and seat of the institution, nearly 300 years before the period of the Revolution.

We are far, therefore, from lamenting that the age of chivalry is gone; we prefer our less gorgeous, but more reasonable,—our more popular though perhaps more *vulgar* systems of community; we can dispense with tournaments and courts of love, and we do not even regret the plume of peacock's feather, or the *don d'amoureuse merci*. But while we acknowledge the gradual improvement of mankind at large, while we feel happy to live in times of free debates and constitutional rights, we may still be allowed to pause awhile, and to cast back a look at the glimmering vista which the very name of chivalry calls up before our fancy—a perspective not the less attractive because the objects are seen through the mists of five or six centuries, like a meteor through the night of a polar winter. To the investigator of the annals of mankind, chivalry shines like a star leading him through the

gloomy barbarism that succeeded the overthrow of the classic civilization of Greece and Rome, until he reaches the revival of letters and the brightening period of modern society.

The history of chivalry has been treated by some modern writers with the same supercilious contempt as those of the Crusades, of the monastic orders, and of the other institutions of the middle ages, as if all in it were barren and unprofitable. From such intolerant philosophy we dissent, holding as we do that in almost every human institution are to be traced elements of good, and lessons applicable to future ages, if we set about honestly looking for them. In the case of chivalry we find that its principles, exaggerated and fantastic as they were, did much towards modifying the injustice and softening the ferocity of military feudalism; its very aberrations had often a spiritual pretext, its pride tended to raise the moral nature of man, and if chivalry produced many apostates, this is a fate it has shared in common with the noblest institutions, even with those of much loftier origin.

The work before us purports fully to illustrate the origin, the constitutions, the ceremonies, and the manners of the chivalry of the middle ages, and at the same time, by a natural transition, to trace their influence on literature, as exhibited in the numerous romances and romantic poems to which they have given birth. As the romantic and chivalric epopeæ form one of the richest branches of Italian poetry, Dr. Ferrario has especially applied himself to analyse and review the brilliant specimens of this species of composition which Italy produced in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Chivalry, viewed as a distinct order in the social state, was the offspring of feudality. The epoch of its origin is not clearly ascertained, but it does not appear to ascend earlier than the eleventh century: knighthood, however, may be said to have existed previously as a mere ceremony, in which young men intended for the military profession received their first arms, and Tacitus mentions its existence among the ancient German nations. It was to them as the assuming the *toga* to the young Romans, after which they were considered as effective members of the republic. The Romans themselves borrowed the custom and solemnly invested their young patricians with the rank of knight. The young Cæsars who were admitted to this honour were styled *Principes juventutis*, and Gajus Cæsar, adopted by Augustus, was the first to attain this title. Among the Longobards, the sons of their kings were not allowed to sit at their father's table unless they had received the sword from the chief of another nation. In subsequent ages we find frequent mention of the *cingulum militare* or sword belt, and the young men invested with it

were called *milites*, by which appellation the cavalry was distinguished. But chivalry, considered as an association bestowing high rank and privilege in the state and in the militia, having its degrees of noviciate and of preferment, subject to fixed regulations, and bound by oath to certain duties, the chivalry in short of the middle ages, which affords an inexhaustible theme to romance and poetry, begins to appear in history as a dignity, and is recorded in public acts only about the end of the second or Carolingian dynasty.* It is true that romancers, availing themselves of the privilege of fiction, and perhaps ignorant themselves of the history of ages past, have spoken of such institution as if existing in the time of Charlemagne, but we ought to remember that the oldest of these writers lived at least three centuries after that monarch, when chivalry was in its full splendour, and that therefore they assumed its existence and painted with its brilliant colours their narratives of anterior events.—Ferrario, vol. i. p. 139—147.

The institution of the twelve peers, (six laical and six ecclesiastical,) which formed the high court of the kingdom, dates likewise only from the reign of Louis VII., or rather of his successor Philip Augustus, under whom we find also the first mention of the rank of Marshal of France. John of England was summoned before the twelve peers of France, charged with the murder of his nephew Arthur. Before that epoch all the barons who relieved of the crown were styled peers, or equals. The name of Palatins, afterwards Paladins, arose from the office of the *Comites Palatii*, who were high magistrates or chancellors of the kingdom, and resided in the palace of the monarch, a dignity that existed in the time of Charlemagne and even under the kings of the first race.

From the old ceremony of Teutonic and Roman knighthood, from the fabulous legends of Charlemagne's exploits, the mixture of religious and military feelings of the times of the Crusades, and the natural love of men for distinction, arose the chivalric institutions which were by degrees carried to a singular degree of refinement and exaltation, and patronized by monarchs from a political view of binding the will and checking the power of the nobility.

“When the French government, (says our author, who himself quotes from the learned Sainte-Palaye,) emerged out of the chaos of troubles which accompanied the extinction of the second dynasty, the royal authority made itself better respected; things assumed a new aspect, laws were enacted, and communes formed, freedoms were granted

* Annals of the Order of St. Benedict by the learned Mabillon.

to towns, and feudal tenure became subject to a more regular form and discipline. The great barons wishing to draw closer the bonds of feudality, added to the ceremony of homage that of conferring arms on their young vassals, whom they took out for the first time on their expeditions. They afterwards granted a similar investiture to volunteers, who without holding any tenure of them, offered their services through desire of glory. The honour of receiving arms in presence of a numerous and noble assembly, the distribution of dresses, pelisses, cloaks, swords and jewels, beside gold and silver which were lavished on those occasions, and the pride of appearing worthy of the honour of knighthood, were powerful attractions to young men, especially of narrow fortunes . . . Many youths of gentle lineage, but orphan or destitute, were likewise brought up at the court of some great lord, or in some of the hospices which were supported for the purpose by baronial munificence, and where they received their first instructions, to enter afterwards their patron's service as varlets or pages. This was the only resource in those turbulent ages, when the power and the wealth of the crown, circumscribed within narrow bounds, could not afford nobler or more advantageous employment to those who wished to devote themselves to the service of the state. It was not then considered a degradation for a young gentleman to enter the service of a baron, it was but an exchange of personal services for past care and future patronage. The households of the great lords were composed like those of kings, having corresponding officers. The first situation given to youths just emerged from infancy was that of *varlet* or *domicellus*, *Italicè donzello*; as such they served their masters and mistresses, carried their messages, attended them in their journeys, visits and hunting parties, and sometimes waited on them at table. The first lessons they received (and the task of instructing them devolved chiefly on the ladies) were of piety to God and devotion to the fair. Their religion was of course encumbered with superstition, but their catechism of love was singularly refined, and in order to strengthen their principles and to guard against the aberrations of youth, they were made to select early a lady among the most noble and virtuous at court, to whom they devoted all their sentiments and all their actions. They were at the same time exercised in gymnastic and martial games, and taught to venerate above all the august character of chivalry."

The next step in a young man's career was that of squire, which was attainable at fourteen years of age. This promotion was accompanied by a religious ceremony. The officiating clergyman took from the altar a belt and a sword, blessed them and girded them on the candidate. This ceremony was similar to the ancient installation of knight, and has given rise to the mistake we have alluded to about the date of the institution of chivalry. The squires were classed according to the offices they held; there were the *squire of the chamber* or chamberlain, the *carving squire*, the *squire cellarer*, the *groom of the stables*, and the *squire of honour*, whose special office it was to attend the person of the knight

or lady; others took care of their master's arms and armour, and went their rounds at night, and visited the ramparts of the castle. When the lord went to combat, he was attended by some of his chosen squires, who carried his arms, led his war horse, and then fell back behind their master when in actual engagement, ready to assist him if wounded, or to supply him with fresh horses and weapons. The courts of the barons afforded a good school of *courtoisie*; becoming manners, a modest yet manly bearing, and a graceful address were qualities requisite in a squire. The society of the ladies and of their damsels was calculated to inspire him with that respectful attention to the sex which by degrees became, and long continued, a national feature of the French character.

The age in which a squire was admissible to the order of knighthood was fixed at twenty-one years, except for princes of the blood, and in cases of young men of extraordinary merit. The ceremony of admission was peculiarly solemn.

"After undergoing a severe fast and spending whole nights in prayer in the company of a clergyman and of his godfathers, the candidate confessed and received the sacrament; he then took a bath, coming out of which he clothed himself in snow white garments, symbolic of the purity required by the order he was going to enter, and thus accoutred, he repaired to the church or the hall where the ceremony was to take place, bearing a knightly sword suspended from his neck, which the clergyman took and blessed, and then returned to him. The candidate then proceeded with folded hands and knelt before the presiding knight, who, after some questions about his motives and purposes in requesting admission, administered to him the oaths and granted his request. Some of the knights present, sometimes even ladies and damsels, handed to him in succession the spurs, the coat of mail, the hauberk, the armlet and gauntlet, and lastly he girded the sword. He then knelt again before the president, who rising from his seat gave him the *colade*, which consisted of three strokes with the flat of a sword on the shoulder or neck of the candidate, accompanied by the words: *in the name of God, of St. Michael and St. George, I make thee a knight, be valiant, courageous and loyal!* Then he received his helmet, his shield and spear, and thus the investiture ended."—vol. i. p. 166.

The three blows were, like most other ceremonies of chivalry, symbolic, and meant as a warning to the young knight to be prepared for hardships and dangers in the fulfilment of his vocation.

A double coat of mail, sword proof, a stout lance, a surcoat emblazoned with armorial devices, these were exclusively worn by knights; squires had only a slight hauberk, a shield and a sword. The cloaks of knights were scarlet lined with fur; their vizors, their spurs, the bridles of their horses were ornamented with gold; silver was the distinction of squires. To the names of the former

were prefixed the titles of *Sire*, *Messire*, *Don*, and *Dame* and *Madame* to those of their ladies, whilst the squires were styled *Monsieur* and *Damoiseau*, and their wives *Demoiselles*. Knights alone had a right to use seals engraved with arms. In short, no man, however high might be his birth, was considered as a free agent and an effective member of the state, until he was admitted to knighthood. Other solid advantages pertained to the order. A knight, like the old Roman soldier, was free of taxes on provisions, and tolls on the road; all barriers were thrown open before him. His appearance and dress sufficiently proclaimed his rank. If he fell into the hands of the enemy, he was exempted from fetters or chains, and allowed a certain liberty within the precincts of the place of his confinement. The *aide-chevels* or chivalry tax was levied on four occasions on the vassals of a knight: 1st, on the installation of his eldest son: 2nd, on the marriage of his daughters: 3dly, on the occasion of his crossing the sea to the Holy Land: 4thly, to defray his ransom. Ransoms, which were valued generally at one year's revenue of the captive, formed an occasional item in the revenue of a knight. The custom of prisoners paying a ransom was continued as late as the sixteenth century among Christian nations, and in the East it prevails to this day.

As it often happened that a knight undertook the defence of the person and property of an heiress or widow who was attacked or threatened by some violent neighbour, whilst her natural protectors were perhaps dead or far away, it also followed not unfrequently that the defender married his fair *protégée*, and thus acquired wealth and power.

An essential prerogative of a knight was that of conferring knighthood on another. When cited to appear before a court of justice, a knight was treated with peculiar regard; if he obtained a favourable sentence, he was entitled to double costs from his adversaries, and for the same reason, when condemned, he also paid a double fine. Upon the same principle, we read that at the siege of Dun-la-Roy in 1411, knights had to carry eight fascines, while squires carried only four.

As knights had been originally the heads and distributors of justice, so they retained for a long time the privilege of filling some of the higher offices in the magistracy. They sat in the council of the king, and were likewise employed in negotiations and embassies, together with an equal number of ecclesiastics. By degrees, however, and with a view to check their power, a third order was instituted for the professors of law and of letters, which innovation sorely wounded the pride of the old military knights, who despising the lawyers and the learned, absented

themselves altogether from the parliaments and courts of justice, and thus left the field of legislation and administration open to the plebeians, or *tiers état*. This was a fatal blow to the feudal power and served to accelerate its fall.

But as it happens in general that great political changes are the result of many causes, so we find that the decay of chivalry was brought about gradually and through various symptoms. The ruinous wars of the Crusades, which impoverished the nobles, the expensive pageants of the tournaments, which, though interdicted by the church, became more and more frequent, the numerous creations of knights who had not been previously trained up by a preparatory discipline, but were mere lawless adventurers, their broils among themselves, their insubordination towards the crown now become more jealous of its power, their oppression on the commons, all these tended to degrade knighthood. During the disturbed reign of Charles VI., knights took an active part in the various factions that desolated the kingdom. Charles VII. by instituting the *gendarmerie*, a permanent and regularly embodied and well-disciplined militia, gave another blow to chivalry. The young nobility, attracted by novelty and by the prospect of promotion, enrolled themselves readily in the new corps. By degrees, the custom of creating knights on the field of battle fell into disuse. Francis I. was one of the last that underwent this ceremony at the battle of Marignano. Tournaments were also discontinued after that fatal one in which Henry II. received his death blow. The increasing employment and the improved tactics of the infantry, which has always been the *popular arm*, diminished the importance of a cavalry of knights, who had constituted formerly the only effective force of the state. And latterly the introduction of fire arms, which changed the whole method of warfare, put combatants on a footing of equality, and rendered armour, and spears, and shields, useless incumbrances, gave the finishing blow to the institution of chivalry, at least as a feudal order, the forms and the name still remaining as an honourable distinction bestowed by sovereigns on persons of distinguished merit or exalted rank.

The abuses and excesses by which old chivalry was disgraced in the persons of many of its adepts, have been recorded by the chroniclers and historians of the middle ages. When we read of a Count of Montmorency plundering the abbey of St. Denis, of other knighted barons turning highwaymen and stopping travellers,—when we peruse the details of the horrors committed by De Montfort and his accomplices against the unfortunate Albigenses, we know not what to think of their loyalty and piety. With regard to their gallantry, we shall presently see, in speaking of

the courts of love, that it was often neither purer nor more honourable.

"But how can we conceive," exclaims Dr. Ferrario, "in reading of so many disorders and enormities, that the precepts of chivalry inculcated nothing but principles of religion and virtue, honour and humanity? and yet this anomaly is incontestibly proved . . . It is also true that many knights there were, who faithful to the duties of their calling, exhibited in themselves true models of military honour and of social virtues, and it is not a little to the credit of chivalry to have been able to produce such examples in an age so ignorant and corrupt."—vol. i. p. 209.

We have mentioned the Courts of Love. These singular tribunals originated in Provence and Languedoc. Those beautiful regions, which long constituted a separate country, distinct from the monarchy of the Franks, differed not less from the latter in their language and the spirit and manners of the people. The *langue d'oc* or *langue romane* had in its harmonious structure and etymology a closer affinity to that of Rome than the *langue d'oïl* or French Walloon, the parent of modern French. In their taste and fancy also, the Provençal poets, unacquainted as they appear to have been with classical models, betray a greater affinity to the didactic, erotic or satirical, but still formal and unimaginative literature of the lower ages of Latinity, than to the wild and fresh romantic fancies of the Northern muse. It is a remarkable fact that of the innumerable romances and romantic poems about heroic and supernatural achievements of knights and Paladins, hardly any one can be traced to a Provençal origin, and that most of them were written in the comparatively rude language of the country north of the Loire, or old French. Indeed the remains of the poetry of the Troubadours, like the tales of the early Italian novelists, are more valuable as descriptions of the manners of the age than for any intrinsic merit either of invention or execution. The mixture of licentiousness and elegance, of ingenuousness even in guilt, of simplicity and sincerity united to the grossest corruption of morals, which those manners present, is striking and appalling. The institution of chivalry, with all its pageants, if it did not originate in Provence, found there a congenial soil in which it thrived in wild luxuriance and extended its branches. One of these was the establishment of the Courts of Love. M. Raynouard* has given a good account of these extraordinary tribunals and their jurisdiction, which he took in great measure from a work nearly forgotten, styled "*De Arte Amatoria et Reprobatione Amoris*," written by Maistre André, Chaplain at the Royal Court of France about 1170.

* *Choix de poésies originales des Troubadours.*

Those, however, who associate invariably the idea of chivalry with that of effeminate gallantry, mistake the chivalry of one epoch and country for the whole history of the order. Chivalry, like all other widely diffused institutions, was modified in its character by that of the people who adopted it; in Spain it was religious, honourable and stern; in northern France, gallant, romantic, but turbulent; in Provence, amorous, lady-serving, and dissolute.

The Courts of Love consisted of an indefinite number of married ladies, presided by a princess, or wife of a sovereign baron. The Countess of Champagne assembled one of sixty ladies. Nostradamus mentions ten ladies as sitting in the court of Signa in Provence, twelve in that of Romanin, fourteen in Avignon. Knights also sometimes sat in them. Queen Eleanor, consort of Louis VII., and afterwards of Henry II. of England, held a Court of Love. This princess, who was niece to the celebrated Count of Poitiers, was the means of spreading in northern France the gallantry and customs of the south, greatly to the scandal of the old French Walloon knights; she encouraged the Troubadours, who sung her praises, especially Bernard de Ventadour, who continued to address his verses to her after she was Queen of England. Her daughter Mary, wife of Henry Count of Champagne, presided likewise over several Courts of Love, as well as Sybilla of Anjou, Countess of Flanders, also in the twelfth century, and Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne.

The Troubadours had invented, among other species of compositions, one which they called *Tenson*, probably from the Latin *contentio*, which was a sort of dialogue in verse between two poets, who questioned each other on some refined points of love's casuistry, such as: "one lover is jealous and feels alarmed at a straw, another is so confident of his mistress's faith that he does not perceive even just motives of suspicion; it is asked, which of the two feels most love, &c.?" The answers were equally ingenious, and the debate was often referred to the courts of love for a final decision. These decisions were registered and formed a sort of statute book of the "gay science." These *tensons* were also called *joux d'amour*, and the decisions *Lous arrets d'amours*. Raymond de Miraval and Bertrand d'Allamanon had a *tenson* in which the question was, "which of the two nations, Provençal or Lombard, meaning thereby Italian, was the most noble?" Raymond sustained the cause of the Provençals as having produced a greater number of poets or Troubadours. The question was brought before the Court of Pierre-a-feu and Signe, and was of course decided in favour of Provence.

But other and less hypothetical matters were also brought before the courts of love for final judgment. Lovers complaining

of the infidelity of their mistresses, ladies complaining of their lovers' neglect, or wishing to have an authorization to free themselves from their chains, these appealed often in person to the courts of love with as much earnestness and gravity as an injured husband would sue before our courts for a separation or divorce. The court, it appears, summoned the accused, who submitted to its authority, although it was supported only by opinion. One knight brought a charge of venality against a lady for having accepted costly presents from him without making him any returns in kindness. Queen Eleanor's decision was that, a lady ought either not to accept presents, or make a due return for them. The influence of Provencal manners on chivalry is remarkable in as much as instead of combats and other romantic feats, disputes of jealousy and rivalry between knights were often quietly submitted to the decision of a female tribunal.

The morality, if we may use such a misnomer, of the Courts of Love, was a code of licentiousness and adultery, mixed with an affected display of refined sentimentality. It strictly corresponds with the practice of *cicisbeism*, which has so long prevailed in the South of Europe, only still less veiled than it is in modern times. The unblushing effrontery with which ladies expressed their sentiments on the subject is astonishing, even to us who have witnessed the familiarity of the *cavalieri serventi* and *cortejos* of the two southern peninsulas. A few extracts from the questions brought before the Courts of Love, and of the judgment passed thereon, will bear us out fully in our expression of unqualified reprobation of the whole system.

A question was laid before the Countess of Champagne, whether love can exist between husband and wife? The Countess, after prefacing that she and her other ladies were always ready to give advice to those who might otherwise err in the articles of love, decided that "there can be no love in the state of matrimony, because, unlike free lovers who act from their own will and favour, married people are bound to accede to their mutual wishes, and cannot deny one another. There can be no jealousy between them, and, according to rules, without jealousy there can be no love; *ergo*, &c." And this precious decision from a lady of the highest rank, herself married, is dated A. D. 1164. Kalend. Maii.

A young lady, after being in love with a knight, has married another; is she obliged to keep away her first lover, and refuse her favour to him? The answer of Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne, is, that the marriage bond does not exclude by right the former attachment, unless the lady declare that she meant to abjure love for ever.

Again: a knight fell in love with a lady already engaged to another; she however promised him, that if she ever ceased to love his rival, she should take him into favour. After a short time the lady married her first lover. The knight now required the fulfilment of her promise; the lady refused, saying, that although married, she still loved her husband. This was referred as a knotty point to Queen Eleanor, who replied thus: "We do not presume to contradict the sentence of the Countess of Champagne, who has solemnly pronounced that there can be no true love in wedlock. We therefore are of opinion that the lady in question should grant her love to the wooing knight."—*Ferrario*, vol. i. p. 302, and following.

We shall give no more of this wretched jurisprudence, observing only that it bears throughout the stamp of female mind; and we are far from saying this invidiously, for we are persuaded that such was the general corruption of the time, that had the judgments been left to men, they would have been still more gross and immoral. Besides, we are of opinion that men give the tone to the females of a country, and that where the latter are corrupt it is originally the fault of the former. Indeed we find that it was disreputable for a lady to have a great baron for her lover, as the upper classes of nobles were considered too debauched and too careless of their own and their mistresses' reputations to deserve the affections of a female. But we allude to certain provisos devised not unskilfully in favour of the sex: for instance, we find that a knight who had contrived to keep in favour with two ladies unknown to each other, is sentenced by the Countess of Flanders to be deprived of both, and inadmissible to the love of any other woman, on account of his selfishness.

It might be urged, however, by some simple-minded persons, that all this meant platonic love, a sort of spiritual affection, for such indeed was the jargon of the Troubadours; and we have heard this alleged also in favour of the cicisbeism of the South. The answer is short: that it might be so in some instances is very possible; but then the parties were virtuous in spite of those connections and of the danger they incurred through them. That this was far from being generally the case, however, we have abundant testimony in the records of the Troubadours themselves.

"William of St. Didier, a rich and valiant knight, and an accomplished Troubadour, attached himself to the Marquise of Polignac, a beautiful woman, in whose praise he wrote several ballads, addressed to her under a feigned name. The Marquis was a *bon-homme*, fond of music, and who often sang the ballads of St. Didier. The Marchioness, to satisfy some scruples, wanted the consent of her own consort before she granted favour to St. Didier. The latter then composed a ballad, in which he

introduces a husband granting to his wife a similar permission. At the same time St. Didier told his good friend the Marquis, that this was a stratagem which he employed in order to obtain the favours of a lady. Polignac laughed heartily at the scheme, learned the song by heart, repeated it to his wife, and told the latter that the lady for whom the ballad was made ought to refuse nothing to the Troubadour. The Marquise followed his advice to the letter. But this is not all. In order to screen his intimacy, St. Didier affected to have another mistress; and he dissembled so well that the Marquise became jealous, and determined to take revenge accordingly, after the manner then prevailing. In her intimacy with St. Didier she had employed a confidant, a handsome young man, and she now fixed her eyes on him. A pilgrimage was arranged, another convenient fashion of those times. The Marquise set off, accompanied by her new lover, and followed by damsels and knights. They stopped at the castle of St. Didier, who was absent; but his servants received the lady and her suite with all due honours. A splendid banquet was spread, after which, the apartments being prepared for the night, the lady took her young favourite to St. Didier's bed room, where they retired together. This occurrence was reported about, and soon reached the ears of St. Didier, who, after the first moments of anger, consoled himself by choosing another mistress. As for the husband, he was either deaf as well as blind, or did not believe or did not care, as no further mention is made of him."—vol. i. p. 291.

What can we think of the manners and the state of society in a country, when such scenes as this were rehearsed openly, in presence of knights and damsels, in the house of a nobleman, with the connivance of his servants? And this is not a solitary tale of which we might doubt the veracity; it is only one of a thousand. Sometimes, however, these excesses met with their punishment, and their punishment was barbarous, for cruelty and lust are of near kindred. The horrid tale of the Troubadour William de Cabettaing, and his lord Raymond de Segliano, related by Nostradamus as well as by Boccaccio, who made it the subject of Tale IX. in the fourth day of his *Decamerone*; the similar story of Fayel and De Coucy, and the lamentation of Ignaurès, given in an ancient fabliau, prove that in Provence, as elsewhere, the disorders of morals produced the usual consequences, revenge and ferocity.

There was a code of love, by which the decisions of the courts were chiefly guided. A fabulous legend was related of its being found by a knight of King Arthur's court, suspended by a gold chain from a tree. This code contained thirty-one articles; we shall quote some in the Latin of Maistre André: "*Causa conjugii ab amore non est excusatio recta—Qui non celat, amare non potest—Nemo duplici potest amore ligari—Non est sapidum quod amans ab invito sumit amante—Biennalis viduitas pro*

amante defuncto superstiti præscribitur amanti—Amor nihil potest amori denegare—Amans coamantis solatiis satiari non potest—Verus amans alterius nisi suæ coamantis ex affectu non cupit amplexus—Masculus non solet nisi in plena pubertate amare—Novus amor veterem compellit abire—Unam fæminam nihil prohibet a duobus amari, et a duabus mulieribus unum . . .”—vol. i. p. 287. After this we suppose we need not attach much credit to the assertions of Maistre André and other Troubadours, that their love was not sensual, that “those who sought sensual gratification ought to keep away from courts of love, that honour alone was to be sought in love,” and other well-sounding sentences. In all times men have endeavoured to deceive themselves as well as others on these subjects.

Discretion, however, was strongly inculcated to the favoured lover, and one of the articles of the code of love says, “amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus.” Violence was also reprobated. In short, things had been contrived so as to constitute an easy system of refined profligacy. And many of these Troubadours went over to Palestine, singing pious themes and erotic lays on the same harp!

We find in a collection of old Italian tales,* remarkable for their graceful simplicity and *naïveté* of style, a troubadour story, in which the manners of the times are strikingly portrayed.

“At a court held for the investiture of a son of Raymond II. Count of Provence, the knights entertained the company by composing ballads and tensons. One of them loved a handsome lady and was beloved by her, but he never avowed his love to any one. The others wished to make him reveal his secret. On the evening of the tournament, however, being elated by his success in having won the prize, and his companions boasting of their various fortunes in arms and in gallantry, the knight forgot his discretion, and vaunted the beauty of his mistress. When, however, he next returned to her, she forbade him her presence. The knight was sore at heart, and, bidding adieu to the world, retired to a hermitage, unknown to every one. The loss of the courteous and valiant knight was felt by all, when, after some time, another tournament being appointed, he suddenly reappeared and won the day. He was then requested to sing, which he refused to do unless his lady made peace with him. The latter, on being informed of this, said she should not forgive him, unless a hundred barons, a hundred knights, and a hundred ladies, were to cry mercy together, without knowing whom they asked it from. The knight bethought himself a long time, at last he composed a pretty ballad, which ended thus:

Aissi co'l serf que cant a fait lonc cors
Torna murir als crit del chaasadors
Aissi torn eu, dompna, en vostra mersé.

“And as the stag, after a long chase,
comes to his death amidst the shouts of
the huntsmen, thus I return, O Lady, to
crave your mercy.”

* Il Novellino, o le Cento Novelle Antiche, reprinted at Milan, 1825.

Having ascended a platform, he began to sing this strain to the numerous company, consisting of many hundreds of knights and barons and ladies, among whom was his mistress. It pleased so much, that at the termination of it the whole company, as if by a sudden impulse, repeated loudly the last line ending in *mersé*. This answered the condition imposed by the lady, her lover was forgiven, and restored to favour."

Several causes contributed, in the 13th century, to the suppression of the Courts of Love, the dispersion of the Troubadours, and the extinction of the *langue d'Oc*. The terrible wars of religion against the Albigenses,* the sword of De Montfort, and the faggots of the Inquisitors, scared away poetry and love, such as it was, from those desolate countries. Afterwards Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, having removed to Naples, took with him many of the knights, ladies, and troubadours, to grace his new court. Italian became the favourite language of the Anjou dynasty at Naples. Joanna I., during her forced residence in Provence, endeavoured to revive the study of Provençal poetry, but in vain; and when thirty years after she adopted Louis, son of King John, who was the head of the second house of Anjou, that prince, who thus became possessed of Provence, spoke the *langue d'Oïl*, or of northern France, and had no taste for the Provençal, the language of his adopted country. His grandson René, also, Count of Provence in the 15th century, with whom the great northern romancer has lately made us so well acquainted, made some attempts at reviving the poetry of the *langue d'Oc*; but the race of the Troubadours was now extinct, and the only result was collecting and compiling the lives of the old Troubadours, by the Monk of the isles of Hyeres, and after him by Hugues de St. Cesaire.

Another cause remains to be assigned for the extinction of Provençal poetry, and this was the removal of the Papal Court to Avignon. Although the Popes were themselves natives of the South of France, yet, as the sovereigns of Rome, they held in fact an Italian court; the Italian language, thus refined by the great Tuscan writers, became in common use at Avignon, a proof of which is, that Petrarch, in love with a Provençal lady, made use of no other language to sing of his passion and to praise its object. It would appear also, that since the fatal war of the Albigenses, a sort of heretical taint had attached itself, in the opinion of many, to the language of that persecuted race; and in the east of Spain the inquisition, for some such suspicion,

* We ought not to confound the Albigenses with the Waldenses or Vaudois, as has been done purposely by the enemies of the latter. The tenets of the Vaudois are remarkably pure and evangelical, while those of the former appear to have been mixed with superstition, and perhaps tainted with Manicheism.

purposely destroyed many of the MSS. in the Limousin language, an idiom of common origin with the Provençal, or *langue d'Oc*.

At Toulouse, however, new efforts were made to revive the latter. After the ruin and dispersion of the barons and knights, the cities, and especially Toulouse, had prospered by trade, and increased in population and wealth. The *capitouls* or magistrates of that city succeeded in establishing, in 1323, an academy called *Del Gai Saber*, or of the Gay Science, and seven of the best rhymers, called the Seven Troubadours of Toulouse, were at the head of it. They fixed the first of May for holding an annual public festival, to which they gave the name of Floral Games. The first meeting was held in 1324, and it was numerously attended by poets from the various towns of Languedoc. Maistre Arnaud Vidal de Chateauneuf d'Arri obtained the prize, and was graduated Doctor of the Gay Science, in consequence of a song in honour of the Virgin. The existence of a poetess named Clemence Isaure, who has been often mentioned as presiding over the games, is called in question by Ferrario. The Floral Games continue to be held, we believe, to this day. The morality, however, of the gay science, had undergone a wholesome reform. It was forbidden by the statutes of the academy to recite any composition on the subject of unlawful love.

John I. King of Arragon sent a solemn embassy to Charles VI., requesting him to send some Provençal poets, in order to establish a similar academy at Barcelona. Accordingly two "Doctors of Love" were sent from Toulouse, and they effected the object of their mission. It was on this occasion that Henry of Arragon, Marquis of Villena, composed his work *De la Gaya Ciencia*. The academy of Barcelona, however, ended with the life of its founder. At the Marquis's death, in 1434, his library was burnt on suspicion of sorcery, and the Bishop of Segovia, who executed this auto-da-fé, was reported by some to have appropriated to himself the best among the condemned volumes.

A Prince of Love continued to be elected yearly by the nobility of the South of France, until the period of the Revolution. He imposed a fine on those noblemen and ladies who married out of their country. This fine was called *pelote*, and is found registered in several arrêtes of the Parliament of Aix.

Dr. Ferrario begins his second volume with a Dissertation on the various weapons offensive and defensive, and other implements of warfare, used in the ages of chivalry. In examining this long list we perceive the usual ingenuity which men have always displayed in devising means to destroy each other. A valuable monument of the eleventh century is mentioned, namely, the Tapestry of Queen Matilda, consort of William of Normandy,

in which are represented the principal events of the Conquest of England, including the celebrated battle of Hastings.* In it are seen the arms and armour used at that period by Saxons and Normans. This Tapestry had been long in possession of the Church of Bayeux, but was lately transferred to the Museum of Arts at Paris.

The fortresses and castles which had fallen to ruin after the destruction of the Western Empire were rebuilt again in the ninth and tenth centuries, as a measure of safety; in France from the incursions of the Normans, in Italy from those of the Hungarians and Saracens. Bishops, abbots, counts, obtained permission to raise fortresses from the emperor or king. Ferrario describes the different parts of fortifications then known, such as walls, towers, bastions, barbicans, &c. Private noblemen living in cities had towers annexed to their palaces. The old historian Ricordano Malespini says, there were in his time a great many of these towers in the city of Florence, some of them nearly two hundred feet in height. These became the strongholds of faction and the head-quarters of parties in times of civil dissensions.

The engines used in sieges were much like those used by the Romans,—the battering ram, the moveable tower, machines for throwing stones, the *vineæ* and *crates* to cover the soldiers in their approach to the walls, &c.

Our author next speaks of the martial music of those ages, of the shout, or war-cry, at the onset, accompanied by the sound of trumpets. Drums were adopted from the Saracens; the name *tambour* is derived from them. The Romans had small drums which they used in their sacred festivals, but not in war.

The armies had their *centenarii*, or centurions, and the *milenarii*, which correspond to our colonels. The counts, governors of cities and districts, led their respective people to the field, or entrusted them to their *castaldi*. The word *capitanei* was of later introduction; it implied a high rank similar to our general.

The *papiliones*, *paviones*, or *paviliones*, the *tentæ* or *tende*, the *barracche*, were made of linen or cloth, of various dimensions, as our tents and marquees, some divided into several apartments, and sumptuously decorated.

Bande was used to mean a troop of soldiers, and *bandum* meant the ensign or banner. The latter was also called *confalone*, from the Teutonic *guntfanon*. On the standards of the early Franks were painted the images of the wild beasts of their native forests. Under the second dynasty every count or governor of a province had his own banner; those of the infantry were of cloth;

* See pages 314 and 316, *ante*.

velvet or silk being used for those of the cavalry. Until the reign of Philip I. the national standard of France was the mantle of St. Martin, Archbishop of Tours, which was carried by the Counts of Anjou. Some pretend it was the real mantle or vest of the saint, others say it was the shroud or veil which covered his tomb; by others again it is supposed that a standard was made out of some of the above-mentioned materials, and carried at the end of a spear. Louis VI., called le Gros, adopted the *Oriflamme*, which was the sacred banner of the abbey of St. Denis, made of red silk hemmed with green, terminating in three peaks or tails, and fixed on a gilt lance. Hence the name *oriflamme*. This was the standard of the whole nation and army; but when the King commanded in person, there was also a royal flag to point out the spot where the monarch was, which was azure sprinkled with gold fleurs-de-lys, upon which a white cross was afterwards quartered. It would appear that the fleurs-de-lys were originally nothing but spear heads, which afterwards, from some fancied resemblance, were called by the name of the flower.

The *carroccio*, so much spoken of in the wars of Lombardy, seems to have been of Italian invention. It was introduced by Heribert, Archbishop of Milan, who, in 1039, waged a successful war against the Emperor Conrad. It consisted of a large platform moving on wheels and drawn by oxen. In the middle rose a lofty staff, at the end of which floated the national standard. An altar was constructed, on which every morning mass was performed. A strong guard of chosen knights and of trumpeters watched by it night and day. The *carroccio* was the head-quarters of the army; the surgeons, the chaplain, the military chest, were all there, and its loss implied total defeat. It is probable that from its raised platform orders were given and signals made to the various squadrons and divisions of the army. But as military operations became more skilful and rapid, it was found that the *carroccio* was a complete incumbrance from its slow motion. Another Archbishop of Milan, Ottone Visconti, substituted for it a standard with the arms of the city and the image of St. Ambrose, its patron saint, and he entrusted it to one of the bravest of his officers with a high stipend.

Our author describes the various sorts of *carroccio* adopted by the principal Italian cities, Milan, Pavia, Cremona, and Florence. Frederic II., who was wont to distinguish himself by singularity in every thing, instead of the *carroccio*, introduced an elephant carrying a square wooden tower, at the angles of which were fixed several flags, whilst in the middle floated the great standard of the army. This tower was guarded by his faithful Saracens.

The next Dissertation is on "Tournaments." The name itself

bespeaks their French origin, and they were practised in France as early as the eleventh century. Simulated combats, however, had been long before in use among the Roman soldiers, and among the Goths under Theodoric and the Longobards; (*"tyrocinium quod vulgo nunc turnamentum dicitur,"* says Otho of Frisingen;) but these were merely for the purpose of exercising soldiers, as is done in our mock-fights. The splendid pageant of a tournament between knights, its gaudy accessories and trappings, and its chivalrous regulations, originated in France. From thence they were introduced into Italy, and Charles of Anjou, the conqueror of Naples, who was passionately fond of those diversions, carried the custom to his new dominions. Indeed it appears that one of the reasons for which his brother, the pious Louis IX., favoured his Italian expedition, was to remove the scandal of those exhibitions from his own states, tournaments having been repeatedly condemned by the church.

The *joute* or *joust*, *Italice giostra*, was different from the tournament. In the former, knights fought with their lances, and their object was to unhorse their antagonists, whilst the tournaments were intended for a display of skill and address in evolutions and with various weapons, and greater courtesy was observed in the regulations. By the latter it was forbidden to wound the horse, or to use the point of the sword, or to strike a knight after he had raised his vizor, or unlaced his helmet. The ladies encouraged their knights in these exercises; they bestowed prizes, and the conqueror's feats were the theme of romance and song. The stands overlooking the ground or course were varied in the shapes of towers, terraces, galleries, and pensile gardens, magnificently decorated with tapestry, pavilions, banners, &c. The dresses of the ladies and princes were splendid in the extreme. The old veterans of chivalry, unable any longer to fight themselves, attended as spectators to encourage the young aspirants for fame. Judges named *marechaux-de-camp*, attended by councillors and assistants, took their places in several parts of the arena, to preserve order and enforce the regulations. Every combatant proclaimed the name of the lady whose *servant d'amour* he was.* He was wont to look up to the stands and strengthen his courage by the sight of the bright eyes that were "raining their influence" on him from above. Sometimes knights entered the ground in chains, led by their ladies, to show their submission.

* *Servants d'amour, regardés doucement*

Aux echaffauts, anges de Paradis,

Lors jouerez fort et puis joyeusement

Vous serez honorés, aimés, et chéris.—*From an old French ballad*

sung on the occasion of the tournament at St. Denis under Charles VI. May, 1389.

They also carried favours, consisting of scarfs, veils, sleeves, bracelets, clasps, in short, some part of female habiliment attached to their helmets, shields, or armour. If, during the combat, any of these appendages were dropped or lost, the fair donor would at times send her knight new ones, especially if pleased with his exertions.

When romances of chivalry succeeded in popularity to the legends of saints, the arts, rude as they were, followed the same bias, and sculptors and painters borrowed their subjects from the scenes of the tournament, or the imagination of the minstrels. Ferrario has given plates of some curious bas-reliefs on a small ivory chest, of which Mr. l'Evesque de la Ravalierre published a description in the xviiith vol. of the "*Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles Lettres*." They represent knights and ladies, tournaments and fights, sieges, as well as allegorical visions, illustrative of the manners, dress, and customs of chivalry. There is also another curious plate from a painting in an old French MS. in the Vatican library, representing two squadrons of knights fighting desperately against one another, while three females stand looking by in a very unseemly attitude, which reminds us of Uliana's episode in Ariosto, c. xxvii. Two more plates represent splendid tournaments, one for Queen Isabella of Bavaria's entrance in Paris in 1389, and another given in England in 1450. The fatal tournament of 1559, through which Henry II. of France lost his life, having been wounded in the head by Montgomery, was the ultimate cause of the abolition of those exhibitions. Tournaments have been occasionally given since, but more in the character of dramatic representations of what they formerly were, than as a revival of the real combats of the old doughty knights. One of the latest pageants of this kind was given at Parma, 1769, on the marriage of the Infant Don Ferdinand with the Archduchess Maria Amelia.

The *carousel* was an allegorical pageant, in which knights assumed the names and characters of old heroes, and imitated their fights and adventures. It afforded an opportunity for a display of horsemanship and fencing, and became a less dangerous substitute for the old tournaments. Dr. Ferrario has given two plates representing the principal characters that appeared in these festivals, as exhibited in the paintings which Maximilian I. caused to be executed on the walls of a hall in the castle of Laxenbourg.

From the times of the Crusades, if not previously, the nobles going to battle or to a tournament, used to wear particular devices on their shield, or on some part of their armour, in order to be distinguished in the crowd of the combat by their friends and

followers. Cased as they were in armour, their faces covered by the vizor, some expedient of the sort must have early suggested itself to them. Geoffroi Martel, Count of Anjou, in challenging William the Bastard, Duke of Normandy, described to him the marks of his arms, and the colour of his horse. Crosses of various colours and on different fields, and scarfs also of various colours, were adopted in the Holy Wars by the great barons and the troops of particular countries. But it was not until the reign of Louis IX. that armorial bearings became hereditary in families. Clement IV., who died in 1262, and was buried at Viterbo, was the first Pope whose tomb was decorated with armorial ensigns. The first inventors derived their emblems from some incidental circumstance of their own or their ancestors' lives, the battlements of a rampart scaled, a tower, a pillar, a wild beast slaughtered in the chase; and inventive genius, assisted by vanity, was not slow in multiplying figures and emblems for the shields of noblemen. Colours were considered emblematical, allegorical objects were also introduced in tournaments, such as a dart, a sun covered with clouds, Mount Etna snow-capped and vomiting flame, a rose-bud with appropriate mottos. Cyphers or letters entwined or joined together were imitated from the arabesque paintings.

Ferrario treats at length of the heralds, their various ranks and offices, the important duties of the heralds at arms, and the ceremonies used at the investiture of the king-at-arms of France, whose heraldic name was Montjoie, whence the war-cry of "Montjoie St. Denis!" This part of the work is curious for its erudition on a subject which, although too generally neglected in our times, is nevertheless of considerable importance in every country where an hereditary aristocracy is established.

We proceed now to the second part of our author's work, the "history of romance and romantic poems." Every age has its fictions: to the demi-gods of the heroic ages succeeded the fables of mythology, and these, losing their interest with the fall of polytheism, were replaced by legends of saints, pious visions, or unearthly horrors. After centuries of dark ignorance and superstition, the successful wars of Charlemagne and the re-establishment of a western empire, the partial encounters with the turbaned Saracens, in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and perhaps some admixture of eastern lore with the few classic reminiscences of the west, produced a new inspiration in the minds of ballad-singers and story-tellers. The reign of Charlemagne was the first great era of modern Europe; that monarch and his paladins were looked upon as the champions of Christendom, endowed with supernatural gifts and powers. Nor was

there wanting a mythology; fairies, magicians, and sorcerers, took the place of the nymphs, oracles, and sybils of paganism. This mythology of magic was not discountenanced by the Church. The belief in witchcraft and in the power of the devil over mankind has continued till within our own days, and still continues to prevail among the vulgar in Catholic countries. It is probable that the brilliant creation of fairy tales had an eastern origin, and giants were only a revival of the confused traditions of the Titans of antiquity and of the giants of Holy Writ. The northern superstitions of the Scalds may also have contributed to increase the store of the marvellous, for we feel convinced that the sources of romance are multifarious, and that it were useless to seek for them exclusively in any one quarter.

In ages when there were no books, when noblemen and princes themselves could not read, history or tradition was monopolized by the story-tellers. They inherited, generation after generation, the wondrous tales of their predecessors, which they retailed to the public with such additions of their own as their acquired information or their fancy supplied them with. Anachronisms became of course very common, and errors of geography, of locality, of manners equally so. The heathen Danes and Saxons were confounded with the Saracens, both being enemies of Charlemagne and of the Christians. The Mussulmans themselves, and especially the Turks, were called Pagans, which error has been carelessly copied, even by the learned poets of the 16th century, Ariosto and Tasso. Idols are spoken of in Turpin's chronicle as common among the Moors of Spain! Spurious genealogies were invented, in which Charlemagne and his paladins were made to descend from Constantine, and that emperor from Hector; and the Roman, Byzantine, and Frankish dynasties became strangely blended with those of the Danish, Saxon, and Norman adventurers, who, in the ninth and tenth centuries, overran so vast a portion of Europe.

In the times of Charlemagne himself, storytellers, *joculatores*, or *jongleurs*, were already frequenters of courts. The old chronicle of the Novalesa Monastery says, *Contigit jocularorem ex Longobardorum gente ad Carolum venire, et cantiunculam a se compositam de eadem re rotundo in conspectu suorum cantare*. And Sigebert, the old historian of Charlemagne, tells us that that monarch *barbara et antiquissima carmina quibus veterum Regum bella et actus canebantur, scripsit, et memorie mandavit*. What were the subjects of these early songs, we have now no means of ascertaining. Huet supports the priority of the romances of the Britons, of King Arthur and the Round Table to those concerning Charlemagne and the deeds of the Franks, whilst other critics contend

with Count Caylus that the former have been moulded on the latter. The controversy has remained, and will continue undecided for want of documents. The earliest romantic legends which have come down to us are not older than the 12th century. Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle in England, Turpin's Chronicle in France, and the *Reali di Francia* in Italy, appear the first in order of date. To these may be added the Latin romance of Gualtieri, which is found in the chronicle of the Novalesa, and relates to the wars of Attila; next come Guido della Colonna's War of Troy, and Mathew Paris's account of the Round Table. The *Roman de la Rose* was written under St. Louis of France. At that time the institution of chivalry was established over all Europe, and the writers of romance introduced its customs and regulations in their narrative of events happened or supposed to have happened long before the existence of chivalry as a distinct order. The older romances are above all religious, the submission and conversion of the Pagans is their theme; the later however we descend in date, the more chivalrous and profane they become. A striking fact, which proves the antiquity of the older legends we have mentioned, and their derivation from still older traditions, is, that they do not allude to the Crusades, which seem to have contributed but little to the stock of chivalrous literature, until Tasso took up the holy theme. With regard to the derivation of the word *romance*, we agree with Ginguené and Ferrario, that the dialects which were formed in western Europe from the admixture of Latin with the northern idioms, and especially that of southern France, took the name of *Langue Romane*,* and the compositions of the troubadours and the ballads of the jongleurs were thence called *romant*, or *romance*, which name was afterwards adopted by the *trouveres*, or poets, of northern France, who wrote in the *langue d'oïl*, and who sung more particularly of chivalrous wars and heroic traditions. Ferrario divides all the romances of chivalry into three classes, derived from three different sources: 1st. those having for their subject the fabulous origin of the Britons and the genealogy of King Arthur and his knights, as related in the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, which contains the annals of Britain from King Brutus, son of Ascanius and grandson to Eneas, down to the reign of Cadwallader, who is stated to have died in 689. This chronicle is said to have been translated by Geoffrey from an old MS. in the Armorican, or

* The *langue romane* or *romance* superseded the use of the Latin in the south of France and in western Italy and Switzerland. In the latter country the *romantsch* of the Grisons is still probably a dialect of it, as well as the Provençal, Catalan, Piedmontese and Savoyard patois. Under the Goths and Longobard conquerors, the Italian subject population were called *Romani*.

Celtic language, which Archdeacon Walter of Oxford discovered in Brittany about the year 1100.* The second class of romances includes those which relate to the origin of the Franks and to Charlemagne's dynasty, as given in the *Reali di Francia* and in *Turpin's Chronicle*. The third class are those on the fabulous origin of the Gaules or Welch, among which stands foremost *Amadis de Gaul*, the author and date of which are uncertain. Ferrario has made out genealogical tables of these three races, (probably borrowed from the Abbé Dutens's similar tables,) which prove very useful in guiding the scholar through the maze of chivalrous and romantic lore. His principal object being, however, to illustrate the Italian poems of chivalry, he had devoted his investigations chiefly to the old romances concerning Charlemagne and his dynasty, as being those which the Italian poets have mostly preferred as their theme.

One of the earliest of these romances, and referring to events anterior to Charlemagne, is the curious work already mentioned, styled *I Reali di Francia*. The MS. copies of it now existing are in Italian prose, and the work appears to have been originally compiled by an Italian, although probably from older French or Latin materials. It must have been written in the latter end of the 12th or beginning of the 13th century. The first part was afterwards turned into verse by Cristoforo Altissimo of Florence. The First Book of the *Reali* contains a narrative of the enterprises of Constantine, of his son Constance Fiovio, the great battles that took place in Italy and France, the origin of the House of Maganza (afterwards so famous for its enmity to Charlemagne), tournaments and wars in various parts of the world. Book II. relates the history of Fiore and Fiorello King of France, the revenge of Duke Salardo, the prowess of Fioravante, his love for Dusolina, journeys and misfortunes, his victory over the Sultan of Babylon, the pilgrimage of Dusolina, and the histories of Octavian the Lion, and of Gisbert Fiervisage. Book III. continues the history of Octavian and Gisbert, and relates the love of Duke Bovetto for Felician, and his feats in England and elsewhere. Book IV. relates the curious story of Buovo d'Antona; the wickedness of Brandonia his mother, consort of Duke Guido; the love of Buovo for Drusiana at the court of the King of Armenia; the wonderful story of Pulicane, half man and half dog; the wars of Buovo, his conquests in England and Hungary, and his death by treachery in the city of Antona, near London, by the hands of a Maganzese. In Book V. we read the terrible revenge of the children of Buovo

* A summary of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Chronicle* is given by Mr. Ellis in his elegant *Specimens of Early English Romances*, vol. 1, s. 3.

† *Reali*, from the low Latin *Regales*, the sons of kings, or princes of the blood.

for their father's death, and the wars of Babylon; and latterly, the chapter of the genealogy of the Princes of the House of France. Book VI. contains the loves of Pepin and of Bertha of the large foot; the famous story of Charlemagne, his flight to Spain under an assumed name, his battles against the Saracens, his love for Galeana, his friendship for Duke Ogier, son of King Geoffrey; and the narrative ends with the birth and adventures of Roland in the town of Sutri near Rome, where his mother Bertha had taken refuge from the wrath of her imperial brother for marrying against his consent, Milo, a baron of his court, descended from Buovo d' Antona. Charlemagne visiting Italy, forgives Bertha, and takes young Roland under his protection.

The story of Buovo d' Antona, as related in the 4th Book of the *Realì*, became the subject of the oldest romantic poem in the Italian language. The name of the author is unknown, but he appears to have been a Florentine, and to have lived in the 14th century. The work consists of xxii cantos in ottava rima.*

After the murder of Guido, Duke of Antona, and the subsequent marriage of his wife Brandonia with the murderer, Dudo of Maganza, young Buovo, then a child, was carried off by some loyal knights, commanded by Terigi, a faithful friend of his father. Being pursued by Dudo, the boy dropped from his horse unperceived in the hurry of the flight, and was carried back to his mother. After some years, Dudo dreamt one night that young Buovo was plunging a dagger into his heart, and he requested the mother to let the child be destroyed. Brandonia attempted to poison him, but Buovo escaped through the assistance of a waiting woman, and proceeding to the sea side was kidnapped by some traders, carried to Armenia, and sold to the king of that country. He found favour at court, and made love to Drusiana the king's daughter. They at last escaped together, and after many hardships Buovo fell in with his faithful Terigi, returned to Antona, defeated Dudo, took the town, killed all the adherents of Maganza, and put his mother to a cruel death, causing her to be walled up to the neck, and fed upon bread and water, in which state she lived one year. The poet takes care to let us know that after her death he had her sumptuously buried.

Dudo took refuge at King Pepin's court, and that monarch marched with an army of French and Maganzese against Buovo. The latter defeated them, killed Dudo, took Pepin, hanged all the Maganzese prisoners, and then restored the French king to liberty. There is a droll incident in the account of the battle,

* There is no doubt that this is an Italian version of the English metrical romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, of which an analysis, with extracts, is given by Mr. Ellis, in the 2d vol. of his *Specimens*, p. 93—165.

which a more skilful poet, like Pulci or Berni, might have turned to greater advantage. King Pepin is so struck with Buovo's valour, that he supposes him to be an evil spirit, and sends his chaplain to exorcise him. The priest finds his way to Buovo, and begins crossing and sprinkling him with holy water while he reads the ritual. Buovo, at first astonished at this mumery, loses his patience, and spurs his horse Rondello on the exorcist, who runs away, but Buovo overtakes him, seizes him by the hood, and striking him repeatedly with the pommel of his sword, sends him back to Pepin. "He is not a ghost," cries the luckless chaplain, "I can assure you, but a man of flesh and bones, as my own bruised body can bear witness."

After this, Buovo went against the Saracens, whom he defeated in Sardinia, killing part of them, and christening the remainder. He then proceeded to Hungary, where he baptised the whole nation, afterwards returned to Antona, where he lost his beloved Drusiana, and was soon after killed in church by an assassin, whom Raymond of Maganza had sent to revenge the destruction of so many of his race. This Raymond was the progenitor of the traitor Gano or Ganellan, of whom we shall presently have occasion to speak.

The other legend, which treats more particularly of the romantic history of Charlemagne and his Paladins, is the Latin chronicle commonly called Turpin's. The compiler of this chronicle appears to have been living in the latter part of the 11th century, probably before the time of the first crusade*, as although no allusion is made to those eastern expeditions, yet the expediency of a war against the Saracens is strongly inculcated, especially in chapter xxxi. It must be observed, however, that the old MSS. of this chronicle vary somewhat in their text, and one of them, No. 5943. B. in the king's library at Paris, does not mention the death of Roland, which forms the most striking catastrophe in the others. Whichever may be the original, it is evident that the writer did little more than embody the popular traditions and the tales of the storytellers which circulated in France and Italy since the times of the appearance of the Saracens in those countries, and the wars which Charles Martel, Pepin and Charlemagne had to sustain against them. We fully agree with Sismondi, in believing that the confused traditions of the wars of Charles Martel against the Saracens who had advanced into the very heart of France served to swell the supposed fasti of Charlemagne in the lays of the subsequent minstrels and jong-

* The most received opinion is that it was written by Godefroi, Prior of St. André at Vienne in Dauphiny.

leurs. In fact, Charlemagne's feats against the Mussulmans were trifling compared to those of his grandfather, who saved France, and perhaps all Christendom, from bending before the crescent, at a period of perhaps more critical emergency than the famed one of the siege of Vienna. The landings of the Saracens in the south of France, their irruptions across the Pyrenees with numerous and formidable hosts, their intelligence with some of the great feudal lords, and especially with Eudes, Duke of Aquitain, their occupation of nearly one-half of France, all these really occurred under Charles Martel,* and coincide with the romantic accounts of the wondrous campaigns and miraculous preservation of Paris from the Infidels, which the storytellers of subsequent ages, amidst the general darkness of historical records, and the coincidence of the two sovereigns' names, ascribed to their favorite Charlemagne, an error in which they have been followed by the romantic poets, and especially by Bojardo and Ariosto, a leading action of whose epopœa is the double attack of the Saracens on France, by an army landed from Africa on the southern coast, and by a simultaneous invasion from the side of Spain.

The singular and apparently apocryphal character of Roland admits of a similar explanation. A probable supposition, supported by a passage in Turpin's chronicle, is, that there were two Rolands, one of whom lived under Charles Martel, and whose exploits against the Saracens, unregistered for want of historians, were preserved by tradition, and became afterwards attributed in the popular songs to the second Roland, who fought under Charlemagne and died at Roncesvalles. The passage in Turpin appears incidental, and put in merely as an historical remark. After speaking of *his* Roland, the son of Milo and nephew to Charlemagne, the writer adds, *alius tamen Rolandus fuit, de quo nobis nunc silendum est.* Chron. cap. xii.

Charlemagne's only expedition against the Saracens took place in 778, and on Spanish ground. That monarch had been applied to by Ibn el Arabi, Governor of Zaragoza for the Abasside Caliphs, for assistance against the Ommeyad Emir of Cordova. Already under Pepin several chiefs of the Abasside faction had placed themselves under the protection of the French against Abderahman, the first Ommeyad monarch in Spain. Charlemagne, following his father's policy, listened favourably to Ibn el Arabi,

* Between the years 714-20 the Saracens took Narbonne and the province of Septimania; from 720 to 25 they advanced into Provence and Burgundy as far as Autun; in 732 they were defeated with great slaughter by Charles Martel between Tours and Poitiers; and again in 737-8 they were attacked by that sovereign in Provence and Languedoc; they were at last entirely expelled by his successor Pepin. For another view of the origin of these romances, see also Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. 2, p. 287, et seq.

who had proceeded in person to the French camp at Paderborn, in Germany; and having with his characteristic rapidity, in which he resembled a celebrated conqueror of our own days, assembled an army at the other extremity of his empire, he soon after crossed the Pyrenees, took Pamplona, Zaragoza, Barcelona, and Gerona, defeated the Saracens, and made a considerable booty. Here, however, his success terminated. Having displaced the governors of several towns, and substituted his own French counts in their place, he disgusted both Saracens and Christians, who joined against the foreign invader. On his return to France his rear-guard was surprised in the defiles of Roncesvalles, and attacked in front and rear by a multitude of mountaineers from both sides of the Pyrenees; and the French, fighting bravely under local and numerical disadvantages, incumbered with their heavy armour, and, refusing quarter, were all slain. Egarth, Prefect of the King's table, Anselm, Count of the palace, Olivier, Guy of Burgundy, Theodoric of Ardennes, and Ruitlandus, Prefect of the borders of Brittany, were among the dead. Charlemagne, says Eginhard, could not take a prompt vengeance of this treachery, "because after the action the assailants dispersed again in the mountains for the fear of being recognized." The French monarch was obliged to attend to Germany, where the Saxons were again in arms against him. The treason of Lupo Duke of Gascony being, however, discovered, Charles had him tried and executed; and in order to keep more in respect the restless people of Aquitaine, he gave them as king his younger son Louis, afterwards Louis I. of France.

This is all which history relates of Charlemagne's expedition against the Moors of Spain. The defeat of Roncesvalles became celebrated in Spanish romance, being magnified by the fancy of the story-tellers and even chroniclers of that nation, who committed, however, a gross anachronism in making their doubtful hero, Bernard del Carpio, fight a second battle against the French at Roncesvalles about 812, more than thirty years after the first, and suffocate Roland or Roldan in his arms.* The latter years of the reign of Charlemagne are too well known in history to admit of any doubts on the subject.

A chapel was afterwards built on the ground where the battle took place, and the event was commemorated by an inscription, containing the names of the French Paladins, as well as by a fresco painting representing the fight. This chapel was still in

* Coleccion de los mas celebres Romances Antiguos Españoles. Londres, 1825, vol. i.; also Rodericus Toletanus *Rer. Hispanic. lib. iv. cap. 10*; and Mariana *de rebus Hispani. lib. vii. cap. 11*.

existence at the beginning of last century, and it was the custom to bury none but Frenchmen in that spot.—*Ferrario*, vol. i. p. 95.

Turpin's Chronicle is chiefly taken up with Charlemagne's war, or rather his apocryphal wars, in Spain. It is full of marvellous stories, prodigies, visions, giants, and the other superstructure of a credulous and ignorant age. We shall not dwell upon it, as the work is now well known, and abstracts of it have been given in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 78, in an article on the early poetry of Spain, and also by Foscolo, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 42.

Luigi Pulci was well acquainted not only with Turpin's Chronicle, but with the other old romances concerning the fabulous history of Charlemagne. He mentions, among others, Arnaud the Provençal poet, and Alcuin, an old chronicler and Charlemagne's friend, as being pointed out to him by his friend Poliziano;* from which it has been erroneously inferred that the latter had had a considerable share in the composition of the *Morgante*. But Pulci moulded these rude materials into a living form, he breathed into it his own poetic fire, and he enriched his work with all the information he had collected on many subjects. His predecessors had given out their fables and extravagant wonders in a sober, serious strain; Pulci was the first to seize the ludicrous point of the narrative, deriving from it a fresh inspiration for himself, and a source of amusement for his audience. However his cannot be styled a burlesque poem, but a mixture of the serious and of the facetious—a romance bearing with it its own jest and travestie. The poet is often in real earnest, carried on by the lofty or pathetic scenes he describes; but he relaxes now and then to have a laugh with his reader and at his heroes, as well as at the popular story tellers, a very numerous and consequential tribe in his time, who with their pompous diction, their hyperboles and anachronisms, enhanced the absurdity of their stories. One character, however, that of Orlando or Roland, Pulci has preserved in its original simplicity and supernatural grandeur, as handed down by old tradition. He also brought on the scene another worthy competitor for fame, Rinaldo of Montalbano, the Reynault of the French, whose character and adventures he took chiefly from "*Les quatre fils d'Aymon*" of Adenès, an old romance of the 13th century.

Pulci wrote his poem at the suggestion of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, the mother of the great Lorenzo, at whose house he recited his cantos to the distinguished society there assembled.

* Canto xxv. Pulci speaks of his friend, styling him,

"Onore e gloria di Montepulciano,

"Che mi dette d'Arnaldo e d'Alcuino

"Notizia, e lume del mio Carlomano." St. 169.

Those were like the evening hours of Florentine prosperity; the horizon was already big with portentous changes in the social and political world, which were to fall upon Italy with double force. The minds of the people had been for a long time unhinged, especially with regard to religious belief. The enormous abuses in the discipline of the church, the repeated double elections of Popes, the disputes between the ecclesiastics and secular powers, and the metaphysical discussions in the schools, all these, combined with the discovery of printing, had produced a remarkable degree of scepticism among the men of letters, which seemed to border upon infidelity. Religious outward forms were, however, strictly observed, and the contrast between these and the spirit at work within, is especially observable in Pulci's poem. He begins his cantos according to the received manner of romance writers and romance singers, by invocations to the Virgin and the Saints, requesting their assistance in his song, as if for a pious purpose, while shortly after he reviles the hypocrisy of the priests, or involves himself in the mazes of Aristotelian philosophy, or, what is worse, indulges in loose and indecent descriptions. In like manner does Boccaccio conclude his *Decamerone*, by thanking Heaven for having brought him, by its help, to the end of his long labour. Nor do we think that those great writers were hypocrites, scoffers, or confirmed infidels. There was a great latitude of thinking and speaking in Italy until the 16th century, when the See of Rome, roused by the success of the reformation, and, assisted by the stern and gloomy fanaticism of Spain, enforced its terrors, and made hypocrites of latitudinarians or sceptics. But at the time that Pulci wrote, the Italian states, especially Venice, Florence, and Naples, were often at variance with the Court of Rome, and boldly resisted its pretensions.

The conspiracy of the Pazzi was recent in the minds of the people, when a priest had acted the part of a sacrilegious assassin, and an archbishop had been hung as an accomplice at the windows of the Town Hall. The pope had fulminated an anathema against Florence, and the Florentine clergy resisted the papal bull. Those were not, therefore, times of servile bigotry among the Italians. Lorenzo and his familiar friends, for whom Pulci wrote, were used to bold philosophical investigations, which did not prevent them from indulging in convivial mirth and pleasantries of humour. With such men, and at such an epoch, Pulci could not have assumed a serious sober earnestness in retailing the prodigious tales of Charlemagne and his Paladins, of knights charmed in their persons, and destroying whole armies of Saracens with their enchanted swords. Lorenzo himself was too well acquainted with Mussulmans; he even held correspondence with

the Sultan of the Ottomans. His great eulogist Machiavelli* informs us that the only blemishes in his character were that he was remarkably addicted to women, and that "he took pleasure in the company of facetious and satirical wits, and indulged occasionally in puerile pastimes more than became so great a man." Pulci was a poet exactly after the heart of such a patron; he also had a turn for pleasantry and satire, and was prone to seize the ridiculous in the scenes he witnessed. Being once in the Cathedral of Foligno when a popular preacher was holding forth to a numerous assembly, one of the scaffoldings gave way and a number of people fell with it, many of whom were severely hurt. Pulci related the accident to Lorenzo in a letter, in which he compares the discomfiture he witnessed to some of the feats related in the stories of the old Paladins, when arms and legs were flying about with such wondrous celerity. But we return to his poem.

The Paladin Roland, having left Charlemagne's court in disgust at seeing the wicked Gano of Maganza engross the favour of the weak and credulous monarch, was journeying in quest of adventures, when he stopped at a convent on the Spanish border, the inmates of which were sorely annoyed by certain unpleasant neighbours, in the shape of three giants, who amused themselves in flinging enormous stones against the building. Roland kills two of them, but the third, by name Morgante, becomes converted, and devotes himself henceforth to the service of the Paladin, to whom his enormous strength renders him a very acceptable squire. Meantime Raynault, Roland's cousin, Dudo, and Olivier, also leave Charles's court, and set off on the track of the absent Paladin. After several adventures, they meet in Spain, at the court of the Saracen King Caradoro, whom they assist against his enemies. There Olivier marries Meridiana the king's daughter, after first converting her. Charlemagne is meantime assailed by a Saracen king of Denmark, and his best champions being absent, finds himself reduced to extremities, but is at last relieved by the return of Roland and Raynault. Soon after, the feuds between Gano's faction and the loyal Paladins break out afresh, and Roland quits the court a second time, and wanders to the East, when after many combats he is taken prisoner by the Saracens and doomed to death. His squire Torgi escapes and returns to France for assistance. Raynault had meantime fought and defeated the Maganza faction, and as Charlemagne still blindly supported the latter, the people of Paris revolted and proclaimed Raynault for their king. Being apprized of his cousin's peril, however, Raynault restores the sceptre to Charles, and speeds to save Roland.

* Istor. Fiorenze, lib. viii.

Then follow fresh adventures of the two cousins, who wage war against the King of Babylon and besiege him in his capital.

Morgante, who had lingered behind, meets on his way another giant called Margutte, who is the Thersites of the poem. This personage is an open scoffer at religion, boasts of his numerous sins, in short is a most bold-faced villain, but withal a humorous one. He accompanies Morgante on his way to join his master, but dies at last in an immoderate fit of laughter at some unseemly sight. This character of Margutte, which is purely episodical and put in by the poet in a fit of reckless mirth, has been adduced by Voltaire and others, as a testimony of Pulci's infidelity. But the poet from the beginning holds out Margutte as a profligate despicable scoundrel, which was not the best means of recommending his opinions. The charge is vexatious and unfounded.

Morgante joins his master at the siege of Babylon, where he singly pulls down a whole tower; at last the city is taken, and Roland proclaimed sultan. Here news come to the Paladin that the incorrigible Gano, having plotted afresh, had fallen into his own snare, and was now a prisoner in the hands of certain giants. Roland and the other Paladins immediately resolve on returning to France to deliver him. Here is a burst of the old spirit of chivalry. Gano was a villain and a traitor, but he was still a Paladin, valiant in arms, and brother-in-law to Charlemagne, and he could only be judged and punished by his peers. On his way back, Roland loses his faithful Morgante through an absurd incident. Landing on shore, a sea-crab bites the giant's heel, and the wound being neglected, mortifies, and death ensues. It seems as if Pulci would throw ridicule on all giant stories by the ludicrous and ignoble end of the two representatives of the race.

Gano, on being liberated from durance, begins to plot afresh against the Christians. He invites King Marsilius to invade France; but, after more combats, the latter, who bears the character of a prudent sovereign, sues for peace. Gano then persuades the credulous Charles to appoint him negotiator, and proceeds to Spain in that character. It is here that the poet takes up the thread of Turpin's chronicle, and at the same time becomes more truly epic and lofty.

Gano arrived at Marsilius's court: the old king, after a banquet given to the ambassador in his gardens, took him alone to a fountain shaded by trees. The sun was setting on the horizon; and Marsilius, having sat on the bank of the stream, began to converse with Gano about former times, when Charles, then a young man, came to take refuge at the court of Spain, under the

assumed name of Mainetto, and how he was treated by him, Marsilius, as a son; but afterwards, no sooner had he ascended the throne of France, than he waged war against him, and three times attempted to deprive him of the crown, which he would fain place on the brow of his nephew Roland. While the king was thus speaking, Gano looked stedfastly on the limpid stream, watching the reflexion of Marsilius's countenance, and his every feature and gesture, in order to discover his real meaning. The latter observing this, at last opened his whole mind, by saying, that if Gano could deliver him of Roland, Charles would be no longer an object of fear to him. Gano, in return, made known to the king his feeling of inveterate hatred against Roland, Olivier, and the other paladins, and proposed to ensnare them with the flower of the French army in the narrow defiles of Roncesvalles, there to be cut to pieces by the Saracens. At that moment, when the traitorous compact was closed, wonders appeared in the heavens, a furious storm broke out, the thunder rolled and burst near the spot, the water of the spring boiled up and became tinged with blood, and a carob tree which overhung it, a tree of the same species as the one on which Judas hung himself, sweated blood, and then dried up suddenly, its leaves and bark falling to the ground.—*Morgante*, c. xxv.

Gano wrote to King Charles that Marsilius was disposed to acknowledge himself his vassal and pay tribute, and advised him to send his nephew with a chosen band to do honour to the Spanish monarch. This being agreed to, Marsilius prepared every thing for the ambuscade. One hundred thousand Saracens were posted so as to fall on the French, whose force only amounted to twenty thousand, and yet a secondary army of two hundred thousand more infidels were waiting to attack them next, and to make matters more certain, a reserve of three hundred thousand more was to be in readiness to terminate the contest! Of all extravagant exaggerations this beats the most absurd; and coming from a foreign poet, it was meant perhaps as a compliment to French valour, but so preposterous, that even the vainest of that gallant people could hardly think of accepting it.

Pulci had previously to this sent his other hero, Raynault, once more to the East, and he confesses he was rather at a loss in what manner to bring him back in order to have him present at the defeat of Roncesvalles. And in that good-humoured style, which he so aptly introduced in romantic poetry, he gossips with his audience, and tells them that an angel, not however an angel from heaven, but Angelo Poliziano, pointed out to him the Provençal poet Arnaud, from whom he borrowed the solution of his dilemma. Whether this be a fact or not, we are unable to judge, as

Arnaud's poem has not come down to us; but Pulci, with a droll air of seriousness, assures us that he must be very particular about the truth of his story, and not introduce a single invention in the web of his tale, his auditory being very critically inclined.—c. xxv.

The magician Malagigi, who is faithful to the Christians, and suspects Gano and Marsilius of foul play, is anxious to have Raynault and his brother Ricciardetto in France at such an emergency. He conjures Astaroth, the cleverest of his familiars, to repair to the East, and, entering the body of Raynault's horse Bayard, carry the Paladin over to Roncesvalles in three days. But first the magician interrogates Astaroth as to the issue of the approaching meeting. The demon gives him an oracular answer, and after several metaphysical and theological disquisitions, concludes by saying that One alone knows all that is to happen, and that could Lucifer have foreseen the future, "he would not have fallen to the centre."

Astaroth proceeds to Egypt, exposes his commission to Raynault, and, having taken possession of Bayard and his companion Farfarello, and of Ricciardetto's horse, in two days they arrive at the straights of Gibraltar. Raynault questions his guide about the meaning of Hercules' pillars. The answer is remarkable:—

"An old and halloved error has long prevailed that no one can venture beyond this point. Know that this is an idle supposition, for it is possible to navigate much beyond, as the sea is level every where although our world has a round form; for every thing above is attracted to the centre, and the earth itself stands suspended among the stars. And ships shall go far beyond these marks, which Hercules placed here in times of ignorance, and they shall proceed to another hemisphere, where are towns, nations, and empires. These are the antipodes, and they adore the Sun, and Jupiter, and Mars; they have trees and cattle, as you have, and often wage war against one another."*

When Pulci wrote this, Colombo had not yet planned his memorable expedition, and his friend Toscanelli, the Florentine astronomer, who encouraged him in it, believing, as he did, that the earth was round, only contemplated the discovery of a western passage to the Indies, while Pulci here expresses his belief of the existence of another vast and populous though unknown hemisphere. Raynault asks whether the antipodes are of Adam's race, and capable

* Disse Astarotte : Un error lungo e fioco
 Per molti secol non ben conosciuto,
 Fa che si dice d'Ercol le colonne
 E che più la molti periti sonne.
 Sappi che questa opinione è vana
 Perché piu oltre navigar si puote
 Però che l'acqua in ogni parte è piana
 Benche la terra abbia forma di ruote.—c. xxv. st. 228 and foll.

of obtaining salvation. This was a delicate question in Pulci's time; accordingly Astaroth evades it, but observes that every mortal can be saved by the cross, and that the day will come when, after long wanderings, all will acknowledge the truth and find acceptance.

In all this we perceive the struggles of an acute mind, soaring above the hoary prejudices of his age, and yet obliged through prudence to disguise part of his thoughts. We can trace in it no leaven of infidelity, or of sneering impiety; Pulci's belief in the exclusive dogmas of the church of Rome had evidently been unhinged, and perhaps no very definite tenets substituted; but we see no evidence of his not believing in revelation. The whole of this canto is extremely curious as illustrating the state of mind and the progress of knowledge among men of letters in Italy at the time.

At last the two brothers arrived in Roncesvalles. The battle had begun; Roland and his warriors, perceiving the snare they had fallen into, had strung their resolution for a last struggle and a glorious death. They had repelled the attack of the first Saracen army, when they met Raynault and his brother, and warm, though short, were their greetings in that awful moment. The second host of Marsilio now rushed on upon them, and the description the poet gives of the events of the combat are often deeply affecting, although occasionally intermixed with ludicrous incidents. Young Baudouin, Gano's son by Roland's mother, a brave and ingenuous youth, unconscious of his father's treachery, is fighting in the ranks of the Christians. He wears a splendid vest, which Gano had given him, and he has observed with surprise and vexation, that wherever he charges the Saracens they run away from him, so that he can neither strike nor receive a blow. Meeting with Roland, he mentions the fact with all the simplicity of his age. Roland was informed that the garment he wore had been a present from King Marsilius, and not being quite satisfied of the youth's innocence, he answers him sternly that if he cast off that badge, he will perceive the extent of his father's treason. "If this be true," cries the indignant young man, "and I survive this day, I shall myself take revenge on my parent. But I, Roland, indeed I am no traitor, for I followed thee with perfect good will, and thou dost wrong me sore;" upon which he tears his garment, and rides into the thickest of the fight. Roland soon after meets again Baudouin weltering in his blood, and covered with death wounds. "Thou wilt not say I was a traitor now," is the affecting reproach of the gallant youth, uttered just before he expired:—

"Era gia presso all' ultime sie ore,
E da due lancie avea passato il petto,

E disse: ' or non son più traditore,'

E cadde in terra morto così detto."—c. xxvii. st. 47.

This passage, as Ferrario observes, is equal in its affecting simplicity to any in Tasso's *Jerusalem*.

Roland's dying scene is beautifully described. Most of the French knights and soldiers had fallen, and the few survivors were scattered about, in pursuit of the Saracens. Roland, faint and exhausted, and burning with thirst, dragged himself and his horse Vegliantino to a spring in the forest; the poor animal had scarcely reached it when it dropped down on the ground. The adieus of Roland to his faithful steed, his dumb companion in many a distant war, now stretched powerless, his limbs stiffened in death, are warm with simple and natural feeling. Roland next endeavoured to break his sword Durlindana, by striking it repeatedly against a rock, but in vain; the rock was split, and Durlindana came out uninjured. Raynault and his brother, and Archbishop Turpin, returning from the slaughter, now met Roland at the spring. Turpin listened to the Paladin's confession, which Roland made aloud, and gave him absolution, worded in the true spirit of a militant churchman of those ages. Roland's last prayer, though long, is more edifying, and displays much sincerity of piety. The angel Gabriel appeared to him, and promised him eternal happiness with his wife Alda in regions of pure bliss. The three Paladins stood around him, as Roland rose slowly, and fixing in the ground the point of his formidable sword, leant his breast on the hilt, and crossing his arms devoutly, and bending his head, expired. A strain of celestial melody was heard, singing the psalm "In exitu Israel de Egypto;" and the presence of angels was made manifest by the trembling of their wings. Dante, in his *Purgatory*, introduces angels singing the same psalm, as they take the souls across the stream.

Charlemagne, who was at St. Jean Pied de Port, being informed of the defeat of his army, caused Gano to be cast into prison, and marched forward himself to take revenge on Marsilius. He took Zaragoza, and having made the king prisoner, had him hung up to the same carob tree under which the plot had been hatched. Turpin volunteered to act as executioner. Gano was next brought out on a cart, amidst the execrations of the populace, and being tied to four horses' tails was broken alive. The bodies of the dead Paladins were embalmed and buried in their respective towns.

The whole of the latter part of Pulci's poem is truly epic, for, in spite of the bias of the poet's temperament, and that of his audience, Pulci felt the influence of a loftier inspiration, he became

as he went on interested in his subject, and felt and wrote in good earnest. Yet he occasionally breaks out in the midst of his most serious narrative into a fit of facetious and comic humour, as if by way of relaxation. While the fearful conflict is raging in the glens of Roncesvalles, the poet suddenly turns aside from his heroes and combatants, to look around him as it were in quest of some ludicrous incident to relieve the awfulness of the scene. He is not long without finding something to his taste. There was on the skirts of the valley a deserted chapel, where the two demons, Astaroth and Farfarello, after having landed Raynault and his brother on the field of battle, took their stand, in order to secure the souls of the Saracens who fell in the action. From the prodigious numbers of the latter our readers may easily conceive that the two vedettes were not left long in idleness. The poet describes in his fanciful droll manner the perambulations of this satanic piquet, and the exultation of their master at the abundant harvest they bring in.

The heavens are on the other side rejoicing at the souls of the Christians who are ascending, and here Pulci describes, in a somewhat indecorous manner, the bustling of Peter, with the frequent application of his keys. Such passages are highly reprehensible; but, as we have said, Pulci was evidently turned against the gross and profane imagery with which the church, especially in his time, allowed sacred subjects to be travestied, and he scrupled not to laugh at them; but at other times he alludes in a very different tone to the fundamental truths of our faith.

We have filled a considerable space with our analysis of the *Morgante*, because we think the poem deserves to be better known. We consider Pulci as the last of the old romancers, retaining in his style much of the simplicity, naïveté, and antique cast of the hallowed traditions of the dark ages, enlivened by the brilliancy of true poetic genius, and enriched with the information of more enlightened times. In reading the *Morgante* attentively, there seems less absurdity in the preference which some Florentines gave it to Ariosto's splendid and elaborate poem. But the two works are the representatives of two different centuries, and there is between them something of the same difference which we might fancy to have existed between Pulci's jovial friend Lorenzo, and the princes of the house of Este, the courtly patrons of Ariosto.

Ferrario observes that the historians and biographers of Italian literature have been mistaken in asserting that the *Morgante* was only published after Pulci's death, which happened in 1487. There was an edition of his poem issued from the press of the convent of Ripoli, at Florence, in 1481; and some of the nuns,

and one Marietta among them, assisted in it as composers, and were paid accordingly.* It is a curious fact that Pulci's poem, afterwards considered as profane and impious, and as such condemned by the church, and quoted by Voltaire and Ginguené, should have been first printed through the agency of the nuns of Ripoli.

The title of *Morgante Maggiore* is a capricious one; we have seen that the giant is only a subordinate personage, and that he dies towards the middle of the poem. The adjunct *Maggiore* is still less plausible, as there is no other person of the same name to sanction the use of the comparative. Roland is the principal hero, but Gano may be considered as the chief actor; like Satan in Milton, he is the author of all mischief, and his punishment is properly the end of the epic. "The Treasons of Gano" would have been an appropriate title to the poem.

Nearly contemporary with Pulci, another poet, Francesco Bello, named the Cieco of Ferrara from his blindness, undertook to write a chivalrous poem, which he called the *Mambriano*, and recited at the court of the Gonzagas, Lords of Mantua. It is written in ottava rima, and consists of forty-five cantos. This poem is very little known, and copies of it are become extremely scarce. Yet it is not deficient in invention, but its language and style are much inferior to Pulci's. Rinaldo, or Raynault of Montauban, (who must not be confounded with the Rinaldo of Este, of the first crusade, extolled by Tasso in his *Jerusalem*,) is the principal hero of Bello's poem. Mambriano is a young Saracen king, handsome and brave, but somewhat hairbrained, who, intent on avenging the death of his uncle Mambrino, killed by Rinaldo, moved with a large army to attack and destroy Montalbano, was defeated by the French Paladin, pursued into Asia, and at last obliged to acknowledge himself Charlemagne's tributary. His personal adventures are strangely intermixed with those of Rinaldo; they both fall into the snares of a fairy queen named Carandina, the counterpart of the Alcinas and Armidas of Bojardo and Tasso. Like these, the lady was a pluralist in her attachments, and her amours furnish the blind poet with subjects for the most licentious descriptions, for which he at last apologises to his readers. But licentious language and images are common stains upon Italian romantic poetry, though much of the blame is to be attributed to the loose manners of the times. It would seem as if the revival of classic studies had brought with it a fresh influx of classic obscenity. The magician Malagigi,

* *Notizie Istoriche sopra la stamperia di Ripoli*, del Padre Vincenzio Fineschi, Domenicano, Firenze, 1781. Brunet, in his *Manuel du Libraire*, mentions a Venice edition of the *Morgante*, also of 1481. fol.

Rinaldo's brother, breaks Carandina's spells, and delivers the unwilling Paladin from his ignoble bondage. Rinaldo's sister, Bradamante, who acts so important a character in Bojardo and Ariosto's poems, makes her appearance in the Mambriano, fighting by the side of her brother. Orlando acts but a secondary part in the poem, at times attending Rinaldo in his expeditions, and at others seeking adventures on his own account. The principal story, the war of Mambriano, terminates with the twenty-fifth canto, the remainder containing desultory accounts of wars, tournaments, journies, and other episodes, without any apparent connection. Mambriano is laid aside after having married Carandina and retired to his dominions, until the end of the poem, when Bello, having again brought all the Christian knights round Charlemagne, mentions once more his nominal hero, as if just recollecting that he had forgotten him.

There is a burlesque character introduced in the person of Pinamonte, an old emperor of Trebisonde, who falls in love with Bradamante, offers to break a lance for her fair hand, dances with her, and affords vast merriment to all the company.

One peculiarity of Bello is his having first broken through the custom of religious invocations at the heads of his cantos, in place of which he substituted poetical exords, or reflections on the events of his narrative, or on circumstances connected with them. This method was afterwards carried to perfection by Ariosto.

Bello was still writing his poem at the time of Charles VIII's descent into Italy in 1495, as he hints himself in the thirty-first canto in speaking of the "Gallic storm." The poet died, however, before he could finish his work, which was published afterwards in 1509 by his relative Eliseo Conosciuti of Ferrara, under the title "*Libro d'arme e d'amore, cognominato Mambriano*," and dedicated to Cardinal d'Este; whom Conosciuti entreats that "with his wonted kindness he will not deny to the memory of Francesco the same favour which he had so liberally and so often bestowed on him when living."

Matteo Maria Bojardo, Count of Scandiano, and a cotemporary of Pulci and Bello, was the third romantic poet of the XVth century. He took likewise for his subject the fabulous wars of Charlemagne against the Saracens, but he placed the scene principally in France and under the walls of Paris, which he represents as threatened by two hosts of infidels, one from Spain, and the other landed in the South of France from Africa. Although he thus strikes out a new action for himself, yet he also whimsically quoted Turpin as his authority. Bojardo chose Roland for his hero, but made an essential innovation in his cha-

racter. The Roland of the old romances and of Pulci was a Knight, not only the bravest of the brave, generous and loyal above suspicion, but was also spotless and disinterested, a Christian warrior who sought to convert the Saracens he conquered, a man above human frailties, chaste and passionless, who although the sworn protector of ladies and damsels, never thought of coveting their love. His was a loftier mission; he stood the champion of Christendom, devoted his life to his noble calling, and died a blessed martyr to it. Such is the Roland of tradition and legend,—a being almost supernatural; but Bojardo, by making him fall in love and forget his loyalty, reduced the moral grandeur of his character to the span of a mere mortal. The poet, however, did not altogether obliterate in his *Orlando Innamorato* all the moral features of his prototype, and in order to afford an excuse for his weakness, he evoked a beauty almost supernatural, and all but angelic, and Angelica he called her. She was the daughter of Galaphron, King of Cathai, a country in farther Asia, somewhere about China. She was however no Chinese beauty, but a model of bodily perfection, though a consummate coquette. She came, accompanied by her brother Argalia, for the purpose of sowing discord among the Christians, and making captives of their bravest champions. She is introduced at once in the first Canto, at a great banquet given by Charlemagne to his Paladins, as well as to the Saracen knights who had come in peace and amity from Spain to his Court. She challenges each and all of them to fight with Argalia; her hand shall be the reward of the conqueror, captivity the doom of the vanquished. Her presence immediately turns the heads of the assembled knights; mad passion and jealousy are busy at work. It is thus that Bojardo added to the former subject of devotion and chivalry, *that of love, as a leading action* of his poem, in which he was afterwards imitated by Ariosto.

"Bojardo," thus Ferrario writes, "a feudal lord himself, and living at a Court where gallantry was in fashion, and where he was on a footing approaching to equality with the highest, was, by the taste of his audience as well as by the subject he had chosen, led to use the language of love and flattery. But although at Ferrara as well as in the other little Italian Courts, the morals were loose, yet habits of valour, and the spirit of the old chivalry were not altogether extinct in Bojardo's time. The laws, the duties, the customs of chivalry constituted a science in which Bojardo from his birth and rank was early initiated."—vol. ii, p. 205.

We ought also to bear in mind, that at this time in the Italian principalities, the courts were everything, and there was no popular estate, as at Florence and the other republics; this circumstance serves to explain the lordly style of Bojardo, so different from the easy plainness and simplicity of Pulci.

To the names of the Knights and Paladins of old romance, Bojardo added many others, which have been justly admired as remarkably harmonious, and happily adapted to the characters of his personages. It has been asserted that he borrowed them from the names of his own vassals at Scandiano. There is however a passage quoted by Ferrario, and little noticed before, in the preface to the edition of Ariosto, printed by Giunta in 1544, and dedicated by Pietro Ulivi to Benedetto Varchi the historian, which would, if correct, settle the question. "Although we have stated," says the writer, "that Bojardo was the father of the invention of the two Orlandos, this is only meant with regard to Italian poetry, as he, and Ariosto after him, have taken not only the principal incidents, the loves, the courtoisies, the tournaments, the incantations, but even *the very names* of most of their personages from a Spanish work styled: *Espejo de Cavallérias, en el qual se trata de los hechos del Conde Don Roldan y de Don Reynaldos de Montalban.*" In it are found the names of Bojardo's heroes and damsels. In the second book is the history of the love of Don Roldan for Angelica. Quadrio mentions this work, and thinks it was the same afterwards translated into French under the title of "*l'Histoire de Roland, de Regnault et de Roger,*" and published at Lyons in the 16th century.

It appears that Bojardo, whose mind was stored with classical learning, intended to give to Italy a poem in the style of the ancient epopæa, as far as the multifarious nature of his subject would allow. His design is grand, and well conducted,—the action, making allowance for romantic hyperbole, proceeds gradually and naturally, the characters are varied and well delineated,—the different threads of his argument cross each other without confusion, but they lead to no visible result, Bojardo left them interrupted, and Ariosto took up only a part, and wove it into his own designs. In the 20th Canto of Bojardo's Book II.* Charlemagne, annoyed at the interminable disputes among his Paladins about Angelica, orders her to be placed under the charge of Namor, (Naymes,) Duke of Bavaria, to await his final decision. It is here that Ariosto takes up the story; Angelica escapes, meets with young Medoro, and marries him, which coming unexpectedly to the knowledge of Orlando, occasions that terrible madness which has furnished the title of Ariosto's poem.

Bojardo however continues the other action of his poem, the war against the Saracens, during which Angelica is forgotten, and Orlando and Rinaldo join in earnest against the common

* Canto L. of Berni's *risacimento*. Berni has dropped the division by Books, and numbered all the Cantos in succession to LXIX, which last is the ninth of Bojardo's Book III.

enemy. Ruggiero, a young Knight of Christian parents, brought up at the Court of the Saracen king Agramante, now appears on the scene, and it was probably the poet's intention to bring about his marriage with Bradamante, and make them the ancestral stock of the House of Este, an idea which was afterwards executed by Ariosto. Bojardo went no further than the ninth Canto of his Third Book, when he was stopped by death, which overtook him, on the 20th of December 1494, at Reggio, of which place he was governor. He seems to have been employed on his poem to the last, for in the concluding stanza he alludes to the invasion of Charles VIII., which destroyed the happiness of Italy, and which took place that very year:—

Mentre che io canto (oimè Dio Redentore)
Veggio l'Italia tutta a fiamma e a fuoco
Per questi Galli, che con gran furore
Vengon per disertar non so che loco ;
Però vi lascio in questo vano amore
Di Fiordispina, ardente a poco a poco :
Un'altra fiata se mi fia concesso
Racconterovvi il tutto per espresso.

The *Orlando Innamorato* was published after his death, at Scandiano, by Count Camillo his son, in 1495. But the sixty Cantos of the first two books had been already published at Venice in 1486. After going through several editions, with the continuation of a certain Agostini, and again reformed by Domenichi, the poem was at last *rifatto*, or recast, as it is called, by Berni, the humorous poet. Berni added a *diceria*, or introduction of three or five stanzas to each Canto, generally amusing, and often facetious, and he altered the diction into purer Tuscan, intermixing with the text some pleasantries and descriptions not always decorous. The most remarkable among the latter is where he speaks of himself and of his idle habits, canto 67. All this, however, has cast an air of burlesque on the whole, which is ill-suited to the spirit of the original, or the intention of Bojardo. It is a sort of masquerade dress thrown over a serious poem, disfiguring its rough but noble features. The caustic Aretino used to call it: *Bojardo vituperato dal Berni*. However, since 1544, no editions have been printed of Bojardo's original text, copies of which are now extremely rare.*

* We are glad to find that we may soon expect a correct edition of old Bojardo from the hands of Mr. Panizzi, Professor of Italian in the University of London. Since this article has been in the printer's hands, we have seen the learned professor's *Introductory Essay on Romantic Poetry*, which merits great commendation. It is, as he justly observes, on a different plan from that of Ferrario, although they agree on the essential points of which they both happen to treat.

With regard to style, a certain negligence, or inelegance, is observable in Bojardo's verse, which may be partly attributed to his not having had time to revise his work, and partly to his being a feudal lord, and, therefore less anxious or more certain to please, and less patient of correction. But there are not wanting passages of easy and elegant fluency, and many of great poetical powers. Bojardo preserves a greater decency and decorum than his brother romancers; twice, however, Ferrario observes, he has departed from his adherence to propriety: at all events he is not more objectionable on this score than Ariosto himself, many of whose descriptions are extremely loose, and yet Ariosto is in the hands of the youth of both sexes. To gain the applause of the corrupt in a corrupt age is an excuse that even Tasso has not disdained to plead, but to which it might be retorted, that the great fathers of Italian poetry, Dante and Petrarch, did not court favour by such means.

Of Ariosto, the Prince of romantic epopœa, we shall here say nothing more. His splendid poem is so generally known, either in the original or by translation, that we need not follow Ferrario in his elaborate analysis of it.

We must also pass over the numerous other Italian romantic poems noticed by Ferrario. The curious in this branch of literature will find ample food in the latter part of the second and the whole of the third volumes, where he gives critical sketches of most of those compositions, some of them unknown even to Italians. We will however bestow a few lines on the *Guerino il Meschino*, the production of a celebrated lady of the fifteenth century.

Tullia of Aragon was the natural daughter of Cardinal Tagliavia, Archbishop of Palermo, and of an illustrious Spanish family. Her mother was a lady of Florence, of whom we know no more than that her name was Julia. The Cardinal caused young Tullia to be educated at Rome with the greatest care, and early insured her independence. Nature had also done much for her, by giving her beauty, grace and genius. The style of magnificence in which she was enabled to live, after she came of age, afforded her the means of collecting the most distinguished persons of Rome around her. She held a sort of court which poets and men of letters, prelates and cardinals attended. Of these parties Ludovico Domenichi has left us accounts, and Muzio also speaks of her and of her father in his eclogues. The child of love, she was herself but too subject to its sway, and her gallantries attracted animadversion even in that corrupt epoch, and in a licentious city. At Bologna, Ferrara, and Venice, where she afterwards took up her residence in succession, her style of living

continued the same, until at last warned by the approach of old age, she was wise enough to retire gradually from the gay throng, and went to reside at Florence, under the auspices of Eleanor of Toledo, consort of Cosmo I. There she still lived in affluence, but in comparative retirement, attained an advanced age, and died in peace.

It was after her reformation that Tullia wrote her poem in 36 Cantos, and her hero is an exemplary model of valour and piety. She had observed with regret, she says in her preface, that all the books of entertainment in the hands of the ladies were teeming with voluptuous and even obscene descriptions. And yet she did not herself altogether escape a similar charge in several episodes of her poem, although the tenor and spirit of the whole are decidedly moral. She says she borrowed the story from an old Spanish novel, which however was but a translation of an Italian romance in prose, by M. Andrea of Florence, printed at Padua, in 1473, under the title of "*Ystoria breve del Re Karlo Imperatore e di quello magnifico Cavalieri nominato Guerino e prenominato Meschino.*" The name of the hero was familiar all over Italy, and has remained so to this day. The story must have been early known if, as Ferrario asserts, it furnished Dante with the idea of his *Divina Commedia*. The scene shifts from the East to Albania and Italy, thence to St. Jago de Compostella, and afterwards to St. Patrick's well in Ireland, whence Guerino descends into purgatory, and further into the region of eternal torments. All this part reads like a paraphrase of Dante's vision.

We must now conclude our remarks on the Italian works of romance and chivalry.

The number of these productions, many of them of great length, is really astonishing. The fourth volume of the work before us is entirely filled with a complete catalogue of them, specifying the various editions of each. This elaborate bibliography is the fruit of the industrious labour of Count Gaetano Melzi of Milan, who has bestowed it as a useful appendage to Ferrario's work. His first intention was to have extended his researches to the works of chivalry of other nations, but finding it impossible to collect the necessary materials, he has confined himself to those of Italy.

ART. IV.—*Commission formée avec l'approbation du Roi, sous la présidence du Ministre du Commerce et des Manufactures, pour l'examen de certaines questions de législation commerciale.*

1. *Enquête sur les Fers.* Paris, 1829. 4to.
2. *Enquête sur les Sucres.* Paris, 1829. 4to.
3. *Rapport de la Commission libre, nommée par les manufacturiers et négocians de Paris, sur l'Enquête relative à l'état actuel de l'industrie du Coton en France.* Paris, 1829. 8vo.

WE are so familiar in England with Inquiries by Committees of Parliament, and Commissions under the Great Seal, that it would be superfluous to descant on their utility. Sometimes, it is true, they give birth to foolish and mischievous laws, sometimes, like the recent Finance Committee, their offspring is still-born; and their labours are still more frequently laid on the shelf and forgotten, like those of the Finance Committee of 1817. Nevertheless they do good upon the whole; not more perhaps directly and positively, than indirectly, by giving opportunities for ascertaining and publishing the views of well-informed men; by forcibly attracting public attention to different subjects of legislation, and by diffusing correct opinions.

The leading excellence of such inquiries is that they are made before the public; that the evidence is drawn indifferently from the bosom of the public, and not from witnesses schooled by the government; that the witnesses who present themselves are most frequently the best informed part of the public; that their constitution is founded, as it were, on a general appeal to the public, who are called on to come forward and say what they know. The nation thus steps into the houses of parliament in a new shape, and with a new voice; it legislates by a new delegation, of which the members and peers are only the mouth pieces—the scribes of reports and bills. The laws springing out of such inquiries have an unspeakable advantage over those concocted by the unaided legislature; they are publicly canvassed and sanctioned before passing; they are ordained, as it were, out of doors before they are ordained within.

But if the investigation is carried on with closed doors, if the evidence is hushed up, or consists of government documents—of *pièces justificatives*, it is in vain to expect any thing on the part of the public but distrust. The inquirers may be men of known honour and wisdom, but their labours will be regarded with suspicion, and their statements with incredulity or neglect. We are familiar with these consequences in the fate invariably experienced by green bags and select committees. There is a virtue in open procedure and evidence, not only for the discovery of

facts, but for giving confidence out of doors that the best and fairest means are used for the disclosure of truth, which enters into the habitual convictions of the English people. This principle redeems half the vices of the law, and ensures its observance and execution. Why is the jurisdiction of Chancery so unpopular? Because the secrecy that hangs over its proceedings, and the absence of public evidence, give it a mysterious, an inquisitorial air, uncongenial with English feelings. It is the same with all sorts of inquisitions. A hundred and seventy years ago Colbert could call the weavers and looking-glass makers into his cabinet, examine them as he pleased, and draw up what ordinances he pleased, for there was then no public opinion, or rather no public, in France. Men were formerly governed by absolute will, which neither heeded nor vouchsafed to explain the motives of its conduct; but rulers are now-a-days compelled to fortify their acts by evidence, or the show of evidence. The public will have its why and its wherefore, and governments must give their reasons.

All things, to use a foreign phrase, have their "conditions of existence." Public inquiries have theirs. If the subject be not so circumscribed as to be intelligible in all its bearings, inquiry is futile; if the investigation be not conducted in the spirit of independence, its conclusions will be rejected. When we see a topic of inquiry conceived in these words—"On the state of Ireland," it is difficult to repress a smile. Turning to the appendices of the huge array of reports of the Irish Committee, we find at least fifty subjects, each of which required the undivided attention of a single committee. What was the consequence? Half a dozen statutes were passed touching the most insignificant and merely accessory subjects; the two or three score of vital questions were whistled down the wind unheeded, and the inquiry huddled to its grave by its own unnatural parents. There is a measure in all things; in nothing is it more necessary than in exactions on the attention of committee men. Few minds can bear a heavy strain, or patiently submit to the trial. There is another condition of still greater importance. The inquirers must be free, not only from the fear, but the glances, of authority. They must not act in the spirit of a party or a *côté*. Of this we have had a recent example. Neither the integrity nor the forbearance of Lord Eldon could save the first Chancery Commission from its fate, when it was known that he was to preside over an inquiry, in which *his* habits of feeling at least were so deeply interested. The report is already consigned to oblivion, although worthy of a very different destiny.

But what has this dissertation to do with French iron and sugar?—None but ourselves and the Americans seem acquainted

with the proper way of working a constitution. Other nations understand the moving power, but they know nothing of the bye-wheels and movements. Propose to a French deputy to investigate any subject of legislation; he will content himself with the Minister's *exposé*; perhaps he will refer to a few pamphlets; or, what is still more probable, content himself with the inspirations of party feeling. He could not comprehend the sort of judicial examination of a committee. He would repel it as an usurpation of the functions of the government, of which the French have a fearful respect, surprising to English opinions.

The origin of this sentiment is to be found in the unhappy concentration of the minutest functions in the hands of the executive, which presses with the weight of an incubus upon the habits of the nation. Governments would rule men, if they could, in their smallest transactions; for there is a magnanimity in "letting alone," which few men, and still fewer governments possess. We are fain, however, to acknowledge with M. Azaïs, that this evil is "fearfully compensated." Much of the undeniable unpopularity of the present government of France is attributable to the secrecy of its proceedings. The best intentions of Louis XVIII., and no French monarch ever entertained better, were uniformly discredited for this reason. It cannot be denied that the Chamber of Deputies is something external, *postiche*, and out of the sphere of the government. It has not settled into its place, and will not do so, until its relations with the executive become more open and minute. It must be endowed with the power of inquiry. Inquiry, and inquiry alone will satisfy the people, and give solidity and security to the government.

The great instrument of inquiry is oral and open examination; and the French seem neither to understand its virtues nor its use. Papers and documents are not only of dubious credibility, but are generally insufficient and inconclusive. The latitude of evidence allowed by the French law naturally leads, amidst other consequences, to the exhibition of greater masses of falsehood than would be practicable under our narrow system; but instead of correcting the evil by cross-examination, which ought to be stricter than in the English courts, the French judges allow it to pass by unheeded. Hence the universal disfavour with which oral evidence is regarded in France. The French must learn the virtues of open testimony, and how to employ it, before they can make the inquiries in question useful.

But above all, the inquiring body must be independent of sinister influence. The great majority of the commission whose labours, as far as they went, we have to examine, consisted of men opposed to alteration in the existing system of commerce,—and

was composed, or in other words (and we do not mean them offensively) *packed* by a minister of the same opinions. The same minister (M. de St. Cricq) was also chairman of the commission. Their labours have inspired no confidence, and have nearly sunk into that oblivion which deservedly awaits all partial proceedings.

Let us, upon the whole, however, congratulate our neighbours upon this *Enquête*. The thing itself was altogether a new proceeding. It has introduced the principle of public inquisition, and has set an example of the virtue of *vivâ-voce* testimony, and of giving publicity to its results. The government has for once condescended to be instructed by the public.

So long as the French forgot the dearness of calicoes and coffee, whilst their ears were busy with the din of drums and bulletins, they managed to shuffle on with their privations. Two classes at least flourished gloriously;—the smugglers and the manufacturers; especially the latter. There was a time when sugar was six francs a pound, and Bonaparte called it a time of prosperity. The peace produced a total revolution. It was found that Sweden could sell its iron, England its cotton and sugar, and Flanders its linen, not only far better in quality, but far cheaper than the hot-bed fruits of domestic protection. And strange to say, the public conceived a singular hankering after these foreign goods, now that the drums and cannons were silent. But the ‘manufacturing interest’ was in universal commotion, raising loud outcries for protection against this ‘*invasion*,’ as M. de St. Cricq has quaintly called it. Prohibition was bestowed so liberally and minutely that the camel’s passage through the needle’s eye was made easier than the passage of the needle itself across the frontier. Stockings, scissors, sugar, are all manufactured by ‘native industry;’ and now at the end of fifteen years we hear nothing but complaints still louder than the first, not only from the public but all classes of producers. Dijon and Bordeaux cannot sell their wines, nor Lyons its silks, nor Louviers its cloth, nor Tarare its muslins, nor Charenton its iron. Spinners, farmers, merchants, smelters, all complain, all petition the Chambers, all “invade” the public with pamphlets, and each set, as it ought to be, lays the blame on the others. The grower of Gascon claret attributes it all to the iron, the farmer of Artois to the tobacco, the silk-weaver to the cotton, the merchant to the sugar. Distress, embarrassment and loss exist of the severest kind. If an account could be obtained of the amount of capital wasted, and of the individual ruin occasioned by the present system, we have no doubt that the cyphers necessary for its exposition would shake the faith of the most ‘mercantile’ of its abettors. It is

said that it would come to more than a milliard of the *Indemnity* and the expense of the Spanish expedition together (£56,000,000), and we see no reason to question the assertion. The cause of this frightful mischief is plain; and it is equally plain that the prohibitionists are merely blinded by the confusion of their ideas and their habit of confounding words. They call the protected trades, *Monopolies*; and the economists themselves in their loose moments commit the same error. A monopoly gives high profits, because the monopolist can limit the supply. He can burn—as they did in Holland—his excess of spices. But protection is monopoly only against the foreign competitor; the native competitor is not shut out of the market. Competition, therefore, produces its usual effect in reducing the rate of profits to the general level; but as the cost of production remains the same, or nearly so (for improvements are too slow to keep up with the fall of price,) the protected manufacturer is exposed to all the evils of dearly made commodities being sold in bad markets. The cure for the evil would, in a certain degree, be found in exportation; but export he cannot, for the foreigner is absurd enough to answer, “You prohibit my goods, and I will *retaliate* (precious phrase!) by prohibiting yours—I suffer by not selling to you, and I choose to suffer a little more by not buying of you, just for retaliation’s sake.” We shall not go into the philosophy of the mercantile system; that theory has been discussed to satiety. Suffice it to say, that the complaints of the public and the cross fire of the producers waxed so loud, that the government was obliged to examine the subject. It was for this purpose that M. de St. Cricq’s commission issued, as we should say, under the Great Seal. The range of its inquiry was limited to the iron and sugar trades; of which we proceed to give some account.

I. And first of the trade in *iron*.

The iron-masters were the first who presented themselves at the peace to claim a prohibition of the foreign commodity. They complained of a glut, and begged for protection until it had ceased; the temporary prohibition, as might have been foreseen, became permanent, and was ultimately erected into a system.

“The duty is of two kinds: that of 15 francs per 100 kilograms, which was imposed in 1814, and which is levied on irons fabricated with charcoal and the hammer, that is to say on the irons of the North, of Spain, and even of the Netherlands; that of 25 francs, imposed so late as 1822, and which is chargeable on the irons fabricated with coal and the flattener, in other words, almost exclusively on the English irons.”
—*Enquête*.

“The French iron was then (1814) at 60 francs the 100 kilograms; but as the most accurate calculation had made it clear that the iron-

masters could not afford to sell the common iron below 50 francs to get any reasonable profit, it was understood that below that rate foreign irons should not be admitted to compete with ours in our own markets. The Northern irons, the only ones whose rivalry was at that time taken into consideration, were generally sold in our staples at the medium price of 36 francs; a tax of 15 francs and (with the tenth) of 16 francs 50 cents was added to it, in order that they might not be offered to purchasers below 52 or 53. But a few years afterwards, a rapid depreciation, not hitherto warranted by better conditions in the means of production, having taken place in the prices at home, signalled the invasion of the English irons, which being fabricated with coal and the flattener were sold in our maritime entrepôts at the moderate price of 21 francs; and it was only in 1822, after two years of recrimination and complaint, that it was deemed necessary, both to protect our own charcoal fabrication, and to encourage the incipient efforts in France to fabricate with coal, to apply to this particular species of fabrication a tax of 25 francs, and (with the tenth) of 27 francs 50 cents, which making the cost 48 or 49 francs, a rate very near that which had been fixed for the irons of the North, was considered less as a real aggravation than a rational—and in some degree a necessary—application of the principle of the tariff of 1814.”—*Enquête*.

These exaggerated duties completely answered the purpose for which they were imposed. In 1817, the importation of bar iron alone was 13,789,014 kils., and continued to be a prosperous trade to the importers, in spite of the duty of 15 francs, till 1822. In 1821, the importation was 13,843,724 kils. The increase of the duty on English iron was immediately succeeded by the following decrease of imports.

In 1822, the importation was only 5,069,171 kils.

1823	—	—	4,521,656
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1828	—	—	5,794,942
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The comparative prices of foreign and native iron now are as follows: English ordinary iron (*fer marchand*) could be sold in a French port, duty free, at 207 francs the ton; whilst French iron would cost 461 fr. 80 cent.; Swedish fine iron, 365 fr., French, 575; English cast, 151.80, French, 220. If the greater value of money in France, and the sort of geometric ratio in which a rise in prices is felt, be added to this estimate, it will be found that in practice the difference in price is *two-thirds*.

Nothing is more offensive to English eyes than the sight of a door lock or a plough in France, as all our countrymen well know. Bishop Heber says that the latter is not worse amongst the Hindoos. The reason is plain. Until the use of iron becomes more general, the skill of the workman will remain stationary. In 1826, England alone consumed nearly 700,000 tons of cast iron, whilst France, with its large population, consumed only 1,750,000 quintals, or 175,000 tons, of every species. We

leave the reader to judge how far high price produces inferiority in fabrication.

The quality of iron depends chiefly on the nature of the ores, which are of great excellence in most of the French mines, so that the prohibition does not produce one of its usual elements—bad quality in the metal. The French iron smelted with charcoal is better than the English smelted exclusively with coal. The French coal-made iron and cast iron are as good as the English. Nevertheless it distinctly appears that the French engineers use a large proportion of English cast in running their machinery.

It was the intention of the French legislature to favour the iron-masters, into whose hands the difference of price created by the tax was intended to fall. These expectations were, at first, fulfilled; the iron-masters made large profits, and doubled their production in the first six or seven years after the peace. What was the consequence? Their thrift drew fresh capital into the trade. "Of the 93,850,000 francs of capital sunk," says the *Enquête*, "about 47 belong to the newly erected establishments." The manufacture was pushed forward with accelerated speed. Certain materials are necessary in the manufacture, the most indispensable of which is fuel; which in France consists chiefly of wood, or rather charcoal. If the *prix de revient*, or cost price of iron at the furnace be examined by the data furnished to the commission, it will be found that the ore, inclusive of the mining expenses, forms only eleven per cent., whilst the fuel, exclusive of the cutting and carriage, amounts to thirty-nine per cent. The increased production of iron gives rise to a greater consumption of wood; and what follows? The price of iron rises; but the price of wood rises simultaneously, with this peculiar disadvantage, that, being of slow growth, the market cannot be supplied with an increasing quantity of wood, as with an ordinary commodity, so that a general rise in price continues of necessity for a long period. An iron-master at Chatillon-sur-Seine, in the Côte d'Or, says, that in 1822, he bought the *banne* of charcoal (50 cubic feet) at 16 francs, for which he now pays 23.50 francs. In the Meuse the *banne* cost 18.3 in 1822; it now costs 37.50. At Fourchambault, in the Nivernais, the iron-master bought the *corde* of wood (64 cubic feet,) in 1821, at 3.50, which now costs from five to six francs. In the Meuse it was three francs the *corde* of 49 cubic feet, in 1820; now it is nine. In 1818, the produce of the year's fall of the Government woods brought into the treasury 20,181,000 francs; in 1828, the same quantity produced 29,309,000 francs; being a difference of nearly fifty per cent. in the price.

The prodigious effect of the iron manufacture on the price of wood becomes more credible when we read the following words of M. le Baron Pasquier, the reporter of the commission:—"The total value of combustible wood used every year in the forges may be reckoned at 30,000,000 francs (£1,200,000,) which is about a fourth of the forest revenue."

Suppose that the chaldron of coals in London were to rise to eighty shillings, and let us figure to ourselves, if we can, the dreadful addition which would be made by such a circumstance to the privations of the labouring classes of the capital.

But this is only one side of the picture. To whom has the profit accrued of this rise in the price of wood? To the iron-masters? Not to the extent of a centime! On the contrary, their profits have been diminished by it. In spite of the tariff of 1822, the trade is not so profitable now as it was before that period. One of the witnesses, an extensive iron-master in Champagne, says:—"We made some profit when we sold at 450 francs (the 1040 kils.), and we are now losers in selling at 500: the cause of which is that in 1819 the *banne* of charcoal cost 18 francs 3 cents, while it *now* costs 37 francs 50 cents."

The value of the yearly portion of wood consumed by the iron furnaces being 30,000,000 of francs, the yearly value of all the wood is 120,000,000, which is more by a million and a half sterling than it would be without the duty on iron. To whom, again, does this unnatural gain accrue? To the proprietors of woods, to the landowners; men engaged in no industrious occupation, in no trade, no business of production; men who cannot lay claim to protection, even upon these vulgar pretexts, for they have neither furnaces to build, risk to run, nor foreign competition to encounter.*

This is indisputably one of the most striking examples on record of the uncertainty of legislation, and of the fallaciousness of the faculty, held up to admiration under the name of "common sense." Prohibition appears so simple, and its effects so certain—to "plain understandings!" With a few words, clamour is appeased, and "*vastes industries*" are created! But they heed not the little ground springs which sap their edifice, and bring its glories about their ears. As Mr. Watt said of ninety-nine of the fine inventions of those ingenious gentlemen, the patentees, some

* Strictly speaking, the permanent high price of wood is not *caused* by the increase in the price of iron, seeing that the former *precedes* the latter. The increased demand for wood causes an extension of wood-growing, which can only be effected at an increased expense, owing to the grower's having recourse to soils less adapted to the culture of wood, or encroaching upon arable pasture. The iron manufacture is the occasional and not the final cause of the dearness of wood.

little peg or screw is sure to render them useless. They forbid the importation of foreign iron, and dream of creating a second Staffordshire, a rival Birmingham; they wake amidst the complaints of their protégés, the cries of the perishing poor, and the bows of the thankful landlords, whom they never once thought of obliging. When the tariff was raised in 1822, the legislature contemplated the protection of iron smelted with charcoal, then employed in nearly all the furnaces. The few coal-forges were looked upon as mere experiments, and, as we have reason to believe, although contrary to the declaration of M. de St. Cricq, it was never supposed that those establishments could be seriously extended. In 1818 the manufacture of bar iron amounted to 800,000 quintals; that of cast iron to 1,400,000, all smelted with charcoal. The augmented price of wood having led to the use of cheaper fuel, a vast number of the forges established by the newcomers were erected on the English plan. We find that of 1,521,881 quintals forged in 1828, 476,116, or nearly one-third were made with coal. The difference in the cost of production is surprising. One of the witnesses says, that to produce 1040 kils. of ordinary iron smelted with charcoal, he is obliged to use five *bannes* and a quarter of charcoal, which at 41.50 per *banne* amounts to 207.50; whilst to produce 1000 kils. with coke, he has only to employ 1700 kils. of coal at 49.50 per thousand kils., which amounts only to 84.15. The proportion of the cost of coal to charcoal is nearly as nine to twenty. The difference in the expense of labour and carriage is not less striking. M. Pasquier says that labour and carriage form at least, on the average, *forty-three* per cent. of the *prix de revient* of the wood-made iron, whilst in that of the coke-made iron they do not reach higher than *twenty-nine*. The effect of this disproportion in the price of iron may be easily imagined. The Reporter avers that

“ The average price of iron smelted with charcoal is . . . 49f. 12c.
 ————— smelted with coal is . . . 38f. 50c.”

The iron-masters are unanimous in their conviction that this state of things must end in the destruction of the charcoal-furnaces. Even the inspector-general of the *Corps Royal des Mines*, (M. de Beaunier,) who can have no sinister reasons for giving such evidence as he does, and whose opinion, from the station which he fills, is entitled to great consideration, declares it to be his firm persuasion, that the coal fabrication will, before many years, compete so extensively with the charcoal, that the furnaces employing the latter “ must either produce and sell the iron at a cheap rate, or cease to exist.” Let us add, that M. Beaunier’s deposition, which is very long and ingenious,

entirely fails in proving the possibility of the first part of the dilemma. There would be something inexpressibly ludicrous in this *dénouement* if the subject were less important. To see this smelting Moloch, to whom every body and every thing has been sacrificed, suddenly left in the lurch, by the intervention of a rival deity dropped from the clouds! The only persons to whom protection is profitable are the beginners; but their happiness is short, for competition, which flies like a crow, does not tarry in coming up, and there are very few even of the beginners who reap extraordinary advantages. The wider the scope given by the tariff, the more room for neglect, profusion, and hazard. Of regular profits are begotten prudence and thrift; for necessity—and not great gains—is the mother of industry. The money lost in this way is incalculable. The Report shows that many of the furnaces have been constructed with such carelessness as to expense, that “the expenses of the first establishment” figure at the rate of 36 francs in the cost price of a 1000 kils. of iron, whilst they ought not to exceed 20. And by whom have these desperate enterprizes, these “mining speculations,” to use the characteristic word, been undertaken? By industrious capitalists and men of character? No: by jobbing companies, with no reputation to lose, and no bankruptcy to fear.

“This sort of speculation has been attempted by anonymous societies, (joint-stock companies,) thus converting a manufacturing enterprize into a jobbing speculation.”

The effect of the tariff in deadening invention, in depriving it of the stimulus of necessity, may be judged of by the opinion of Messrs. Dufrény and Beaumont, Ingénieurs des Mines.

“Our iron-masters,” say those gentlemen, “are ignorant of the best method of constructing the furnaces. Compare the plans of the great furnaces in England and their production with those of France: on one side we see furnaces constructed in a way to smelt the greatest possible quantity of mineral, with a strong piston bellows, working uninterruptedly for four, five, and sometimes seven years, and smelting from 5 to 7000 metrical quintals per day; and, on the other side, we find furnaces, the form and construction of which are beneath contempt, blown by leather bellows, and scarcely smelting one-third of an English furnace.”

But in spite of their losses and extravagance, in spite of the dearness of fuel, the high wages of their English workmen, and the cost of carriage, these protected smelters have done that which might have been foreseen. They have produced, and continue to produce so profusely, that the market is overstocked; at the same time the high price of the commodity prevents a pro-

portionate increase of consumption. "At present," says the Report, "the consumption is inferior to the production."

II. We will now advert to the sugar question.

One has heard of two miserable islets, ornamented, like the beggars of Madrid, with the sesquipedalian names of Martinico and Guadaloupe. Nothing has been recorded in history to illustrate the fame of Martinique. Guadaloupe is at least notorious for the piratical exploits of Citoyen Victor Hugues.

These islands fell, during the war, into our hands, and we treated them with the usual tenderness of conquerors; amongst other acts of conciliation, the late Mr. Marryat persuaded us to deprive them of the power of selling in our markets the few hogsheads of sugar which they produced; and they ceased to grow it. There is another island on the other side of the Cape, Bourbon, upon which, at this epoch, were grown some dozens of canes; and a few acres in Cayenne were in the hands of certain desperadoes, courageous enough to face that "dry guillotine." At this time sugar was as great a rarity in France as tokay in an alehouse. Before the Revolution, when her population was only 20,000,000, she annually consumed 33 millions of kils. and exported 58 millions. The loss of her colonies and the continental blockade reduced the consumption of the whole empire to seven millions of kils. for a population of 45 millions. Exportation was, of course, out of the question.

Such was the state of the colonies, and such the extent of the consumption of sugar in France at the peace. There was no pretext for protection, for no "industry existed." If there were ever an opportunity for consulting the public interest this was one.

Of this opportunity, however, the Chambers declined to avail themselves. The duty on French sugars was fixed in the first year of peace at 40 francs per 100 kils., whilst that on foreign sugar was raised to 60; two years afterwards the latter was increased to 70, whilst the tax on East India sugar, without discrimination, was raised to 60 francs. In 1822, the duty on foreign West India sugar was raised to 95 francs, and on foreign East India to 90; in 1826 the duty on all East India sugar, without discrimination, was fixed at 85 francs. The existing difference between the tax on French West India and Bourbon sugars, and that on all other sugars, is accordingly a hundred per cent.

The effect of these tariffs in excluding foreign sugars may be seen from the following computation of the yearly consumption, which was, in

	French Colonies.	Foreign.
1817	31,419,137 kils.	5,117,724 kils.
1819	34,360,577	5,400,766
1821	43,372,386	3,067,441
1824	56,882,087	3,149,035
1827	59,373,255	944,376

The average price of French colonial sugar at Havre during the same years, duty paid, was 82.25 francs per fifty kils. The sale prices in the colonies, duty unpaid, were as follows. Guadeloupe, from 1816 to 1818, 20 francs; since 1823, 30 francs. Martinique, in 1822, 19 francs; in 1826, 36 francs. Bourbon, 35 francs.

Compare these prices with those of foreign sugar.

In 1822 the sale price in Bengal was 15 francs. Owing to the discouragement which the cultivation has met with from our own government, the quantity in the market has so much diminished that the price has risen to 27 francs; but as these sugars are worth four or five francs more in the trade per quintal métrique, their real price is 23 francs.

At Porto Rico and Cuba, the price is 20 francs at present, and has been much lower.

The average price of the raw sugar of the French colonies in entrepôt in France has been, during the last six years, 53.65 francs; that of foreign sugar in entrepôt only 38. The same difference exists in the prices of refined sugar. The price at Paris of ordinary lump sugar is 25 sols per lb.; at Antwerp it is 12; in Prussia, 18; and in Hamburgh, the best sorts fetch only 16 sols. Aided by the drawback and a high bounty, the French exporters sell their refined sugars in Italy, Switzerland, and the Levant, at not much above half the price which the French consumers are obliged to pay for them.

After this detail, our readers will not be surprised that the smuggling of sugar from Jamaica into Martinique and Guadeloupe, for re-exportation to Europe as French sugar, is now an established trade.

In 1828, the consumption was 71,600,000 kils.; the total amount of the difference in price in this quantity, by which the French public was taxed, was 21,513,000 francs, (£840,000).

The consequences are plain enough. In France the average yearly consumption per head is only *four* pounds; throughout the United Kingdom it is *fourteen*; and in England and Wales is as high as *twenty-two*. In Germany it is three kilogs, and in the United States, according to Humboldt, four kils.

With respect to the comparative qualities, the *Enquête* declares roundly, that

"the raw sugar of India is infinitely superior to ours: the raw sugar of Porto Rico and St. Jago de Cuba is also in some degree superior to ours."

Thus far for the general loss and disadvantage; the mischief inflicted on particular classes is not less evident.

The *Octrois* show that the consumption of sugar is almost wholly centred in the capital and the large towns, and that the trifling consumption in the country takes place exclusively amongst the wealthy, the high price putting the commodity out of the reach of the labourers and small proprietors. To us, who cannot conceive a peasant's household to be conducted with the smallest comfort without the habitual use of sugar, such a privation, extending to so large a proportion of the population, will appear to be an evil of no ordinary magnitude.

The merchants examined by the commission were unanimous in condemning the tariff, justly believing it to be the only obstacle in the way of a widely extended trade with all the foreign sugar colonies. The complaints of the shipping interest, whose advantage by the way was one of the pretences for establishing the prohibition, are still louder and more unanswerable.

"As to freight," says an eminent merchant from Havre, "as our vessels resort by hundreds to these two solitary points, the competition which results from it gradually lowers the freight; from 18 deniers it has fallen to six, and even to four."

Of the 92,000 tons loaded for Martinique and Guadaloupe in 1827, 24,000 went back in ballast for want of freight. "These 24,000 tons of shipping might have been usefully employed at the Island of Cuba and the Brazils, if our vessels had been able to go there and take sugar."

The refiners are not less exposed to losses. The bounty on exportation has been fixed at a rate which requires that the price of raw sugar should not exceed 75 francs: but this price is often exceeded, whereby the export trade is abruptly and entirely stopped. "*Ce mal est immense pour nous*," is the natural remark of a large refiner at Paris. A varying bounty has been suggested: but how is the scale to be fixed for a commodity so mutable in price as raw sugar? what market is to be consulted? how establish that the refined sugar proposed for exportation was manufactured with raw sugar at the asserted price? How, in short, provide against immeasurable uncertainty and fraud?

But to whom does the profit of the system accrue? We have seen into whose pockets the gains of the iron prohibition find their way. Let us see whether those of the sugar prohibition do not equally miss their destination.

If it be true, according to Mr. Ricardo or Mr. Mill, (we forget which of the two,) that of all objects of taxation the rent of land, *quâ* rent, is the best fitted for that purpose, it must be also true, that of all objects of protection it is the least worthy. Rent has no productive connection with industry; on the contrary, if the nature of things rendered it possible, industry would be more productive without it: in short, so far as landlords are mere receivers of rent, the result would be the same to the community whether the rent were received by them, or paid to the government.

Now we find the following important passages in the outset of the report:—

“In classing our colonies according to the relative degree of their fecundity, and beginning with the least fertile, we may range them in the following order:—

1. Guadaloupe; 2. Martinique; 3. Bourbon; 4. Cayenne.

Production, on the contrary, is in an inverse ratio to the fecundity of the land :

	Kilograms.
In fact Guadaloupe in 1827 produced	32,000,000.
Martinique	27,000,000.
Bourbon	13,000,000.
Cayenne in 1826	536,000.”

The Report does not furnish an account of the past and present prices of land, except in Bourbon, where the price has increased *tenfold* since 1816: but as it appears that the *mornes* or unfertile uplands of Guadaloupe have been invaded by the cane, and that the woods and marshes of Martinique have been cleared and drained for the same cultivation, there can be no question respecting the great increase in the value of land in those colonies.

The Report is also silent as to the past and present expense of cultivation; but the augmentation in the price of sugar and in the value of land indicate an increase of cost in its production. At all events, there is positive evidence that there has been an increase in the profits of the planters. In Guadaloupe the profit of planting is only 8 per cent.; in Martinique 10; in Bourbon 9; in Cayenne 9.

But it is manifest that somebody must derive a great increase of income from this state of things; and it is equally manifest that it can be no other than the landlord, who receives it in the shape of increased rent.

But there are no landlords, it will be said, in the West Indies, for the planters are the owners of their land. The general idea of a landlord is undoubtedly that of a person owning land, with-

out which it would be as difficult to conceive him as to imagine Cramb's Lord Mayor. But there are various classes of owners, and amongst others one with the unpleasant name of *mortgagees*, in whose hands, it is well known, that nine-tenths of West India property have long been vested. It requires but a glance to see that the mortgagees are the landlords, for mortgages are made on the rent of land.

But here rises an economical difficulty. We learn by the report that the average rate of interest in the French colonies is 12 per cent. for honest men, and 3 per cent. per month for other borrowers; which circumstance appears incompatible with the high rate of rent which we have been proving; for a high rate of rent cannot co-exist with a high rate of profits, of which interest is only a species.

The objection which we have here anticipated is true in a general sense; but it is also true that circumstances may partially derange the common scale of distribution, and such are to be found in the present case. There must be either doubts of the duration of the prohibition, distrust of the skill of the colonists, or want of reliance in what one of the planters calls the "*moralité des Antilles*." We are confirmed in this hypothesis by the following passage on ready money and credit prices:—

"The difference in the price of supplies on credit or for ready money, is not less than 25 per cent. This is borrowing commodities like Regnard's *Joueur*, *au denier un par jour*."

Here then is unquestionable testimony of a very ordinary rate of profit for the protected planters, and a very high rate of rent for the owner-mortgagees, who live at Havre or Paris, or even in London and Amsterdam. And it is for such purposes that the members of the French chambers oblige their fellow citizens to swallow the dingy, friable, chalky cristallization, at a shilling a pound, which could not, under the name of sugar, find a sale in any other country.

III. What does this sifting of the evidence tend to establish? If any thing, it tends to prove that the prohibition system has done no good either to the iron masters or the sugar planters, and nothing but unmingled evil to the public; a result which must be highly consolatory to the school of "practical men!" Let us turn, however, to the views of the commission.

The Report on the Iron Question is drawn up by M. Pasquier, who studied economy in the *conseil d'état* of the empire. It is prefaced by a wordy manifesto against the advocates of letting things alone, which contains the following passage:—

"It may be taken as a settled point, that every thing which the soil and climate yield and allow of themselves, *ought to be cultivated, encour-*

aged and protected; that of every thing that can be nationalised, without any serious obstacle, with great profit to the public and private fortunes, the transplantation ought to be encouraged by a protection of greater or less duration."

Whence this corollary:—

"What is the question? To know if it is or is not desirable to protect the indigenous irons? *The negative is not admissible.*"

For, says M. Pasquier, the French iron trade is an "*industrie toute nationale*;" France has such "*vastes richesses minérales*," (as if *France* meant any thing else than the owners of French mines;) that to abolish the prohibition would be to make France "*dependante*" on foreigners, into whose hands an "*industrie*" would be thrown; for, in short, all the staple reasons of the prohibition school are sound. We must be pardoned for passing by the whole of M. Pasquier's mass of theoretical argumentation, and shall confine ourselves to details; but we will indulge our readers with the following passage on the subject of fuel, which would make even Mr. Sadler stand aghast.

"Every thing has a connection in matters of political economy; every thing ought to be combined in a wise proportion. It is no doubt desirable that the productions of the soil should be kept at moderate prices, which may allow the use of them to consumers, (good man!) but it would not on that account be at all profitable that these prices should fall too suddenly or *too sensibly*. There are no interests entirely isolated. The falls of wood *pay* the wheat, the wine, the necessaries, the wages; and if their value was immoderately diminished, it would strike a fatal blow to all productions, to all kinds of labour."

The inevitable conclusion from all which is, that purchasers ever since the beginning of the world have been wrong in trying to buy cheap, they ought to buy dear! Could Panurge reason better?

The report avers that there are 110,000 individuals employed in the iron manufacture. We are not easily alarmed by huge totals, for they rarely endure dissection. On turning to the account of the hands employed at Charenton, we find that of the 126 workmen, twenty-six are English, and of the remaining number, eighty-six are employed at "*simples manœuvres*," the nature of which, far from incapacitating them, must rather increase their aptitude, for other employments.

But the capital employed in the iron trade amounts to 186,850,000 francs! We find, however, that 93,000,000 (nearly half) form the *fonds de roulement*, or moveable capital, which could not be affected by opening the trade. And even of the 93,850,000 which constitute the value of the plant, 76,000,000 belong to the ill-fated charcoal manufacture, so that even the

existing system will be as extensively fatal as an entire change of measures. But compare this sum of presumed loss with the loss accruing to the public in consequence of the prohibition. The annual difference in the prices of French and foreign iron is 31,000,000 of francs, (£1,240,000), or a total, since 1822 alone, of 250,000,000, (£10,000,000 sterling); and if we add the prospective amount for the five years during which the commission proposes to maintain the tariff, we shall find a grand total of 400,000,000 of francs (£16,000,000 sterling). But it would be said, that to act upon the inference afforded by this kind of balance, would be to enforce *strictissimum jus*, which ought not to be admitted so long as there is a hope of giving to the community future compensation for present loss. Now are the iron masters in a situation to fulfil this condition? Can they prove that it will be in their power to give indemnity? They all promise increased production. But this is not the desideratum; decrease in price is the result required; decrease until the price falls to that of English iron, and none of them adventure such an engagement. The hardest promise-maker is the manager of the furnaces at Creuzot, in Burgundy, where the adventurers have steam-engines and other rare apparatus, and all that he says amounts to this:—"He can now produce bar iron at 32 francs per 100 kilograms, and *flatters himself*" (mark the word) "that in a year he will be able to produce it at 28 francs, always understanding the font of Creuzot," which, by the way, is of very inferior quality.

But, after all, says M. Pasquier, cavalierly enough, the loud complaints of the public are not justified by the small importance of the commodity. In ship-building the prohibition makes a difference of only 21 centimes (two-pence) per ton; in building only 1.92 per cent.; in machinery, only 3.80 per cent.; in agriculture, only 64 francs in the price of a plough! Unhappily this cunning arithmetic makes the case much stronger against the prohibition than before; for if the quantities used be so unimportant, what becomes of the "grand profit pour la fortune publique," of the "vaste industrie," on which the same M. Pasquier so complacently dilates? And how is it that the public choose to rail at this trifling surcharge as loudly as Madame de l'Hôpital at the *infimement-petits* of her calculating lord?

The sugar question was treated by the commission in a very similar way; but if possible with a greater disregard of the facts disclosed by the witnesses. A great deal is said of a supposed contract between the mother-country and the colonies—of "vested rights," to use the House of Commons phrase. Then we learn that—

"England has only arrived at the summit of prosperity by persisting

for centuries in the system of protection and prohibition. Now that she is in a condition to defy all competition, she inclines towards a system of liberty."

It grieves us to observe how potent is the charm conveyed in the English name all over the continent, where our bad politics meet with a ready imitation, and our good ones are uniformly regarded as somehow or other hostile to continental interests.

But these caricaturists of the "English System," determined to preserve all its features in their miniature copy, maintain that it is important to create a "colonial interest," a "navigation system," a "nursery for seamen." A "colonial interest" in these days! A "navigation system" resting on the exclusive trade with Martinique and Guadaloupe! A "nursery for seamen" comprising about half the number of Agamemnon's fleet.* Surely of all dreamers none ever stood in such need of *flappers* as the gaping visionaries of the "old-fangled" economy.

IV. It is much to be regretted that the labours of the commission were not continued, for we have no doubt that an investigation extending to all the protected trades would exhibit facts as decisive as those brought to light touching sugar and iron. There is fortunately a paper on the state of the cotton trade, which can be depended on sufficiently for our purpose. This document is the report made by a committee of merchants and manufacturers at Paris, assembled for the purpose of proving to M. de St. Cricq's commission the necessity of maintaining the present system. "Nous demandons," say the Reporters, "le maintien de la prohibition des filés et des tissus de cotons étrangers." The facts which we shall state are drawn from hostile witnesses, and are consequently of undoubted authority.

The cotton manufacture of France began with the century. In 1806 the number of spinning and weaving manufacturers was very small. The spinning machinery was so badly constructed that it could only produce yarn fit for the coarsest webs. Printed cottons were made with foreign webs, admitted at this epoch on payment of a duty. A few muslin manufactories existed at Tarare, but they employed foreign threads. Several years previously, the law

* The following account of the state of French shipping is from *Lesur's Annuaire* for 1828.

<i>Inwards.</i>		<i>Outwards.</i>	
French Ships 78,472	} Tonnage, 3,249,916	French Ships 76,877	} Tonnage, 3,074,154
Foreign.... 4,728		Foreign.... 5,063	
<i>French Ships Inwards.</i>		<i>French Ships Outwards.</i>	
Foreign trade	237,841 tons.	Foreign trade.....	199,678 tons.
Colonies	108,750	Colonies	127,157
Fisheries	107,755	Fisheries	117,530
Coasting	2,267,931	Coasting	2,169,270

of 10 Brumaire, An V., had prohibited English piece goods, but that law had never been enforced. In 1806, however, at the suggestion of one M. Rubichon, a merchant, a law was passed prohibiting foreign webs of *all* descriptions, and this ordinance was not allowed to sleep. Two years were hardly over when Normandy, Flanders, Picardy, Alsace, the Beaujolais, and Paris itself, were covered with looms and jennies, for the produce of which a market was found throughout the continent under the protection of the continental system. The consumption of raw cotton amounted to 60,000 bales. Since the peace the prohibition has not only been maintained, but rendered more strict by a law of 1816, which, for its rigour towards the smugglers of calico, may be compared with the worst edicts solicited by the old *femiers-généraux*.

The French manufacturers have imitated, as far as they have been able, our machinery and methods of fabrication; they get the raw commodity at a much cheaper price than they did, and yet they are on the brink of ruin.

"The distress," says the Committee, "which preys on the cotton manufacturers is a fact unfortunately too evident; our manufactories are shutting up, our productions are depreciated; and when the effects of this critical state are prolonged, we look forward with anxiety not only to the approaching ruin of our principal manufactories, but also to the fate of 800,000 workmen, who subsist on the manufacture of cotton."

These manufacturers are not candid enough to avow the cause of the distress; we suppose their "*état critique*," like that of Madame Goësmann in the *Memoirs of Beaumarchais*, deranged their meditations on this point. But there is no lack of testimony. One of the fiercest of the prohibitionists, himself an eminent manufacturer (M. Singer), declares, that—

"The law of April 28, 1816, has not produced all the good which had been anticipated from it. It has given the cotton manufacturers too great a security, too strong a guarantee. *The manufacturers have not been under the necessity of seeking for delicacy and perfection. The consequence has been that the profits of several years have produced too many spinning machines, which have produced too much.*"

In 1826 the consumption of raw cotton amounted to 180,000 bales. The foreign market would relieve the existing distress, if the foreign purchasers were as little in their senses as all schemes of prohibition suppose them to be, but they obstinately prefer the cheap English to the dear French commodity. "Our exportations in the year 1827 have not exceeded 2,000,000 kilograms of manufactured goods, which may be valued about 22,000,000 of francs, (£880,000)." In the same year the English

manufacturers exported £20,000,000 sterling worth of cotton goods; so that we export more in a single fortnight than France exports in a whole year!

We beg pardon of our readers for repeating so many calculations, but nothing else will show the vices of the French system.

It appears by the estimates of this committee that putting the import duty on the same level in both countries, the price of Louisiana raw cotton at Havre is *twenty per cent.* dearer than at Liverpool, owing principally to the greater dearness of French freights, one of the blessings of their "nursery for seamen." In East India cotton the difference is still greater, freights from Bombay to Havre being exactly three hundred per cent. dearer than to London. So much for the raw material. With respect to the spinning, it appears that a thirty-horse power steam engine, with the fitting up, &c. costs in France 500,000 francs; in England 325,000. Interest on capital and rent in France amount to 62,000 francs, in England 42,500; fuel in France costs 36,500, in England 8,500:—total difference 47,500, or nearly one-half. The difference in the fuel is as 2 to 9.

Such an establishment is able to spin about 120,000 kilogr. of cotton in the year, and the difference in favour of the English manufacture is forty centimes per kilogramme. In the weaving the difference in cost is still more surprizing. The committee, in making their calculation on this point, take as a basis a manufactory of a hundred power-looms in England, and the same number of hand looms in France, where the *dearness of iron* prohibits the use of the power-loom.

Machinery	64,580 francs	7,500 francs.	
Interest of capital	6,458	750	
Labour	27,500	7,600	
Fuel	2,500	1,500	
Rent	3,500	1,000	
Petty expenses	6,000	3,000	
<i>Façon de QUINZE MILLE</i> } <i>pièces a 1.25</i> }	18,750	<i>Façon de SIX MILLE</i> } <i>pièces à 5.25</i> }	31,500
Total cost of 15,000 pieces at 4.32. }	64,708	Total cost of 6000 pieces at 7.55. }	45,350

So that the difference is 3. 23, or nearly *cent. per cent.* in favour of English goods in the weaving only.

The same difference exists in the cost of fabricating printed cottons; it may be summarily set down at *six francs* per piece in the manufacture and printing.

The annual consumption of raw cotton is 30,000,000 of kils.;

28,000,000 are spun; 7,000,000 pieces are woven, and 1,500,000 printed.

Accordingly this admirable system charges the French population with the following sums:

On the raw cotton	7,100,000 francs.
On the spinning	9,000,000
On the weaving	22,610,000
On the printed goods	9,000,000
Total	<u>47,710,000</u>

The annual domestic consumption of manufactured cotton in Great Britain is 30,000,000 kilogrammes, by a population of 21,000,000; that of France is only 26,000,000 kilogr. by a population of 32,000,000: so that one with another, an Englishman uses nearly twice as many cotton articles as a Frenchman, and they cost him nearly one half less.

V. We wish we could trust to the innumerable publications that have been put forth, for and against the protection accorded to other trades, but they are so deeply warped with party or interested feelings that we cannot rely on their statements with safety; so that we must beg our readers to be contented with a few general remarks.

The culture and fabrication of *tobacco* is subject to the most complete and iniquitous monopoly by the government itself, not it is true for the purpose of protection, but of raising a revenue; nevertheless as the tobacco of the Low Countries can be sold much cheaper, the difference in price which is imposed on the French public amounts to a heavy tax.

The *linen-trade* is protected as carefully as that of cotton, and in France linens are become so dear that they have nearly gone out of use; nobody can have failed to remark that the best clad persons in France uniformly wear cotton body linen.

Woollen cloths, particularly *flannels*, are in the same predicament.

The entry of foreign *corn* is forbidden as rigorously as on our side of the Channel.

A heavy importation duty is charged on the entry of *fattened cattle*.

All sorts of foreign *hardware*, *cutlery*, *earthenware*, *plate* and the like are subjected to a prohibitive duty.

In short nearly every commodity which the French want, and could get cheap amongst their neighbours, is diligently kept out of their reach, in order to encourage their domestic manufactures.

VI. And what is the general result of this system, which has now reached its fifteenth year, counting only from the peace? Are the producers and manufacturers thriving? They answer with one voice, that they are ruined. Are the consumers contented? Enter the cottage of the French farmer, reckon up all the privations which he has to undergo in his clothing, his food, and his comforts: enter his field, and examine his miserable plough and his clumsy cart; see the bits of ragged leather and cord which supply the place of harness for his horses—he at least cannot be content. Does the government gain? Not a sol. It loses all the duties that the entry of foreign commodities could bear for the revenue, whilst it cannot inflict an excise in port upon those made at home, already too dear from the artificial circumstances under which they are produced. Is the general capital of the country augmented by these “vastes industries?” Quite the contrary. It is necessarily decreased by the amount of the difference in price, which is in fact completely lost. Then who gains? Nobody—at least nobody whose thrift is advantageous to the country.

On the other hand, how much must be set down on the side of loss and obstruction in the way of industry? Look at the state of the trade in manufactured silk, one of the staples of France. The internal consumption has increased, for the improvements in growing and manufacturing the silk and the fall in price of silk in Italy have admitted of cheaper production; but for the same reason the exports ought to have had a simultaneous augmentation. Yet on referring to the tables furnished by the government* we find the exportation, if any thing, diminished. In 1815 the quantity of silk exported was 1,103,716 kilogr.; in 1828 it was only 1,065,746; in 1826 it had fallen to 761,757. The four years subsequent to 1823, compared with the four preceding years, show a decrease of 150,000 kilogr. in the exportation from Lyons to Germany alone; in 1828 and 1829 the diminution was on a still greater scale. The reason is plain. Exportation can be carried on only on the principle of *give and take*—which appears so profound a mystery to so many good people. The Swiss formerly *took* their silk at Lyons, by *giving* their cheese and herds; but being now deprived of the market for the latter, they manufacture for themselves. The canton of Zurich, which had but 3000 looms in 1815, now possesses 10,000. Bâle has a large ribbon-manufacture; it is said that the Swiss can undersell the Lyonese at least ten per cent.; and who can foresee what improvements may suggest themselves to other foreign

* *Annuaire Historique pour 1828, par Lesur.*

manufacturing nations. It was mentioned in a former number of this journal* that British silks had been exported to France eighteen months ago, and we read in a French paper, not more than three months ago, that some English silks had been seised at Calais as contraband; and we know, on the authority of Mr. Huskisson, that they were sold at home three years ago as smuggled French fabrics. The Germans bought their velvets in France with their linens; since the prohibition, they take their supply at Creiveldt, in the Grand Duchy, where the Prussians have established an extensive manufactory. It has been asserted that the number of looms at work in Lyons has dwindled from 26,000 to 15,000; there may be some exaggeration in this computation if compared with the present state of domestic consumption; but it is beyond question that the export trade is declining, which can be distinctly traced to the operation of the prohibitive system.

But the embarrassments in the silk trade, whether we regard the importance of the trade itself, or the extent of the distress amongst those concerned in it, sink into insignificance when we turn our eyes to the wine trade. The quantity of wine annually produced is forty millions of hectolitres, or a thousand millions of gallons, worth £40,000,000 sterling; and its cultivation and manufacture employ upwards of 3,000,000 of persons, or taking into the estimate their families, at least *one-fifth* of the whole French population. The distress of the wine growers is nearly unexampled. The Moselle wines have been sold as low as a sol per bottle; and good claret, under seizure for taxes, at three sols, in Bordeaux. The merchants of Bordeaux, in a petition to the Chambers, which has been the subject of much discussion, (and which has been already made the subject of an article in this review,†) maintain that the distress is caused by the privation of a foreign market, which they attribute to the prohibition of foreign iron. The Commission d'Enquête impeach the allegation, by proving from custom-house documents that there is as much wine exported to the iron countries now as before the revolution. The accuracy of these documents has lately been questioned on the authority of the ledgers of the Bordeaux merchants, but we think too lightly; custom-house tables are more trust-worthy than account books now forty years old. In fact, however, there is error on both sides. It cannot be true that the distress in the *general* wine-trade is caused by obstacles in the way of exporting the wines of Bordeaux; nor is it true that the bad condition of the claret-trade is caused by those obstacles, or that the want of fo-

* See vol. iii. p. 387.

† See vol. iii. p. 656.

reign demand is attributable exclusively to the prohibition of foreign iron. The distress of the wine-growers, not more, however, of the claret than of the Burgundy and Champagne growers, might be alleviated by a larger foreign demand; but the cause of the distress lies partly in temporary over-production, and partly in the diminution of domestic consumption, owing to the mischievous employment of so much capital under the "encouragement system," disabling purchasers buying so largely as before. We are confirmed in this supposition by the tables of exportation since 1815, which show no decrease in the external trade from that time to the present. In so far as the system has affected the foreign trade, it has prevented its augmentation; this mistake is practically unimportant; but it is a momentous error to refer the want of a foreign demand to a single and (compared with others) not very important branch of the existing prohibitions. To ascribe it to the restrictions on the iron trade is not only to shut our eyes to the cotton, the sugar, the linen, the tobacco, the heaven-knows-how-many prohibitions, but amounts to an implicit approbation of the laws which regulate these latter trades. Which are the iron countries? England, Sweden and Russia, for Belgium does not export—and of these three, England alone produces iron in quantities sufficient for the purchase of any considerable quantity of wine. But if she could purchase them not only with her iron, but with her hardware, her cottons, her muslins, in short her manufactures, if America could take them in exchange for corn and tobacco, Spain, Brazil and the East for their sugars, and Germany and Switzerland for their linens and their cattle, if the carrying nations could purchase them with the various commodities which they have at their disposition, can there be a doubt of the vast extension which would ensue in the whole trade in wine? And that in a trade which admits of no foreign competition, for there is but one Aï, one St. Emilia, one Côte d'Or.

And why is not this plain, this "practical" course adopted? Why persist in chasing a mere chimera? We can hardly believe that even M. Pasquier puts a saving faith in the creed which he upholds, or that M. de St. Cricq can be blind to its consequences; it is but charity to impute their perseverance to that *imbecillitas frontis*, that unwillingness to confess errors, which seems peculiarly inherent in statesmen.

We firmly believe that the present system cannot endure. Each successive access of over-trading (and the world begins to learn that these are periodical) will weaken it more and more, so that if it be not demolished by the legislature, it will crumble under the influence of commercial changes.

We had nearly forgotten to notice the results of the *Enquête*;

they are, in truth, so minute and unimportant that it is almost useless to advert to them. The commission proposes that the existing tariff on iron shall be maintained for five years longer, at the expiration of which period, the present import duty on foreign iron shall be reduced by *one-fifth*!

With respect to sugar, the commission proposes to maintain the existing duty on East India sugar and to effect an immediate reduction of *four-nineteenths*, or a little more than *one-fifth* in the tax on other foreign sugars!*

ART. V.—*Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges et les Miracles.* Par Eusèbe Salverte. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

FROM the very nature of physics, they form a branch of human knowledge susceptible of receiving gradual improvement. The advance of mechanical art facilitates the means of observation, and repeated inquiry leads to more accurate results: successive labourers undermine every part of the temple of science raised by their ancestors that is not founded upon the rock of truth; and while the transcendental discoveries of one generation are condensed into the elements of learning for the next, great and permanent additions are made to the domain in which the intellect of man can expatiate. In morals, on the other hand, if there be a tendency to perfection, there is a sort of tide alternately flowing toward and ebbing from the same opinions, so that the idol which one particular school of philosophy has exalted, is dragged from its pedestal by a second, to be restored by a third; and doctrines exploded in one age re-appear in another, not changed in their essence, but more fashionably clad. On considerations of this sort, an eminent writer, unfortunately more distinguished where religion is concerned, for the acuteness of his reasoning than for the soundness of his judgment, has grounded his ideas of what he denominates the flux and reflux of theism and polytheism, and instead of perceiving in his system a superfluous corroboration of the adage, that the corruption of the best things produces the very worst, and an unnecessary proof of the natural proneness of man to evil, he has deduced inferences, which, while they establish the force of his talents, oblige us to condemn the abuse of them. Indeed, no subject connected with the credulity and superstitions of our species can be approached with too much caution, as

* It is, perhaps, needless to say that the preceding article was written two or three months before the extraordinary revolution, which has changed the reigning dynasty of France. It is to be hoped that this change will be the harbinger of a more liberal commercial system.

the philosopher, in his endeavour to emancipate the human understanding from the shackles of the latter, when imposed and rivetted by interested and unprincipled hypocrites, and to guard against the effects of the former, by assigning to natural causes their proper value, is but too apt to impair the foundations of religion; not certainly in the estimation of the few who can correctly judge where the realms of enlightened faith terminate and the regions of superstitious credulity begin, but in the eyes of the very numerous class, who, unacquainted with "the fitness of things," would try what is beyond their comprehension by the standard of what is within their reach, and thus involve their own highest interests in a labyrinth of inextricable confusion.

It is a maxim of Roger Bacon "*non oportet nos magicis illusionibus uti, cum potestas philosophica doceat operari quod sufficit*;" this, which M. Salverte has adopted as a motto, explains the nature and object of the present work, in which the author professes that "the principle by which he has been guided in this and all his other researches is that which distinguishes two very different forms of civilization; the *fixed* form, which in times past prevailed almost throughout the whole world and still exists in Asia, and the *perfectible* form, which is more or less dominant over the whole of Europe, although it has no where as yet been so fully developed or borne as much fruit as its elements would lead us to hope." Michaelis has judiciously remarked,* "that an universal language, created by the learned, and confined to their use, would render them the exclusive possessors of science, and the people would be delivered over to their skillful impostures; this is what happened in Egypt at the time when all discoveries were concealed beneath the shade of the hieroglyphics." "In making one step more," says M. Salverte, "Michaelis might have observed that his hypothesis was the history of all antiquity, that nearly every religion possessed a sacred language, a form of writing as little intelligible to the vulgar as the hieroglyphics." Beneath this language, and in the recesses of temples to which only priests and the initiated had access, in short, among this body of men forming a separate caste, M. Salverte imagines that a degree of physical knowledge existed, which enabled its possessors to delude with apparent miracles the rest of the community, who, unsuspecting of fraud, and unacquainted with the powers of nature, regarded as supernatural what was the effect of human agency; while the writers of antiquity, if belonging to the former class, were interested in perpetuating a belief in the supposed miracle, if to the latter—as more fre-

* De l'Influence des Opinions sur la Langue, &c. pp. 164—6.

quently happened—were deceived themselves; and thus a heterogeneous mass of truth and error has been consigned to the pages of history, which the moderns have incautiously, or rather too precipitately, rejected, as altogether false, instead of analyzing it with scrupulous attention. This is by no means a novel hypothesis, as we shall more fully show in the course of this article, but never was it supported with more critical acuteness or learned research, and never was greater sagacity or enlightened industry employed in its behalf. Some instances occur in which the author has yielded too much deference to the sacrilegious extravagancies of Dupuis, while not a few passages surpass the wildest conjectures of Bryant, Volney, and Maurice, added to which we shall have occasion to prefer a charge of a more serious nature; but M. Salverte is not the first whom theory has led astray in the ardour of investigation, and the whole work is one which no inferior scholar could produce.

To convey an adequate idea of the multiplicity of subjects discussed in this book, and develope satisfactorily the author's hypothesis, we must follow the arrangement he himself has adopted: this we shall carefully do, selecting the more prominent features and most interesting parts, and interspersing such observations as may be required for the purpose of comment or illustration.

"Man is credulous," says M. Salverte, "from his cradle to his tomb, but the disposition springs from an honourable principle, the consequences of which precipitate him into many errors and misfortunes. Veridical by nature, he is inclined to express his feelings, his opinions, his recollections, by his words, with the same truth that his tears and his cries of pain and joy, and particularly his looks, and the movements of his physiognomy reveal his sufferings, his fears, or his pleasures. Speech is frequently more deceitful than dumb or inarticulate signs, because discourse depends more upon art than upon nature; but such is the force of the inclination which draws us toward truth, that the man most accustomed to betray it is at first led to suppose that it is respected by others, and in order to make him withhold his belief, it is necessary that there should be in what they affirm something repugnant to the knowledge he possesses, or that may awaken a suspicion of a deliberate design to deceive him. The novelty of objects, and the difficulty of referring them to known objects, will not shock the credulity of unsophisticated man. They are some additional sensations which he receives without discussion, and their singularity is perhaps a charm which causes him to receive them with greater pleasure. Man almost always loves and seeks the marvellous. Is this taste natural? Does it spring from the education which during many ages the human race has received from its first instructors? A vast and novel question, but with which I have nothing to do. It is sufficient to observe, that as the love of the wonderful always prefers the most surprising to the most

natural account, this last has been too frequently neglected, and is irrevocably lost. Occasionally, however, and we shall cite more than one instance, simple truth has escaped from the power of oblivion. Credulous man may be deceived once, or more frequently: but his credulity is not a sufficient instrument to govern his whole existence. The wonderful excites only a transient admiration; in 1798 our countrymen remarked with surprise, how little the spectacle of balloons affected the indolent Egyptian. But man is led by his passions, and particularly by hope and fear."—vol. i. pp. 1—4.

By a prudent use of these powerful moral instruments, by representing every uncommon natural appearance as a manifestation of heaven's wrath, and appealing to miracles and prodigies in evidence of their divine authority, men, endowed by nature with superiority of intellect, gained a permanent ascendancy over their less sagacious or more indolent countrymen. Ancient histories are replete with accounts of marvellous occurrences, too numerous to be lightly disregarded, too well attested to be altogether rejected as false. An attentive examination will show that "a small number of causes which may be discerned and developed with greater or less facility, will serve for the explanation of nearly the whole of these;" and the investigation of these causes, far from having no higher end than vain curiosity, will serve to illustrate the origin of arts and sciences, and what is of greater importance, will restore the character of historians whose veracity has been unjustly suspected. A distinction must here be drawn between prodigies and miracles, the first being the exclusive work of nature, occasionally deviating from her established laws; the second, miracles and magic, being the work of man, whether assisted by an omnipotent Providence forwarding its own inscrutable designs, or the result of his study of the transcendental sciences—"magic being the general name of the art of performing miracles." Now there are two reasons for our believing accounts of prodigies: 1. The number and agreement of these accounts, and the confidence to which the observers and witnesses are entitled. 2. The possibility of dissipating what is wonderful by ascertaining any one of the principal causes which might have given to a natural fact a tinge of the marvellous. Respecting the first, the ancients have recorded various occurrences; a shower of quicksilver at Rome, for example, is mentioned by Dion Cassius, in the year 197 of our era, and a similar event is detailed under the reign of Aurelian; if we attend to phenomena taking place in our own time,* we must consign them to "the

* "At 4 P.M. May 27, 1819, the commune of Grignoncourt in the department of the Vosges, was devastated by a tremendous hailstorm: many of the hailstones weighing about a pound were collected and allowed to melt; in the centre of each was found a stone of a bright coffee colour, from four to seven-tenths of an inch in thickness,

annals in which science has inserted the facts she has recognised as such, without as yet pretending to explain them." As to the second, the deceptive appearance which nature sometimes assumes, the exaggeration, almost unavoidable by partially informed observers, of the details of a phenomenon, or its duration; improper, ill understood or badly translated expressions, or figurative language, and a poetical style; erroneous explanations of emblematical representations; apologues and allegories adopted as real facts;—such are the causes which, singly or together, have frequently swollen with prodigious fictions the pages of history, and it is by carefully removing this envelope that elucidations must be sought of what have hitherto been improperly and disdainfully rejected. A few examples will illustrate these several positions.

The river Adonis being impregnated during certain seasons with volumes of dust raised from the red soil of that part of Mount Libanus near which it flows, gave rise to the fable of the periodical effusion of the blood of Adonis. A rock near the Island of Corfu bore and still bears the resemblance of a vessel under sail; the ancients adapted the story to the phenomenon, and recognised in it the Phæacian ship in which Ulysses returned to his country, converted into stone by Neptune for having carried the slayer of his son Polyphemus. A more extensive acquaintance with the ocean has shown that this appearance is not unique; a similar one on the coast of Patagonia has more than once deceived both French and English navigators; and Captain Hardy, in his recent Travels in Mexico, has recorded another near the shores of California.* A similar instance is afforded by the Chimæra, the solution of which enigma, as given by Ovid, is so fully substantiated by the very intelligent British officer who surveyed the coast of Caramania a few years since. Scylla, the sea-monster which devoured six of the rowers of Ulysses, M. Salverte is tempted to regard as an overgrown polypus magnified by the optical power of poetry: "In the enumeration of plants possessing magical properties, Pliny (Hist. Nat. xxiv. 13. 17.) mentions three, which, according to Pythagoras, have the property of congealing water. Elsewhere, without having recourse

broader than a two-franc piece, flat, round, polished, and pierced in the centre with a hole large enough to admit the little finger. Wherever the hail had fallen, there were found, when it melted, many similar stones, up to that time unknown in the commune of Grignoncourt. On the banks of the Ognon, a river which flows ten or twelve leagues from Grignoncourt, is a considerable number of stones similar to those in question, and also pierced in the middle: can they have been produced by a hailstorm charged with *aërolithes*?"—vol. i. p. 13. note.

* The plot of a popular piece at the Adelphi Theatre, entitled "The Flying Dutchman," is founded on a similar appearance at the Cape of Good Hope, connected with a tradition which has been long current there among the Dutch colonists.

to magic, he assigns to hemp an analogous quality. According to him, the juice of this plant poured into water becomes suddenly inspissated and congealed—it is probable enough that he indicated a species of mallow, the hemp-leaved marsh mallow, the *Althæa Cannabina* of Linnæus, of which the very mucilaginous juice produces this effect to a certain point, and which effect may also be obtained from every vegetable as rich in mucilage.”—p. 33. “An American naturalist affirms that at the approach of any danger the young of the rattle-snake take refuge in the mouth of the mother. A similar example might have led the ancients to believe that some animals bring their young into the world through the mouth. They will have drawn a precipitate and absurd conclusion from a true observation.”—p. 35. In “the ants larger than foxes” of Herodotus, (iii. 102,) who discover the gold intermingled with the sand, may be traced the Formica-Leo or Myrmeleon of modern entomology; and while Pliny (Hist. Nat. vi. 177,) and Virgil (Georg. ii. 120,) represent the Seres as collecting silk from the trees which bear it, there is nothing but a confusion between the natural product of the tree and the deposit left by animals which feed thereon. In this instance the equivocal has occasioned an error, in another it might have given rise to a prodigy. In the plant Latace, which according to Pliny, (xxvi. 4,) defrayed wheresoever they went the expenses of the envoys of the Persian king, may be discerned a symbol of office; and in the cab of pigeons’ dung which during the siege of Samaria sold for five pieces of silver, (2 Kings, vi. 25,) may be found a small measure of grey peas, which still bear among the Arabs that repulsive designation. We shall cite but one more instance; “such is reported to have been the strength of Milo of Crotona, that when standing upon a flat discus no one was able to remove him, nor detach from his left hand a pomegranate, which still was not grasped sufficiently tight to crush it, nor separate the closed fingers of his outstretched right hand.” “Milo,” says a writer versed in the usages and emblems of religion, “was in his own country high-priest of Juno. His statue, placed at Olympia, represented him according to the sacred rite standing on a small round buckler, and holding a pomegranate, the fruit of a tree dedicated to the goddess; the fingers of his right hand were extended, pressed together and even united; it is thus the ancient statuaries always formed them. Philost. Vit. Apollon. iv. 3. The vulgar explained by marvellous stories an imperfection of art, and mysterious representations of which the sense was forgotten.” But for examples of this sort we are not exclusively confined to ancient writings; the errors to which the figured calendars of the middle ages gave rise far surpass them

in absurdity. Of saints and martyrs, and their legends, a more piquant selection might have been made by M. Salverte, though perhaps not of equal domestic interest: we shall venture to insert one which he has neglected, that deserves to be more generally known. Saint Marinus and Saint Aster appear in the Romish Calendar of Saints for March 3, these names having been manufactured through ignorance out of a note in the ancient Roman Calendar, which stated the time of the astronomical rising of *marinus aster*, the *nautis infestus Orion*.

In connection with this part of his subject, M. Salverte has appended to his second volume a learned dissertation, under the name of a note, relative to "the dragons and monstrous serpents introduced into a great number of fabulous and historical accounts;" in short, respecting all the legends of the Saint George and the Dragon class. Following closely in the steps of Dupuis, he attributes to them an astronomical origin, and examines "how the astronomical emblem has been so frequently changed into a positive history, what causes have introduced into the legend in different places remarkable variations, and why other fables and other facts, which originally did not belong to it, have been combined and interwoven with this legend." We conceive that two distinct things derived from a common source have been here confounded together; the astronomical fiction with the sacred tradition, which makes the dragon symbolical of violence and vice. A wild extensive forest affords shelter to a dragon, whose ravages lay waste the cultivated territory around, till he is slain by the superhuman valour of some angel in disguise. We recognise the depredations of a gang of ruffians, exterminated by some hardy soldier of fortune, whose memory is embalmed in the recollection of a grateful peasantry. Another dragon has a den in an inaccessible rock, from which he issues forth burning with his fiery breath churches, castles, and cottages; an itinerant saint puts an end to the monster. We perceive some military priest, some future Julius, wielding alternately the crozier and the sword, to the discomfiture of a legal robber, a feudal baron. Innumerable nunneries—and what *acta sincera* do not attest the fact?—are beset by a dragon, usually put to flight by the bishop of the diocese—each has a convent of monks in its neighbourhood, whose licentiousness some zealous, enlightened prelate, some Scipio Ricci, checks for a time. A roguish plundering attorney is defeated, for self and tenantry, by a country squire, of the old English breed be it remarked, and up springs the tale of More of Morehall and the Dragon of Wantley. To be serious, to assign to legends of this sort an astronomical origin is little else than learned trifling, though, when once the fiction was established, local vanity would lead to the adoption of every incident, no

matter whence obtained, by which similar legends had been embellished. The natural question, which Dupuis and the rest of that school have evaded is, why the dragon figures in astronomy, granting that from the astronomical fable every other is derived? The ancients had some histories of this description, and during the last 1800 years there has been no end of them. We conceive that the diffusion of Christianity having rendered mankind in this part of the world familiar with the inspired history, in which the serpent bears so conspicuous a part, it has been more generally recognised as the symbol of evil, than when, from a mere tradition of the fall, it was obscurely blended with the origin of every form of religion, and with the earliest system of astronomy; in short, that the emblem was first adopted by astronomy from tradition, which tradition, and not astronomy, led to the introduction of the dragon as the type of great power and of evil by the Persians, the Syrians, the Egyptians, the Scandinavians, in fact by every nation among whom it can be found as such; and we are not tempted to disregard the hint thrown out by Calmet, that the serpent of the Egyptian Æsculapius and of the Goddess of Health, may be traced to the brazen serpent of the Jewish legislator.

In addition to the causes already enumerated which might give a wonderful complexion to a natural fact, may be mentioned real but uncommon phenomena, represented as prodigies owing to the intervention of the Divinity, and successfully so represented, either because the local or periodical nature of the phenomenon was unknown; or because a natural fact was forgotten which at first would have explained the mystery; frequently, even because it was dangerous to attempt undeceiving a prejudiced multitude. At all times man has been inclined to derive moral advantage from physical disasters, and a well organized, sagacious, sensible body, like the Pagan priesthood, would readily convert to their own profit unusual occurrences which chance might throw in their way, and suffer no phenomenon of this sort to escape their investigation.

“The Roman pontiffs did not invent the religious practice of registering the prodigies which every year produced; this, as well as the knowledge of magic was borrowed from the Etruscan priests, whose sacred books are frequently cited by Lydus (*de Ostentis*): it is more than probable that it existed in all the ancient temples. This practice, with whatever intention it was at first established, must at last have formed an extensive body of information. It is difficult to make an uninterrupted series of physical observations without almost involuntarily comparing them together, without perceiving what phenomena are more or less frequently consequent to each other; in short, without acquiring real and truly important knowledge of the course of nature.”—vol. i. p. 118. “De-

moeritus remarked, that the state of the entrails of the animals sacrificed might afford to colonists who had landed on an unknown shore, probable signs of the qualities of the soil and climate; the inspection of the liver of the victims, which subsequently served as the basis of so many predictions, had originally no other end. If a diseased character were found in them all, inferences were drawn against the salubrity of the water and the pasture; by observations of this sort the Romans also were governed in the establishment of towns, and the positions of their entrenched camps. Such examples prove that in the religious practices of the ancients, some, at least, originally sprang from a positive science founded upon long observations, and of which we may still find instructive vestiges. What ought we now to think of works of magic, which were much more useful to the priests than prodigies, since, far from appearing unexpectedly, they depended upon the will of man for the precise moment, the extent, and the nature of their results? This question is answered by the discussion into which we are about to enter. The prodigies recorded by the ancients admit of a natural explanation; their accounts therefore cannot be accused of falsehood: why should they be more suspected regarding works of magic which admit of explanations not less satisfactory? It will only be necessary then to suppose with us that the priests possessed and kept secret the knowledge which was required for operating their wonders. Let us here recur to the rule which should determine our belief, the ratio of the probabilities for or against: is it likely that in every country, men whose veracity we have justified on points where they were strongly attacked, should have related so many absurd wonders, which depended solely upon ignorance and imposture? Is it not more likely that their accounts are founded in truth; that the wonders were performed by processes due to concealed sciences, contained in the temples? And does not the probability approach to certainty, when we reflect that the assiduous observation and comparison of all the prodigies, and all the extraordinary facts, were sufficient to impart to the priests a remarkable part of the theoretical knowledge of which magic must have consisted."—vol. i. p. 120, 121.

If the *consensus omnium populorum*, the universal belief of mankind be, as it is supposed, an irrefragable proof of truth, the existence of magical arts must be incontestable; there is no age or nation which has not acquiesced in the opinion, and no form of religion in which it is not introduced, as resulting either from a good or from an evil principle. During the last century or so, from a superficial examination of the subject, and uncertainty as to the precise signification of the term, the idea of magic has been sneered at by the learned; previously, in the earlier times of our era, it had been censured by the church; to every classical reader the word must be familiar; it figures in the Scandinavian mythology, it is interwoven with the Druidical system of our ancestors, it is constantly recurring in the sacred writings of the Hindoos; but we need go no further;—"whoever," observes M.

Salverte, "will state the origin of human knowledge and of superstition, will also assign the origin of magic." Here it is as well to remark the different significations attached to the word *miracle* by the ancients and the moderns. With us, a miracle is the suspension or violation of the laws of nature: and a miracle which can be explained upon physical principles ceases to be such. Whatever surpassed their comprehension was regarded by the ancients as a miracle, and every extraordinary degree of information attained by an individual, as well as any unlooked-for occurrence, was referred to some peculiar interposition of the Deity. Hence, among the ancients, the followers of different divinities, far from denying the miracles performed by their opponents, admitted their reality, but endeavoured to surpass them; thus in the Life of Zoroaster,* we find that able innovator frequently entering the lists with hostile enchanters, admitting but exceeding the wonderful works they performed; and thus, also, when the thirst of power, or of distinction, divided the sacerdotal colleges, similar trials of skill would ensue, the successful combatant being considered to derive his knowledge from the more powerful God. That the science on which each party depended was derived from experimental physics, may be proved, 1. By the conduct of the Thaumaturgists.† 2. From what they themselves have said concerning magic; the genii invoked by the magicians sometimes denoting physical or chemical agents employed, sometimes men

* Considering the very important figure which Zoroaster makes in Oriental History, it appears strange that so little which is satisfactory can be elicited concerning him. Warburton, with the overbearing love of paradox so peculiarly his own, derides the researches of Hyde and Prideaux, and Baumgarten treads in the steps of Warburton, both denying the existence of the Persian philosopher. A more attentive examination of the Bibliothèque Orientale might have led to a different conclusion, but the bishop, too suppliant to be profound, frequently disguised merely superficial information under the cloak of extravagant assertion. Without entering into any discussion on the subject, we would suggest advisedly, that a comparison between the various articles in d'Herbelot, wherein Zoroaster is mentioned, Hyde de Rel. Vet. Pers. and Anquetil du Perron, will lead to the conclusion, that, in whatever early age of the world the founder of the Magian worship existed, the reforming contemporary of Cyrus and Darius can be no other than the Prophet Daniel, the miracles which distinguished his career being but slightly disguised, the object he had in view scarcely as much misrepresented as the nature of the works which record it would lead us to expect.

† *Thaumaturgical* and *Thaumaturgy* are words with which Dr. Todd has enriched the English Language, on the authority of Burton and Warton. We have ventured upon *Thaumaturgist* as a legitimate translation of the French *Thaumaturge* of M. Salverte—*wonder-worker* would have been more correct. At a very recent meeting of the London Geological Society a paper was read, in which *psammitic* was substituted for *sandy*; a discussion arose thereupon, and a member maintained that the "Saxon English" was fully adequate to express every idea for which classical compounds were so pedantically introduced: much dissent was expressed from such a proposition, and a book casually taken down was opened at a treatise "On the Impenetrability of Matter," and triumphantly handed to the Saxon advocate, who immediately returned it with the version "On the unthoroughfursiveness of Stuff;" this was irresistible and conclusive.

who cultivated the science. 3. We may add that the magic of the Chaldeans comprehended all the occult sciences.

1. Whatever was done by a magician had not the appearance of resulting from a power imparted by the Deity, was not instantaneously performed, but required more or less previous preparation, the collection of plants, minerals, &c. the use of certain words, sometimes in one language, sometimes in another, according to the nation to which the temple belonged, in which the receipts to be employed had been originally prepared.

2. To select from innumerable passages to the purpose:—

“The historians from whom Diodorus derived his information represent the knowledge of Circe and of Medea as purely natural, (Diod. Sic. ii. 106,) and relating particularly to the efficacy of poisons and remedies; mythology has preserved for the two daughters of Ætes the reputation of formidable magicians. Poets subsequent to Homer describe Orpheus as a very skilful magician; Theocritus makes Agamedes the rival in magic arts of Medea and of Circe.”—p. 157.

Homer himself mentions Agamedes as skilled in all the properties of therapeutic drugs.—Od. iv. 226. Il. xi. 737.

3. “The learned Moses Maimonides (More Nevochim, iii. 37,) reveals to us that the *first* part of the magic of the Chaldeans was a knowledge of metals, plants, and animals. The *second* indicated the times when magical performances might be carried on, that is the periods when the season, the temperature of the air, the state of the atmosphere favoured the success of physical and chemical operations, or permitted a well-informed and attentive man to predict a natural phenomenon always unexpected by the vulgar.” “The *third* taught the actions, postures, words, intelligible and unintelligible which should accompany the proceedings of the thaumaturgist.”...The mystery of magic disappears! Introduced into the sanctuary of occult sciences, we see there only a school in which the different branches of natural science were taught. And we can admit, in a literal sense, all that mythology and history relate respecting men and women whom skilful instructors had invested with the possession of the secrets of magic, and who frequently showed themselves superior to their masters. It was sufficient that after having undergone prescribed trials to ascertain his discretion, the pupil devoted himself zealously to the study of the secret science, and that his perseverance and capacity allowed him to advance it; an advantage which he subsequently retained for himself, or communicated only partially to the objects of his particular good will.—vol. i. pp. 158, 159.

Now if miracles, so called, depended upon the exclusive possession of natural science, they must terminate when this science was mingled in the general mass of human knowledge; (thus on Mount Larysium, in Laconia, the feast of Bacchus was celebrated at the commencement of spring, the production of ripe grapes attested the power and beneficence of the God. Paus.

Lac. 22. Forcing houses were rare at the period;) and farther, the operations of magic must necessarily be circumscribed by the limits of this science; beyond these ignorance alone could implore its assistance. Hence the biographer of Apollonius of Tyana (Philostratus, Vit. Ap. vii. 16.) ridicules the absurdity of requiring from magic the crown in the combats of the circus, success in amours or commercial speculations. To render, however, the whole of this position tenable, we must suppose with M. Salverte, that a tacit or formal agreement existed between the various thaumaturgists to prevent the secrets of their science being exposed to vulgar eyes. How effectually silence was secured among the initiated in the different mysteries is well known, and we shall subsequently show; but before treating it more particularly, let us consider in what way we are likely to meet with these remains of ancient science. Had they who possessed it no other object but that of enlightening their fellow creatures, inadequate information might be found, but unalloyed by wilful misrepresentation: instead of this, on the one hand, desire of concealment led to every species of mystification; and on the other, the hope of divining these religious secrets led to every species of extravagant conjecture, which again were encouraged by the adepts, as an additional source of security; from these two causes, equally inimical to the progress of truth, innumerable absurdities were circulated as facts. From the first sprang the various artifices calculated to gain time, or distract the attention of the observer, the previously gained intelligence which might lead to the inference of superhuman means of knowledge, the preconcerted discovery which might establish the possession of the gift of prophecy.*

* In connection with this subject, or rather as an illustration of ancient, by a specimen of modern juggling, may be mentioned the miraculous revelation by a rabbit, a dog, and two oxen, of a *Madoña*, which shortly afterwards received the grateful thanks of the Portuguese for the downfall of men whose ill-timed endeavours riveted the fetters they sought to shake off.—*Baillie*, Sketch of Portug. London, 1824. As an instance of the way in which the evil spirit or a spectre may be brought into play, we think the following historical anecdotes may be placed side by side. In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a Constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacraments. The curate refused, saying, "your brother is a Constitutionalist, that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man—he is damned without mercy, and it is therefore useless for me to confess him." "But who told you that my brother was damned?" "God himself told me during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils." It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties, the curate was inexorable. A few days after the individual died, when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture. The curate refused, alleging, "the soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body, for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate." The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of

still we find them all in greater or less perfection among the representatives of the same class of men, the priests and the necromancers of every horde of barbarians, who, if less expert in delivering an oracle, influencing a lot, or regulating an ordeal, entertain at least the design to do so; they possess the heads to contrive if not the hands to execute.

"The chief of a Brazilian tribe having taken up arms at the instigation of the Dutch, who had promised him powerful assistance, had some reason for believing that his allies wished to leave him to engage the common enemy alone, and then reap the fruit of his exertions. In presence of their envoy he frequently consulted the divinity. From the *hut of sacrifice* voices issued, predicting defeat and flight if a battle were fought before the arrival of the promised succours, announcing that they were not yet ready to receive the enemy, and commanding a retreat. The chief, in concert with his warriors, protests that he will obey and retire, even upon the territories of the Dutch; this was a sure way of putting an end to their delay. The Dutch envoy, Baro, (*Voyage de Roulox Baro aux pays des Tipayes*, an. 1647,) firmly believed that the oracle was pronounced by the devil. With more probability, we shall attribute it to priests concealed in the hut of sacrifice. The artifice was gross, the intention was not."—vol. i. p. 181.

The Augur Nævius and Tarquin, Cræsus and the Delphic Oracle, are analogous examples.

From the very nature of things, much that now serves for amusement must formerly have been appropriated to a higher destination. Ventriloquism is a case in point, affording a ready and plausible solution of oracular stones and oaks, of the reply which the river Nessus addressed to Pythagoras, (Jamblichus, *Vit. Pyth.* xxviii.) and of the tree which, at the command of

his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaimed, "I command you to open in the name of the living God; open, if not, your instant ruin is at hand." The Spaniard refused to open, and shortly after he saw enter by the window, three able-bodied devils, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body; upon this the guardian fired and shot one devil dead, the others took to flight, he fired after them and wounded both, one of whom died in a few minutes, the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no curate to officiate, and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two defunct devils, that one was the curate and the other the vicar; the wounded devil was the sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding—the case was brought before the tribunal of Barcelona.

"A virgin was sacrificed every year at Temessa to the manes of Lybas. The athlete Euthymus wished to terminate this barbarity, and ventures to challenge the spectre of Lybas, who appears for the combat, black, horrible, and clothed in a wolf skin, the intrepid wrestler is triumphant, and the spectre from rage precipitates himself into the sea. (Pausanias, *Eliac.* ii. 6.) Disguised and similar to what a goblin was represented in the middle ages, a priest may have played the spectre, and would not survive his defeat. I am the more disposed to believe this, as the conqueror disappeared soon after, without the manner of his death being ever discovered. The colleagues of the spectre were probably better informed on this point than the public."—*Salverte*, vol. i. p. 167.

the chief of the Gymnosophists of Upper Egypt, spoke to Apollonius. "The voice," says Philostratus, (*Vit. Ap. vi. 5.*) "was distinct but weak, and similar to the voice of a woman." But the oracles, at least if we ascend to their origin, were not altogether imposture. The pretended interpreters of the decrees of destiny were frequently plunged into a sort of delirium, and when inhaling the fumes of some intoxicating drug or powerful gas, or drinking some beverage which produced a temporary suspension of the reason, the mind of the inquirer was predisposed for feverish dreams; if priestcraft were concerned in the interpretation of such dreams, or eliciting sense from the wild effusions of the disordered brain of the Pythoness, "science presided over the investigation of the causes of this phrenzy, and the advantages which the Thaumaturgists might derive from it." Jamblichus states, (*De Mysteriis*,) c. xxix. that for obtaining a revelation from the deity in a dream, the youngest and most simple creatures were the most proper for succeeding; they were prepared for it by magical invocations and fumigations of particular perfumes. Porphyry declares that these proceedings had an influence on the imagination; Jamblichus, that they rendered them more worthy of the inspiration of the deity; "this is saying the same thing in other words," is the comment of M. Salverte.

"The Thaumaturgist had but one end in view; to attain it he employed indifferently charlatanism, sleight of hand, a figurative style, natural prodigies, observations, reasoning, real science," p. 193; but what was most efficacious was the religious, secret mystery in which the whole was involved. The certainty of obtaining a blind prostration of the understanding from ignorant votaries was as well understood by the priests of antiquity as by the modern potentate who "prefers good subjects to learned men"—an expression which conveys a more severe satire than his bitterest enemy would venture to pronounce—and would prove him incapable of distinguishing between the dignified spontaneous obedience of man, ennobled by the full developement of his mental powers, and the base, cringing, sycophantic submission of an unenlightened, superstitious, bigoted slave.

We have already noticed some of the circumstances which rendered the mystery of the occult sciences almost inscrutable; a consideration of the whole of them will render it less surprising not only that such partial gleams of light should break through the writings of the ancients, but that some of these sciences should have been entirely lost. We find:—1. An idiom and form of writing unknown to the profane. It is inconclusive to assert, that because in what has hitherto been decyphered of the hieroglyphics, no traces of philosophical knowledge have been found,

therefore no such knowledge existed; the futility of such an idea requires no demonstration. 2. An enigmatical language employed, a periphrastic explanation of ordinary names. Chæremón taught how to command the genii in the name of "him who is seated upon the lotus . . . carried in a ship . . . who appears different in each sign of the zodiac."—(Porphyry, quoted by Eusebius, *Præp. Ev.* v. 8. 9.) In other words, he taught how to employ the agency of fire denoted by the sun. We may here introduce an observation of M. Salverte, that

"the magic and sorcery of the moderns were in great part composed of fragments of the occult science formerly confined to the temples; we meet in them with that confusion of language, the more striking, as nothing could give rise to it at epochs far distant from the time when astronomical religions were prevalent. We are then authorised to affirm that it goes back to a period when these expressions were understood, when its origin was known and revered. A sorcerer of Cordova, (Llorente, *Hist. de l'Inquis.* tom. iii. 38,) invoking a star, conjured it in the name of the *Angel-wolf*: although it is known that the wolf was, in Egypt, the emblem of the sun and of the year, this particular example would prove little if it stood alone; but examine the fragment which J. Wierius has published under the title of *Pseudo-Monarchia Dæmonum*, and it will be difficult to mistake the disfigured remains of a celestial calendar."—p. 202.

3. The gradual and partial revelations, communicated in their fullest extent but to a very small number of priests. 4. These precautions strengthened by the most fearful oaths, any violation of which was, until the utter abolition of paganism, a crime, regarded as the worst of which man could be guilty, and infallibly punished with death. Lastly, misrepresentation of the nature of the processes employed and the extent of magical operations. Thus, according to Plutarch, (*de Orac. Defect.*)—

"At the time of an eclipse, which she had been able to predict, Aglaonice persuaded the Thessalians, that by her magical song she could obscure the moon, and force it to descend upon the earth; and the instances are innumerable in ancient authors, in which inadequate causes have been assigned for effects, evidently to conceal such as were really employed. Less than 200 years since, a book was published to prove that learned works should be written in Latin and not in French, because, says the author, great evils have been produced by communicating to the people the secrets of the sciences."—(*Belot, Apologie de la Langue Latine*, &c. 1637. *Salverte*, vol. i. p. 211.)

The inevitable consequences of the mystery which the causes above enumerated served to perpetuate were, first, that in the hands of the Thaumaturgists magical science degenerated, becoming reduced to practice devoid of theory, and of which, at last, the very formulæ were no longer comprehended, and the real facts

on which they depended irretrievably lost. And, secondly, that from ignorance of the limits by which its power was circumscribed, the desire of discovering its secrets, and the habit of attributing the efficacy of these last to the ostensible practices employed, the grossest errors were generally circulated among the people. A circumstance which occurred rather more than sixty years since, may illustrate the first of these positions.

“A Prince San Severo, at Naples, cultivated chemistry with some success; he had, for example, the secret of penetrating marble with colour, so that each slab sawed from the block presented a repetition of the figure imprinted on its external surface. In 1761 he exposed some human skulls to the action of different reagents, and then to the heat of a glass furnace, but paying so little attention to his manner of proceeding, that he acknowledged he did not expect to arrive a second time at the same result. From the product he obtained a vapour, or rather a gas was evolved, which, kindling at the approach of a light, burned for several months without the matter appearing to die or diminish in weight. (The oxygen combined by the effect of the combustion more than replaced what was lost by vaporization.) San Severo thought he had found the impossible secret of the inextinguishable lamp; but he would not divulge his process, for fear that the vault in which were interred the princes of his family should lose the unique privilege with which he expected to enrich it, of being illuminated by a perpetual lamp. Had he acted like a philosopher of the present day, San Severo would have attached his name to the important discovery of the existence of phosphorus in the bones, and made public the process by which it might be obtained.”—p. 214.

To elucidate, by a modern example, the second of the above consequences of the mystery which enveloped scientific knowledge, we shall mention a circumstance that happened in 1828, to one of the philosophers of whom England is most justly proud. Many of our readers will have seen a small toy called a glass-spinner, invented in Edinburgh some three years back, and to be had of every optician. If this small machine, in shape resembling a brilliant diamond about one inch in diameter on its largest face, be made to spin on a glass plate whereon water has been poured, by a little dexterous management it will never stop, and even ascend the inclined surface of the glass; this was exhibited in Germany by the individual in question, who fully succeeded in convincing a spectator, (a mystic certainly, but one by no means deficient either in physical or mathematical knowledge,) that this motion, contradicting apparently all the laws of mechanics, was occasioned by a spirit confined in the coloured glass. Place the evidence of the senses and reason in real or imaginary opposition to each other, and who can assign the result.

We have already noticed the great stress which M. Salverte

very properly lays upon the essentially different effects of the *fixed* and of the *perfectible* forms of civilization; the ninth chapter of his work serves to develope those effects. The spirit of the former, acting upon the subjugated understandings of mankind, was sufficient to assure the mystery in the philosophical schools, even amid the conflict of rival religions; the influence of the latter dispelled it. Three periods may be ascertained in which this took place: the habitual communication of the Greeks with the successors of the magi dispersed throughout Asia, after the death of Smerdis, was the first revelation of magic; then, *longo proximo intervallo*, the impoverishment of Egypt after the conquest of the Romans, deluged the imperial city with priests of the inferior orders, who made a traffic of the secrets of the temples; lastly, the Polytheists converted to Christianity brought with them whatsoever knowledge they possessed. At this last epoch, fragments of the sacred science existed in the schools of the philosophical Theurgists, and in the possession of the wandering priests, particularly those from Egypt. Without any impropriety, we may regard the secret societies of Europe as successors of the former, the modern sorcerers of the latter. To this subject we have already alluded, but while we acquiesce in the origin assigned by M. Salverte to the secret societies of modern Europe, we are satisfied that he has extravagantly overrated the traditionary knowledge, if any, that they possess; and when he attaches such importance to the fact of Leibnitz having, as he himself declares, derived such advantage from the Rosicrucians of Nuremberg, he omits to mention that the manner in which the philosopher obtained admission into the society was by addressing to them a letter, composed of all the high-sounding terms he could abstract from a chemical vocabulary.

It is well known, that every resource which ingenuity could devise, or art supply, was employed to produce in the candidate's mind an indelible impression in the sacred initiations of the temples. The chapter in which M. Salverte describes them is one of singular eloquence and beauty, a cento of all that classical historians contain on the subject, combined with extreme felicity. Passing over this part of the work, and, investigating with him the causes from the effects, we shall proceed to consider what was really the extent of knowledge possessed by the ancients in the different branches of natural philosophy. To enter as fully into particulars as M. Salverte has done would lead us far beyond our limits, but we shall endeavour to select such of his statements as are most curious and interesting, and refer to the work itself for more ample details.

“ In the prestiges of which the trials and the spectacles of the initia-

tions were composed, we cannot mistake at first sight an ingenious application of the secrets of mechanics and acoustics ; the scientific illusions of optics, perspective and phantasmagoria ; different inventions belonging to hydrostatics and chemistry ; the skilful exercise of practical observations on the habits and sensations of animals ; lastly, the employment of secrets used in every age, and always rediscovered with surprise, which preserve from the action of fire our frail organs and our flesh so easily vulnerable. In the writings of the ancients we find no positive indications of the theoretical possession of all these sciences, but the effects speak, and oblige us to admit the existence of causes. It is wiser to admit this, we repeat, than gratuitously to accuse of falsehood so many accounts of which the progress of the sciences hath made both the wonder and the impossibility disappear. What the ancients state they have done, we possess the means of doing ; equivalent methods were therefore known to them. To those who reject this consequence, I would put the question if the history of the sciences of antiquity, if this history, purposely enveloped in so much darkness, have come down to us so complete in its details, that we can with certainty define its extent, and determine its limits?"—p. 276.

1. *Mechanics*.—Cassiodorus states (*Variar. i. 45*) that his contemporary and friend Boëthius, "ultimus Romanorum," who flourished between 470 and 524, translated from Greek into Latin, Archimedes's Treatise on Mechanics ; if so, it is by no means improbable that this valuable work may still be recovered either in its original manuscript or in a palimpsest ; in the absence of such decisive authority, recourse must be had to the scattered notices of historians even for the inventions of Archimedes himself. Admitting much that is ascribed by Plutarch to this eminent mathematician to be apocryphal, enough still remains, supported by the joint authority of Diodorus and Livy, to give the highest idea of his practical skill—all that we are now concerned with. His inventions, however, are too generally known to be enumerated here. The definition of mechanics given by Cassiodorus in the above cited passage is worthy of notice—the science of constructing wonderful machines, of which the effect seems to reverse the entire order of nature.

"In the infamous mysteries denounced to the severity of the Roman magistrates 186 years before our era, and which doubtless were derived from more ancient initiations, Livy (xxx. 13.) speaks of certain machines which raised and made to disappear some individuals who were said to be carried off by the gods. A similar contrivance, we learn from the Roman poet, was at a later period employed in the theatres. The entrance of the Cave of Trophonius was too narrow to admit the passage of a middle-sized man, yet when once the knees had entered, the rest of the body was rapidly drawn within. To the mechanism, therefore, which acted upon the votary, was added some other, which enlarged the aperture. When Apollonius approached the temple of an Indian god, the priests, as they advanced,

struck the ground in cadence with their wands, and the ground undulated, like the sea, to the height of about two yards.—(Philost. de Vit. Apol. iii. 5.) The wands of the priests seemed in this instance to have served, like the sword of Harlequin, to give notice by a preconcerted signal to the scene-shifter. According to Apollonius, only the Indian sages could perform this miracle: something similar, we may suppose, was to be met with in other temples. In the *Inedited Antiquities of Attica*, published by the Dilettanti Society in 1817, it is related that two English travellers visiting at Eleusis the remains of the Temple of Ceres, found the paving of the sanctuary rough and unpolished, and much lower than that of the adjacent portico. This leads to the supposition of a wooden flooring to the sanctuary, designed to conceal some machinery. This conjecture is supported by there being two deep grooves or tracks in the bottom of an interior vestibule, which apparently received pulleys for raising some heavy body, perhaps a moveable floor: there are also other grooves farther on, in which the counterpoises might have been suspended, and eight large holes, pierced in as many blocks of marble raised above the ground, in which pegs might have been inserted, to fix, when necessary, the wood-work at its proper level. Vulcan, according to Homer, had decorated Olympus with tripods, which, without any apparent moving cause, took their places at the banquets of the gods.—(Il. xviii. 375.) Apollonius saw and was astonished at similar tripods. Macrobius, who speaks as an eye-witness and on the faith of the author of the treatise on the Syrian Goddess, mentions that at Antium, and in the Temple of Hierapolis, were statues which moved of their own accord.—(Macr. Sat. i. 3.) Aristotle (Pol. i. 3.) has recorded similar machines. The authenticated fact that automatus figures have been from time immemorial constructed in China, and the simplicity of their construction, brings the above accounts within the range of probability; but unless the ‘enclosed spirit’ or aura is to be regarded as rarified air, and the whole machine as a sort of fire-balloon, we should be tempted to class the wooden pigeon of Archytas (Aul. Gell. Noct. Att. x. 13.) with the eagle and iron fly of Regiomontanus, in other words, as purely chimerical. The desire to fly has been more or less developed in almost every age of the world. Borelli (de Mot. Anim. cap. xxii. prop. 193. 204,) from a comparison of the muscles of man with those of birds, has clearly demonstrated that artificial wings could not be employed for the purpose; what may hereafter be effected by the rotation of vanes acted upon by steam, cannot be determined; at the present time balloons are the only available apparatus for the purpose. Compare these with the flying chariot, mentioned as a master-piece of art, and not of magic, in the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments, (Night cx. cxv.) and also with the vessel to which a small boat is attached, a man being seated therein, (Night DLVI.) “when the vessel shooting into the air, rapidly transports the traveller to the place of his destination.” “What are we to conclude from these details?” asks M. Salverte. “Nothing, except that mechanical attempts of the kind probably go back to a more remote epoch than that of Archytas, about 400 B. C., and that the Tarentine, a disciple of Pythagoras, himself the disciple of the sages of the East, per-

haps excited the astonishment of Italy only by secrets which he had learned in the temples of Memphis or of Babylon.”—vol. i. p. 283.

2. The knowledge of *Acoustics*, which the ancients rendered subservient to the purposes of thaumaturgy, must be judged of by the facts of which it affords an easy solution. With the proficiency in music attained in the earlier ages this question has nothing to do. As an engine of terror we find the imitative thunder of the Egyptian Labyrinth, (Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxvi. 13,) and a contrivance which distinguished this model of all similar buildings was likely to be repeated in every other. As instruments of delusion, oracular images and heads are constantly recurring; the head of Orpheus in Greece, for example, of which Apollo himself was jealous; the head of the sage Mimer, which Odin possessed, &c. Pausanias, who relates seriously so many fabulous legends, nevertheless taxes Pindar with having invented “the Virgins of gold possessing an exquisite voice,” which, according to the Theban poet, embellished the temple of Delphos.—(Pausanias, Phocic. cap. iii.) Organs, hydraulic organs especially, were well known to the ancients. The inference, we think, is plain in the latter case, and the former leads at once to the supposition of some scheme analogous to that employed for the invisible girl, and exhibitions of a similar description; an hypothesis which throws some light upon the expression of Mercurius Trismegistus, that the Egyptian priests “possessed the art of constructing gods,” statues endued with intelligence, which predicted the future, and interpreted dreams. (Merc. Tris. Pymander. Asclepius, 145. 165.) He even states that theurgists devoted to less pure doctrines could make gods, statues animated by demons, and which by supernatural virtues were but slightly inferior to the sacred works of the true priests; in other words, says M. Salverte, the same secret in physics was employed by two rival colleges of priests. The principles which govern the reverberation of sound are so easily to be apprehended by an acute observer, that however absurd may have been the exoteric doctrines of the priests with regard to echo, we can scarcely suppose them to have been ignorant, if not of its true nature, at least of the laws by which it is governed; and adding this to the fact that under peculiar circumstances an echo has been returned from the clouds, there will be found few more efficient instruments of delusion and terror. M. Salverte has displayed much industry, and bestowed great research in investigating the subject of the sounds emitted by the statue—as it is called—of Memnon. To suppose in this instance a natural effect at all resembling what takes place on the shore of the Red Sea, where at a particular time of the day a deep sound resembling the tolling of a bell proceeds from the heated sand, is en-

tirely out of the question. Here there was not a simple resonance only, but there is the direct testimony of an intelligent witness, that an oracle in seven verses was delivered by the statue—Philopseudes, Lucian. This may be received as irrefragable evidence of some juggle of the priests; how this was effected has given rise to much learned, but by no means satisfactory, conjecture; but it is immaterial. Juvenal (xv. 5.) employs the term “magical” on the occasion; and if magic were the art of performing wonders by scientific processes not generally known, the propriety of the epithet cannot be disputed.

3. *Optics.* In many cases it has happened, that while what is worthless has floated down the stream of time, what is valuable has sunk to the bottom, and in endeavouring to examine these objects, we find only an uncertain image, distorted by the medium through which it is viewed. Still, the ancients have been hardly dealt with; the charge of pure, monstrous, and extravagant fiction, has been urged against their poets, when a little physical knowledge, rarely, indeed, to be met with in “critical scholars,” would have sufficed to show a basis of truth, amplified, not undermined, by poetical embellishment. The early historical writers, in their accounts of the more unusual phenomena and operations of nature, have been reviled as impudent fabricators,* or ignorant dupes, by every classical pedant, who thought nothing beyond the reach of his understanding, because he could hunt out a Hebrew root or adjust a Greek choriambic. Demonstration is not to be expected in any investigation of the knowledge possessed by the ancients, especially where their esoteric doctrines were concerned, the contrivances by which they were concealed from the vulgar, or jealously revealed to their devoted aspirants. Here, as in most of the affairs of life, we must be contented with moral evidence, with direct inductions, which are frequently sufficient of themselves for honest conviction.

The sudden and momentary apparitions from utter darkness of splendid palaces, delightful gardens, &c. with which—the concurrent voice of antiquity assures us—the eyes of the beholders were frequently dazzled in the mysteries, the evocation and actual appearance of departed spirits, the occasional visions of these *umbræ* and of the gods themselves, indicate some optical illu-

* On the surface of the thermal waters of Baden, in Germany, and on the waters of Ischia, an island in the kingdom of Naples, *zoogene* is collected, a singular substance resembling human flesh with the skin upon it, and which when subjected to distillation, affords the same products as animal matter. M. Gimbernati, (*Journal de Pharmacie*, Avril 1821, p. 196,) has also seen rocks covered with this substance, near the castle of Lepomèna, and in the vallies of Sinigaglia and Negreponte. Here is the explanation of those showers of pieces of meat which figure in the number of prodigies of antiquity.” —*Salverte*, vol. i. p. 92.

sions. What must be the effect upon an uninformed mind of a modern diorama? precisely that which a diorama in its roughest original form, a transparency suddenly exhibited in one of the dark, subterranean passages in which the initiations were effected, would produce on the terrified aspirant, namely, a thorough persuasion of the reality of what he saw. Is it too much to argue the cause from the effect? From a passage in Pausanias, (Bœotic. xxx.) when speaking of Orpheus, he says, "there was anciently at Aornos, a place where the dead were evoked," *νεκρομαντεῖον*, we learn that in those remote ages there were places set apart for the evocation of the dead. This throws some light upon the eleventh book of the Odyssey, wherein Homer relates the admission of Ulysses, alone, into a place of this description, when his intercourse with his departed friend was interrupted by some fearful voice, and the hero, apprehending the wrath of Proserpine, withdrew; the priests, to avoid too close a scrutiny, we may suppose, having had recourse to this method of getting rid of their inquisitive visitor. But were there no induction on the subject, we think the following passage from Damascius, (apud Photium, Biblioth. Cod. 242,) clearly indicates that the phantasmagoria is rather a re-discovery than a modern invention; the extreme simplicity of the camera-obscura in its rudest, but a perfectly efficient shape, requiring only a small aperture to be made in the side of an otherwise perfectly dark room, would lead to a similar inference respecting it.

"In a manifestation which ought not to be revealed . . . there appeared on the wall of the temple a mass of light, which seems at first very distant; it transforms itself, as if in contracting, into a face evidently divine and supernatural, but of a severe aspect, mingled with mildness and very beautiful. According to what is taught in a mysterious religion, the Alexandrians honour this as Osiris and Adonis."

"If I had to describe a modern phantasmagoria," asks M. Salverte, "could I express myself otherwise?" The supposition of the occasional use of some sort of phantasmagoria, in places particularly constructed for the purpose, affords an easy solution of many historical facts, which otherwise must be regarded as fables; for this they are too numerous, and the former appears the more simple hypothesis. Proteus, whose transformations have given rise to a generic distinction, is represented by Eustathius (in Hom. Od. iv. 417,) as a worker of prodigies, very learned, dexterous, and skilful, and versed in the secrets of the Egyptian philosophy. Suidas, *in verb.* says, that "men who know how to surround themselves with deceptive apparitions were denominated magi or magicians." His translator adds, by way of explanation, "that by their illusions they imposed upon the eyes of men, so

as to appear altogether different from what they really were. The universality of this practice is truly surprising."

"An historian," says M. Salverte, (vol. i. p. 314,) "who, independently of the Greek and Latin authors whom we no longer possess and he might have known, has consulted the traditions imported from Asia into the north of Europe with the religion of Odin,—Saxo Grammaticus,—holds the same language as Suidas. Speaking of the illusions produced by the philosophical magicians, he says, 'very expert in the art of deceiving the eyes, they knew how to give to themselves and to others the appearance of different objects, and under attractive forms conceal their true aspect.'—(Saxo Gram. Hist. Dan. i. 9.) Pomponius Mela, iii. 6, attributes to the druidesses of the island of Sena the art of transforming themselves, when they wished, into animals. Solinus (c. 8,) thinks he can explain by deceptive apparitions the wonders performed by Circe. In other times and in another hemisphere, the same occurs. Joseph Acosta, who resided for a long time in Peru, in the second half of the sixteenth century, assures us that at that time there were still existing sorcerers who could take whatever form they wished. He relates, that in Mexico, the chief of a city being sent for by the predecessor of Montezuma, transformed himself in the eyes of the persons sent in succession to seize him, into an eagle, a tiger, an immense serpent. He yielded at last, and allowed himself to be conducted to the emperor, who immediately put him to death.—(Jos. Ac. Hist. Nat. des Indes, 251, 358.) He was no longer in his own house; he was no longer on his own theatre; he had no longer any tricks to employ to defend his life. In a work published in 1702, the Bishop of Chiapa, province of Guatemala, attributed the same power to the Naguals, national priests, who studied to bring back to the religion of their ancestors the children whom the government were bringing up as Christians. After some ceremonies, at the instant the child he was instructing went to embrace him, the Nagual suddenly assumed a fearful appearance, and under the form of a lion or a tiger, seemed chained to the young neophyte. These miracles, we observe, like the illusions of the Mexican enchanter, were performed in a place previously selected and pointed out. They prove, therefore, only a purely local power; they indicate the existence of a machine, but afford no clue to the manner it was brought into play."—p. 317.

Under the head of *Optics*, M. Salverte slightly considers the question if telescopes were known to the ancients, which he answers in the affirmative: to this conclusion we had long since arrived, and shall briefly state the grounds on which that opinion principally depends. If we admit that tradition must have truth for its basis, the traditionary evidence on this point is strong, the direct evidence the same, the inductions still stronger. Aristotle. (Meteor. 1,) states that mirrors were employed by the Greeks when they surveyed the appearances of the heavens. We learn

from d'Herbelot, that the Persians pretend that Alexander the Great found a mirror in Babylon, in which the universe was represented. The Pharos of Alexandria is said to have contained, under the Ptolemies, a mirror, in which the approach of distant vessels might be discerned. Strabo remarks, (lib. iii. c. 138,) that vapours produce the same effect as the tubes in magnifying objects of vision by refraction, thereby implying, as Sir William Drummond has observed, that lenses were placed in the tubes of the dioptrons. In the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Night DCVI. an ivory tube one foot in length and one inch in diameter, furnished with a glass at each extremity, is spoken of, by applying which tube to the eye, objects that we desire to see may be discovered. Roger Bacon speaks of Cæsar having examined the coast of Britain from that of Gaul by means of a glass. That the use of metallic mirrors was well known to the ancients is evident. Aulus Gellius, (Noct. Att. xvi. 18,) on the authority of Varro, mentions mirrors which presented multiplied and inverted images, and, what is more remarkable, which in a particular position lost the property of reflecting. The stories of the destruction of the Roman fleet by the burning mirror of Archimedes, and that of Vitalian by a similar contrivance of Proclus, may be apocryphal, without invalidating the fact that the ancients knew that such a use might be made of them; and from this to the examination of the image formed in their focus, the interval was trifling. But further, the exquisite delicacy of the engraving of antique gems seems to involve the supposition of some arrangement of lenses corresponding to a microscope, which again implies some previous knowledge of the telescope, particularly if the statement of Suidas (*in verb.* *ὕαλος*) is to be considered conclusive as to the fact that burning mirrors were occasionally made of glass. The following passage from Sir William Drummond will throw additional light upon this subject.

"Some of the observations of the ancients," he says, "must appear very extraordinary if magnifying glasses had never been known among them. The boldness with which the Pythagoreans asserted that the surface of the moon was diversified by mountains and vallies, can hardly be accounted for, unless Pythagoras had been convinced of the fact by the help of telescopes, which might have existed in the observatories of Egypt and Chaldæa, before those countries were conquered and laid waste by the Persians. Pliny, (lib. ii.) says that one thousand six hundred stars had been counted in the seventy-two constellations, and by this expression I can only understand him to mean the seventy-two dodecans into which the Egyptians and Chaldeans divided the zodiac. Now this number of stars could never have been counted in the zodiac, without the assistance of glasses. Ptolemy reckoned a much less number for the whole

heavens.* The missionaries found many more stars marked in the Chinese charts of the heavens than formerly existed in those which were in use in Europe. The Persians, as it appears from a passage in the *Nime-tullah*, had a tradition, for it could have been nothing else, that the galaxy appears white from the great multitude of stars which it contained. Democritus seems to have been informed of a similar tradition, probably during his stay in Egypt. His statement was supposed to be founded in error, but when Galileo turned his telescope to the galaxy, he became convinced of the fact. Democritus likewise said, that some of the planetary bodies were unknown to the Greeks. The Chaldæans asserted that they had discovered more. (Seneca, *Quæst. Nat.*) These, it would seem, could only have been the satellites of Jupiter, and perhaps of Saturn. That the Brahmins had discovered these satellites may be strongly inferred, from their reckoning the planetary bodies to be fifteen in number." (*Origines*, iv. 6.)

As to the obvious objection, that had such existed in Egypt or Chaldæa, something more must have been known of them than can be inferred from the traditions mentioned above, it is clear, that such apparatus would have been confined exclusively to the sacred colleges, the temples, against which the blind fury of the Persians was particularly directed, and consequently would have shared the same fate as some instruments in Paris, when that capital was visited by the Cossacks in 1814.

"After the battle of Montmartre," says the president of the Astronomical Society, "these astronomical enthusiasts visited the observatory of the Ecole Militaire, where they battered up the moveable instruments and sold them for tobacco, while with the object-glasses, the astronomer's library and manuscripts they lighted their pipes."—p. 7.

4. The miracles which depended for their performance upon a knowledge of *Hydrostatics*, appear, from the accounts which have come down to us, to have been so extremely simple, that the mere elementary principles of the science would have been all that was required. Pliny, (*Hist. Nat.* xi. 103,) speaks of a fountain which discharged wine during seven days, and water the rest of the year. In one of the towns of Elis, during the annual feast of Bacchus, three empty urns were closed, and on being opened were full of wine. *Athen. Deip.* i. 30.

"By employing a machine," says M. Salverte, "to which we give the name of Hero's fountain, although probably it was only described and not invented by this mathematician, a more striking miracle might have been performed. Under the eyes of the spectators the water passed into a reservoir would have been emitted changed into wine."—p. 322.

* One thousand and twenty-two stars only are registered in the *Almagest* of Ptolemy; in the catalogue of Ulugh Beigh, nine hundred and eighty-seven of these re-appear from his own observation at Samarcand, twenty-seven not visible in the latitude of that place are inserted on the authority of Abd-a'-rrahmân Sûphi; and eight mentioned by Ptolemy, but which he could not discover, are omitted altogether.

According to Ctesias, (in Persic. cited in Ælian. Var. Hist. xiii. 3,) Xerxes caused the monument of Belus to be opened. The body of the prince was found in a glass coffin almost full of oil. "Wo," said an inscription, "to him who, having opened this tomb, shall not fill the coffin!" Xerxes immediately ordered that oil should be poured into it; still, let them pour what quantity they might, the coffin was not filled. This prodigy presaged to Xerxes the disasters which signalized and terminated his life. The supposition of a syphon, concealed by the body, solves the mystery.

5. *Chemistry and Medicine*.—To investigate in its fullest extent the proficiency the ancients had attained in chemical and medical science would be entering an almost boundless field. We may inquire, however, without exceeding our limits, how far the miracles operated in the various mysteries, and occasionally displayed to the astonishment of the multitude, can be explained from well-known chemical agency, or the medicinal properties of such bodies, as it may be shown, were in use in former times. It would appear, indeed, that spirituous liquors, and the art of distillation necessary to obtain them, were known in the temples, though not altogether confined to them. Damascius (apud Phot. Bibliot. cod. 242.) speaks of Asclepiodorus reproducing chemically the deleterious gas exhaled from a sacred cavern; and we learn from Epiphanius (contr. Hæres. 34.) that Marcus,* the chief of one of the sects which in the second century were for amalgamating with Christianity the doctrines and rites of the secret initiations, filled with white wine three cups of transparent glass; while he was praying, the liquid in one of the cups became like blood, in another of a purple colour, in the third sky-blue.

"By the side of this miracle," continues M. Salverte, "which Marcus had doubtless borrowed from the mysteries of some temple, we shall place a contemporary wonder. Professor Beyruss, at the court of the Duke of Brunswick, had promised that his dress should become red during a repast, which, to the astonishment of the prince and of the guests, took place.—(Journal de Pharmacie, iv. 57.) M. Vogel, who relates this fact, does not mention the secret which Beyruss employed, but observes that by pouring lime-water upon the juice of beet-root, a colourless liquid is obtained; that a piece of cloth dipped in this liquid and quickly dried, becomes red in a few hours by the contact of the air alone; and that this effect may be accelerated in a room where Cham-

* "Marcum—insignem magum ac præstigiatores fuisse, id est, qui mulierculas et imbecilliores præstigiis ac fraudibus deciperet, tradunt uno ore Irenæus, Tertullianus, Epiphanius, Theodoretus; φλότρα etiam et amatoria pocula mulieribus bibenda porrigebat. In specie vinum Eucharisticum quod erat in calice mutari, μεταβάλλεσθαι in sanguinem dixit . . . mittimus portenta alia ac numerorum mysteria a Platonicis et Pythagoricis hausta."—Spanheim. Hist. Christ. Sæc. ii. p. 542.

pagne wine and other beverages charged with carbonic acid gas are abundantly employed. . . . Still more rapidly would it be effected in a sanctuary of polytheism, in the midst of the emanations from the incense and burning torches; and the veil which covered the sacred things would have been seen to change its white colour into that of blood, a presage of fearful disasters."—p. 331.

The principles and products of distillation afford a clue to the inflammable liquids, burning rivers, &c., but M. Salverte applies chemical agency to a different class of phenomena, those wherein man has resisted the action of fire. That this should have been entire delusion, even in the mysteries, he thinks is inadmissible; and, independently of the ordeals, there were occasions upon which this power was exerted in too open a manner to admit of denial. Thus "we learn from Abel Remusat, that the Tartars for a long time observed the custom of making every stranger, an ambassador or king as well as a simple traveller, who approached their horde, pass between two burning piles to purge away the malignant influences they might bring. Contract the interval between these two piles, and the purification becomes a trial, a torture, a fatal punishment. Let us restore to the initiations a ceremony which doubtless belongs to them; the priest will then have the power of making disappear in the flames any imprudent individuals who place themselves at his disposal after having given cause of offence, or excited his distrust of their good faith and their secret intentions."—vol. i. p.340. The baths composed by the priests, in which the aspirant was immersed, might confer a momentary incombustibility. The Syrian Eunus, who renewed in Sicily the insurrection of the slaves, (Florus, iii. 19,) and Barcochebas, the chief of the Jews against Adrian, (St. Hieron. Ap. 11. adv. Ruffin.) appeared, when speaking, to discharge flames from their mouth. The priestesses of Diana Parasya, in Cappadocia, walked with bare feet over burning coals. (Strabo, xii.) The Hirpi, members of a small number of families established on the territory of the Falisci, (Pliny, Hist. Nat. vii. 2,) renewed the same miracle annually in the temple of Apollo, on mount Soracte. Varro (ap. Serv. in Virg. xi. 787,) attributes their hereditary incombustibility, which exempted them from military service and other public imposts, to a drug with which they rubbed the soles of their feet. In the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Night cccxc1, an ointment with which the hero imbues his body preserves him through a similar but severer trial. In the Asiatic Researches various ordeals are recorded as having taken place in Hindostan, and which could have been undergone only by the use of some analogous secret. Wood impregnated with alum is not easily inflamed; of such was the tower raised in

the Piræus by Archelaus, and which Sylla endeavoured in vain to burn. (A. Claud. quad Annal. xix. ap. Aul. Gel. xv. 1.) The tower of larix wood, to which Cæsar could not set fire, (Vitruv. ii. 9,) was preserved by some similar plastering. We are unacquainted with any incombustible wood, and the larix or larch does not possess more than any other this rare quality: the opinion which attributed it, served then to conceal, under an imaginary prodigy, a real secret, in order to insure the exclusive possession of it.—p. 350.

It may appear absurd to make allusion to the charlatans of the present day, but the fire-managing properties which many of them display seem to have succeeded uninterruptedly through a series of ages. In every century, for more than 2000 years, historical records prove the existence of some secret conferring this power; and as we cannot suppose that each individual who practised it made the discovery for himself, we may conceive that it was a bequest from earlier times. The same observation seems to hold good with respect to the faculty of acting upon the senses of animals, by which men have braved with impunity their appetites and their venom. That antidotes to the latter exist, cannot be denied; but that in all cases they are not efficacious, is equally true; recourse must then be had to the supposition, of which modern experiments have established more than the probability, that the thaumaturgists, the *Psylli*, for instance, like their descendants, of whom Bruce and Hasselquist have spoken, who fearlessly handle the most poisonous snakes from which the fangs have not been extracted, are indebted for their security to the possession of certain scents which affect the sense of smelling in animals, but are too delicate for that of man.

Great ingenuity and learning have been displayed by M. Salverte in investigating the effects which medicated beverages produce; to which he ascribes, and we think correctly, such magical slumbers as were produced in the Cave of Trophœnus, when the votary, if he escaped with life, had his health irreparably injured, and the whole class of artificial dreams and visions, the effect of some powerful narcotic acting upon the body after the mind had been predisposed for a certain train of ideas. "Such is the connexion," observes M. Salverte, "between the body and the mind, that the substances which strongly induce sleep frequently possess the property of confusing the understanding: the berries of the belladonna produce, when eaten, a furious madness, followed by sleep which lasts for 24 hours."—p. 386. Such drugs as produce mental stupefaction without impairing the physical powers, may have given rise to the accounts of men being transformed into brutes, so frequent in what are denominated the fabulous writers, while the

evanescent but exquisite joys of an opposite description, an anticipation of what implicit obedience would insure them for ever, produced blind, furious, devoted adherents to any philosophical speculator who would venture to try so desperate an experiment.

“The savage Kamtschatkadale and the fierce Cossac have recourse to this intoxication, (produced by the spirit of muchamore, a mushroom which grows in the country of the former,) to dissipate their terrors when meditating assassinations. (Kracheninikoff, *Descript. du Kamtschat.* part I, c. 14.) The extract of hemp combined with opium throws the blacks of Hindostan into ferocious madness; no crime stops, no danger terrifies them. Neither did fear nor humanity check, in the career of crime, the fanatics whom the Old Man of the Mountain intoxicated with a preparation of hemp, of which the name *hachiche* has formed, for those whom it led astray, the name of assassins. (J. Hammer, *Mines de l'Orient.*) Long previously, Schedad-ben-ad, king of Arabia, wishing to be adored like a God, had collected in a garden, of which the name has remained proverbial in the east, all the joys of paradise, and shared them with the trusty followers whom he deigned to admit. (D'Herbelot *Bibliot. Orient. Iran.*) In both cases we think that these gardens, these enjoyments, existed only in dreams induced with young men habituated to simple and severe regimen by the unaccustomed usage of liquors suited to lull their feeble reason and exalt their ardent imagination.”—p. 394.

But while these effects could not be produced by any beverage without the votary being conscious that he was partaking it, the same effects might ensue from the use of fumigations, without awakening any suspicion or distrust. In the Orphic hymns a particular perfume is ordered for the invocation of each divinity.

“We learn from Herodotus, iv. 75, that the Scythians inebriated themselves by inhaling the vapour of the seeds of a species of hemp thrown upon red-hot stones; modern medicine has observed that the odour alone of the seeds of henbane, particularly when its power is augmented by heat, produces a choleric and querulous disposition in those who respire it. The *Dictionnaire de Médecine de (l'Encyclopedie Méthodique, vii. Jusquiamé)* cites three instances which prove it; the most remarkable is that of a married pair, who, living in perfect harmony every where else, could never remain a few hours in the room where they worked, without quarrelling excessively. The apartment of course, was thought to be bewitched, until there was discovered in a considerable packet of the seeds of henbane placed near a stove, the source of their daily dissensions, which the individuals themselves were the first to lament, and which the removal of the poisonous substance put an end to.”—vol. ii. 4.

The same effects that were produced by draughts and fumigations would ensue from the application of liniments, of “magical unctions,” acting through the absorbent system, as if they had been introduced into the stomach: allusions to these ointments are

constantly recurring in classical authors. Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius (iii. 5), states that the latter and his companions, before being admitted to the mysteries of the Indian sages, were rubbed over with so active an oil, that it appeared they were bathed with fire. It can scarcely be doubted that there was an object in this, and we think the following extract from M. Salverte places the subject in a very clear light.

“ The disciples of the men, who in the centre of America naturalized religious ideas and practices borrowed from Asia,—the Mexican priests—anoointed their bodies with a fetid pomatum, when they wished, they said, to converse with the divinity. The base of it was tobacco, and a pounded seed which they called *Otoluchqui*, a seed, the effect of which was to deprive the man of his sound senses, as that of tobacco was to deaden his sensibility. They then found themselves very intrepid and very cruel,* and doubtless very much disposed to have visions, since the end of this practice was to place them in relation with the objects of their fantastic worship. Let us quit the temples for a moment, and pursue this secret divulged to the multitude, and fallen into the hands of vulgar magicians. Is every thing imposture, which the poets and the romancers relate of the effect of magical unctions? It is difficult to believe so. The ingredients of which they were composed had certainly some efficacy. We have supposed that some lubric dreams supervened in the sleep which they occasioned; a supposition the more probable, as it was particularly in cases of love, baffled or betrayed, that their assistance was employed. A prey to her passion, let a woman have adopted them; pre-occupied with her desires, and the hope of their being satisfied, she falls asleep; it was natural that this sole object should occupy her dreams, and that soon she should attribute to the caresses of the adored being, the voluptuous emotions which the magic slumbers induced. On awaking, could she doubt that a charm, as powerful as delicious, had transported her into the arms of her lover, or restored a false one to her vows? What passion or curiosity required from enchantments, the magic ointment thus imparted in a dream, but in so decided a manner, that it was impossible not to take the illusion for reality. The history of the prosecutions for sorcery, the number of which surpasses credibility, proves this. It is at night, in the midst of their sleep, that the sorcerers are carried off and transported to the *Sabbat*. To obtain this favour, they ought in the evening to rub themselves over with an ointment,† of the composition of which they are frequently ignorant, but of which the effects are precisely such as we have described. A woman accused of being a witch was brought before the magistrate of Florence, a man in advance of his age and

* Acosta, *Histoire des Indes Occid.* v. 26. The Mexican priests employed as materials for this pomatum the ashes or the bodies of insects regarded as venomous, assuredly for the purpose of deception as to the nature of the drugs which were physically efficacious.

† The declarations made by sorcerers before the Inquisition in Spain in 1610 speak of the necessity, in order to go to the *Sabbat*, of rubbing the palms of the hands, soles of the feet, &c. with the water discharged by a terrified or irritated toad, (Llorente, *Hist. de l'Inq.* xxxvii. art. 2.) a puerile receipt, designed to conceal, even from the adepts, the composition of the real unguent.

his country: she declares she is a witch, and asserts that that very night she will be present at the *Sabbat*, provided she is allowed to return home and perform the magical unction; the Judge allows it. After being rubbed over with fetid drugs, the pretended witch lies down and immediately goes to sleep; she is bound to her bed; punctures, blows and even cauterization could not interrupt her deep slumbers. Awakened with difficulty the following day, she relates that she had been to the *Sabbat*; in the account of her dream are interspersed the sensations of pain that she had really undergone when asleep, and to which the Judge limited her punishment.* From three accounts, in every respect similar to this, that we might quote from Porta, (Mag. Nat. ii. 26.) and from Frommann, (Tract. de Fas. p. 562.) we shall only deduce one physical observation. Two of the pretended witches thus sent to sleep by the magical unction had announced that they would go to the *Sabbat* and return *flying with wings*. Both thought that this took place, and were astonished when the contrary was averred to them. One even in her sleep had moved and made a spring as if she wished to take flight. It is universally known that when in sleep, there is an afflux of blood to the head, it is not unusual to dream that one mounts flying into the air. These insane people, while they avowed their use of a magical unguent to transport themselves to the *Sabbat*, could not give the receipt for it. Medicine would find no difficulty in assigning it. Porta and Cardan† have indicated two; *solanum somniferum* (*nigrum*?) is the basis of one; henbane and opium predominate in the other. The philosophic Gassendi, to enlighten some poor wretches, who thought they were wizards, endeavoured to divine and imitate their secret. With a pomatum in which opium was combined, he anointed some peasants, whom he persuaded, that this ceremony would make them assist at the *Sabbat*. After a long sleep, they awoke well convinced that this magical process had produced its effects; they gave a detailed account of what they had witnessed at the *Sabbat*, and the pleasures they had partaken there; an account in which the action of the opium was evinced by voluptuous sensations."—vol. ii. 7.

The pains M. Salverte has bestowed upon this subject have a more exalted end than the mere gratification of curiosity, seeking to illustrate ancient by modern usages; in this instance, he is the advocate of humanity. In defiance of all we have heard of the gradual advance in knowledge, liberality, and, allow us to say, true religion, by the Church, which has usually appeared as the enemy of them all.

"In the year 1810, it was seriously discussed in the schools of Rome, if sorcerers were fools, or possessed by the devil. (Guinan Laourens, Tableau de Rome vers la fin de 1814, p. 228.) Things were more ad-

* Paolo Minucci, a Florentine lawyer who died in the 17th century, has transmitted to us this interesting fact in his commentary on the *Malmantile Racquistato*, cant. iv. ott. 76.

† J. Wierus de Prestigiis ii. 36. J. B. Porta, Mag. Nat. ii. Cardan. de Subtilitate, 18.

vanced at Paris; in 1817, two works* were published, in which the existence of magic was formally maintained, and the zeal of the *learned* and *virtuous* men applauded who formerly burnt sorcerers alive.—vol. ii. p. 28. About three years since the city of Spire was the theatre of a not less atrocious scandal (we have omitted the preceding one) but upon which the rank of the actors impresses a more remarkable character. The bishop, who had died at the age of 82, and bequeathed 20,000 florins to his cathedral, was not interred like his predecessors in a chapel of his Church; the clergy would take no part in his burial, because *they accused this venerable prelate of sorcery*.—Voyez le Constitutionnel du 15 Aout 1826, p. 31."

No comment of ours could impart additional keenness to such a satire, or greater weight to a lesson of such terrible import.

To the physical causes already enumerated, by which the pretended sorcerer deluded himself, and the thaumaturgist his aspirants, may be added, as equivalent to all the rest, the action of the imagination pre-disposed for any impression, by an habitual credence in marvellous accounts, aided by physical accessories, by music, by an extraordinary exaltation of the moral faculties, by vague irrational terror, and that negative act of the mind, presentiment. To assign their true value to the effects of the imagination, contagious as they are by sympathy, is, we think, as impossible, as to limit their extent. Medicine has acknowledged its power, and without discussing the intricate, but serious question regarding extasy, or the less equivocal one of animal magnetism, although germane to the subject before us, we fully coincide in the opinion of M. Salverte, that the same *pontifical* body, who successfully applied moral or physical remedies, to correct and controul the errors of the imagination, did not fail to employ this omnipotent engine to extend their influence, or confirm their ascendancy. For the same purposes, the science of medicine being confined to the temples, every cure performed by their ministers was reputed a miracle. All diseases being ascribed to the vengeance of heaven, prayer and sacrifice were the ostensible causes of relief, when the supposed interposition of the god was nothing more than the practical art of his priest. A Greek inscription, supposed to have belonged to the temple of Æsculapius in Rome, and published by Gruter, Corp. Inscrip. LXXI. 1. relates four cures which this god produced.

"The suspension of an *hemoptysis* by the use of sweet kernels and honey, presents nothing surprising, not even the oracle which predicted it. When the god prescribes for a pain in the side the application of a topic, of which the ashes collected upon the altar of his temple should form the base, it may be conjectured that his priests mingled with the cinders some less insignificant ingredients. If a collyrium in which

‡ Les précurseurs de l'Antichrist—Les Superstitions et Prestiges des Philosophes. Voyez le Journal de Paris, 28th December, 1817.

the blood of a white cock was mixed with honey had produced good effects, we may be permitted to believe that the colour of the bird served only to impart a mysterious tinge to the composition of the remedy. After some genuflexions, a blind man places upon his eyes the hand which he had extended over the altar, and he suddenly recovers his sight . . . he had never lost it; and he probably performed this trick at a critical moment when it was of importance to raise the reputation of *Æsculapius* and his temple."—p. 77.

We shall not consider more minutely the therapeutic science of the ancients, nor its kindred art, the application of poisons. The experiments of M. G. F. Jaeger, on the action of arsenic upon vegetables, and the more extensive researches of M. Marcet of Geneva, seem to throw light upon many phenomena the accounts of which had been regarded as apocryphal; but the whole subject, into which M. Salverte could not fully enter, is far beyond our limits, and we must refer to Sir W. Drummond's learned Essay on the Science of the Egyptians and Chaldæans.

6. *Meteorology*.—If the European, familiar with the foreknowledge which attentive and long-continued observation confers, listen with astonishment to the predictions of the American savage, and persons unaccustomed to the ocean to the bold conjectures of the seaman, we may form some idea how readily the art of foreseeing rain, tempests, and the direction of the winds, depending universally upon the same principles, would be transformed in the eyes of the Pagan multitude into a power of commanding the elements; and, on the other hand, this ideal faculty being once conferred, how soon it would be converted into a source of emolument. Under the head of meteorology, M. Salverte has brought forward an hypothesis as much distinguished for its boldness and novelty, as for the ingenuity with which it is supported; it is that the art of drawing down the electric fluid from the clouds, attributed to Franklin, was known and practised in the earliest ages. Medals and traditions are the grounds upon which he rests.

"M. la Boessière," he states, "mentions several medals which appear to have a reference to this subject. One described by M. Duchoul represents the temple of Juno, the goddess of the air: the roof which covers it is armed with pointed rods. Another, described and engraved by Pellerin, bears the legend *Jupiter Elicius*; the god appears with the lightning in his hand; beneath is a man guiding a winged stag: but we must observe that the authenticity of this medal is suspected. Finally, other medals cited by Duchoul, in his work on the Religion of the Romans, present the exergue: *XV. Viri Sacris faciundis*; and bear a fish covered with points placed on a globe or on a patera. M. la Boessière thinks that a fish or a globe, thus armed with points, was the conductor employed by Numa to withdraw from the clouds the electric fire,

And comparing the figure of this globe with that of a head covered with erect hair, he gives an ingenious and plausible explanation of the singular dialogue between Numa and Jupiter, related by Valerius Antias, and ridiculed by Arnobius, lib. v., probably without its being understood by either. The history of the physical attainments of Numa deserves particular examination. At a period when lightning was occasioning continual injury, Numa, instructed by the nymph Egeria, sought a method of *appeasing the lightning*, (*fulmen piare*;) that is to say, in a plain style, a way of rendering this meteor less destructive. He succeeded in intoxicating Faunus and Picus, whose names in this place probably denote only the priests of these Etruscan divinities; he learned from them the secret of making, without any danger, the thundering Jupiter descend upon earth, and immediately put it in execution. Since that period Jupiter Elicius, Jupiter who is made to descend, was adored in Rome. *Ovid. Fast.* iii. 285, Annot. v. Here the veil of the mystery is transparent: to render the lightning less injurious, to make it, without danger, descend from the bosom of the clouds: and the effect and the end are common to the beautiful discovery of Franklin, and to that religious experiment which Numa frequently repeated with success. Tullus Hostilius was less fortunate. 'It is related,' says Livy, 'that this prince in searching the memoirs left by Numa, found among them some instructions relative to the secret sacrifices offered to Jupiter Elicius. He attempted to repeat them; but in the preparations, or in the celebration, he deviated from the sacred rite Exposed to the anger of Jupiter, evoked by a defective ceremony, *sollicitati pravâ religione*, he was struck by the lightning, and burned together with his palace.'—*Tit. Liv.* i. 31. *Plin. Hist. Nat.* ii. 53, xxxviii. 4. An ancient annalist, quoted by Pliny, expresses himself in a more explicit manner, and justifies the liberty I take in departing from the sense commonly given to the sentences of Livy by his translators. Guided by the books of Numa, Tullus undertook to evoke Jupiter by the aid of the same ceremonies which his predecessors had employed. Having departed from the prescribed rite, (*parùm rite*;) he was struck by the lightning and perished.—*Lucius Piso. Plin. Hist. Nat.* xxviii. 2. For the words *rites* and *ceremonies*, substitute, as I have proved (chapter vi,) should be done, the words *physical process*, and we shall perceive that the fate of Tullus was that of Professor Reichman. In 1753 this learned man was killed by the lightning, when repeating too incautiously the experiments of Franklin."—vol. ii. p. 154.

The art thus veiled under the name of rites of Jupiter Elicius, and Ζεύς καταβατήs, M. Salverte considers as having been employed by the various imitators of thunder; going back to the age of Prometheus, it affords an explanation of the fable of Salmoneus; it was employed by Zoroaster to kindle the sacred fire, (Dion Chrysost. Orat. Boryst.) and perform, in the initiation of his followers, some of the miracles, of which a traditionary belief still exists in the East. It may be inferred, that in the time of Ctesias (in Indic. apud Phot. Bibl. vol. lxxii.) the same art was

known in India, and that the Jews were not unacquainted with its effects would appear from some remarks of Michaelis cited by M. Salverte. He remarks,

“ 1. That there is nothing to indicate that the lightning ever struck the temple of Jerusalem during the lapse of a thousand years. 2. That according to the account of Josephus, (*Bell. Jud.* v. 14.) a forest of spikes with golden or gilt points, and very sharp, covered the roof of this temple; a remarkable feature of resemblance with the temple of Juno represented on the Roman medals. 3. That this roof communicated with the caverns in the hill of the temple, by means of metallic tubes, placed in connexion with the thick gilding that covered the whole exterior of the building: the points of the spikes there necessarily produced the effect of lightning rods How are we to suppose that it was only by chance they discharged so important a function, that the advantage received from it had not been calculated; that the spikes were erected in such great numbers only to prevent the birds from lodging upon and defiling the roof of the temple? Yet this is the sole utility which the historian Josephus attributes to them. His ignorance is an additional proof of the facility with which the higher branches of knowledge must be lost, so long as men, instead of forming them into an organized system of science, sought only an empirical art of operating wonders.”—vol. ii. p. 166.

We have given little more than an outline of the learned arguments by which M. Salverte supports his curious hypothesis; in a work so replete with matter as the one before us, more cannot be expected; our object has been to awaken curiosity by bringing forward what is interesting or new, rather than to select only a few topics for profound discussion. The reasons are powerful which he adduces for believing that the magnetic needle was employed in the early ages, nor do we think that, as in some instances, they have been pushed too far. With regard to the invention and application of gunpowder, this is not the case. Gibbon had long since remarked, (c. lxx. n. 92,) that “in the early, doubtful, twilight, the name, sound, fire, and effect that seem to express *our* artillery, may be fairly interpreted of the old engines and the Greek fire;” and the observation holds good with respect to all that M. Salverte has advanced on the subject, as well as to the equally learned inquiry of Dutens, on the *Origin of the Discoveries attributed to the Moderns*. The mischievous rapidity with which the knowledge of the use of gunpowder spread in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is in favour of its being a novel invention about that time; yet there is direct evidence to prove that this is not the case; so that however improbable it may seem that a secret of this nature should be kept from general use, though employed for centuries in each sacred college as a source of religious terror, or an engine of defence, yet if such a supposition, and that alone, will remove from many passages of history the air of ro-

mance which has hitherto distinguished them, although we may be unwilling to pronounce an assent, we cannot altogether withhold our belief. The following is, with a slight exception, the last extract we shall make:—

“Two principles have constantly guided us. It is absurd to regard with astonishment, and refuse to believe, as being supernatural, what admits of a natural explanation. It is reasonable to admit that the physical knowledge required for performing a miraculous act existed, at least among some men, at the times and in the countries where historical tradition has placed the miracle. Shall we here be accused of committing a *petitio principii*, easy to be overthrown by denying the very fact of the miracle? No: a plausible motive is required for denying what has frequently been attested by many authors, and repeated at different epochs; this motive no longer exists, and the miracle enters into the class of historical facts, as soon as an explanation, derived from the nature of things, has dissipated the supernatural appearance which caused it to be regarded as chimerical. But, once again, how is it that knowledge of such high interest has not come down to us? We answer in the same way as the histories of the greater number of past ages, and so much information of every kind, the possession of which by the ancients was never disputed, have been lost throughout the world. To the general causes of destruction which have occasioned such immense voids in the domain of the human understanding, two particular causes, of which we have pointed out the agency, are here superadded: one is the mystery with which religion and interest conjointly enveloped the knowledge possessed by the privileged class; the other, the want of a systematic connexion, which alone could establish between them a rationally organized theory; a connexion without which isolated facts are successively lost, without those which remain rendering it possible to recover what are gradually sinking into the gulf of oblivion through the lapse of time, negligence, fear, superstition, and incapacity.”—vol. ii. p. 262.

Usages frequently survive any tradition of the circumstances which gave rise to them and the ideas they were intended to awaken, so that, from an enlightened analysis of practices of this description, passages in ancient authors, often obscure and sometimes unintelligible, may occasionally receive the happiest illustration. It is well known with what success this principle has been applied on the continent to the elucidation of the higher free-masonry, the most singular bequest which past ages have left us; and that M. Salverte has been equally fortunate in applying it, and from other considerations also has most ably maintained his general ground, no dispassionate scholar will doubt, although he has gone much too far not to be exposed to the flippant cavilling of every captious sciolist. The merit of such a work cannot be estimated by partial extracts or any general review: to be appreciated, its multifarious contents must undergo a rigid scrutiny. We have avoided noticing many an ingenious parallel between Pagan and Popish miracles, and the causes applicable to

both; the following explanation, however, of an impudent trick which to us, among many of our countrymen, was admitted upon the spot to be such, although we were triumphantly told, “you could not do as much,” we think is deserving of notice:—

“Still at the present day, in a public ceremony at Naples, a few drops of the blood of Saint Januarius, collected and dried many ages since, become spontaneously liquified every year, and rise, bubbling, to the top of the vessel which contains them. These illusions may be effected by reddening sulphuric ether with orchanet, *onosma* of Linnæus; saturate the tincture with spermaceti: this preparation is solid at ten degrees above the freezing point, and melts and boils at twenty degrees. To raise it to this temperature, it is sufficient to hold in the hand for a few minutes the phial which contains it.”—vol. i. p. 332.

Having bestowed the most unqualified praise upon the learning and ingenuity which characterise these volumes, the more important but nevertheless ungrateful task now devolves upon us, of censuring in the highest degree the spirit of *rationalism* which pervades them. That some few of the miraculous phenomena recorded in Scripture may be explained upon physical principles is unquestionably true, but that in nearly fifty instances this should be the case, is a position as incorrect as it is untenable. Granting that one of the plagues of Egypt *might* have occurred accidentally, the doctrine of chances to which M. Salverte so frequently appeals with so much reason will not support the hypothesis, that they were all fortuitous. When, even admitting Moses to have been, as he was, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, he is represented as excavating and charging with combustibles a pitfall for Korah and his associates, and Joshua applying gunpowder to overthrow the walls of Jericho, &c. &c. &c., our smile at the absurdity of the author is suppressed from sorrow for the man. That a Professor of Poetry should see every thing through the medium of his favourite pursuit is not surprising, but that a philosopher, in the sobriety of cool discussion, (declaring, and we believe with sincerity, his perfect conviction of the truths of revelation,) should class the ministers of the true God with the thaumaturgists of polytheism, the more than authorised—the *commanded*—manifestations of heavenly power by the first, with the artifices of the last, and not see that by so doing he was undermining the faith he pretended to hold, is an instance of mental blindness, too frequent, we admit, in the present illuminated schools, but not the less reprehensible from the guise it may assume, or the names which may be adduced in its support. Throughout these volumes, in whatever concerns the sacred narrative, we find the ridiculous speculations of the Jewish Rabbins mixed up with the historical truths of Philo and Josephus. The test of miracles, improperly ascribed to Paley, (having been

proposed by Calmet nearly a century before,) is not infallible; but the rationalizing system strikes at the root of all. The question here is not, which is a miracle and which is not, but—is there such a thing as a miracle at all? Is not whatever is reputed as such, the effect of superior science directed in its application by the highest order of human intellect? On what basis then doth religion rest? The systems of the Old and of the New Testament are too intimately connected for an evaporation of the miracles of either not to produce the same effect. Pascal has sagaciously remarked, (*Pensées*, ii. 2.*)—“Moses was a skilful man, that is manifest. If then his design had been to deceive, he would have done it so that he could not be convicted of deceit. He hath done altogether the contrary, for if he had brought forward fables, (an observation equally applicable to his works and writings,) there was no Jew who would not have been able to detect the imposture.” Conceding, however, that the acts of that great man were imposture, inasmuch as resulting from science, not from inspiration, what science could the other Jewish prophets have possessed? men taken from the plough and the fold; and if in one instance inspiration could be proved, ὁδὸς τοῦ σωτῆρος, down comes the whole system together. The strangest fact however is, that, while every miracle is to be explained away, the inspiration of the individuals reputed to have performed them is not denied. Spinoza, in every social relation an amiable and exemplary man, “a moral character,” declared, that if he could bring himself to believe the resuscitation of the dead by the Messiah, he should cease to be a sceptic. Now, the miracle is not denied, but evaded; and the man who does this is a Christian! Does he then owe nothing to his fellows? If he, the scholar, the philosopher, can hold fast the profession of his faith after the foundation has been removed from the edifice, less highly gifted men, the majority of the world, are not equally fortunate; and while as mere ordinary members of society, with common sense notions of prudence, we deprecate such an application of learning as may unsettle the minds of the multitude for the problematical elucidation of some speculative points, as Christians we must hold up to universal reprobation a system which, by placing religion on a false basis, is, in fact, overthrowing it, and, by hazarding the eternal welfare of his creatures, is insulting the majesty of God.

* Having quoted perhaps the most beautiful of M. Pascal's writings, we cannot help noticing the inconsequential manner in which they have been published. In their present detached form the *Pensées*, though bearing the impress of genius, and that genius Pascal's, are distinguished only by their individual excellence; arranged in the following order they form an impressive system, comprehensive in its views, and conclusive in its reasonings. 1.22.23.24.25.26.21,9.8. Discours sur les preuves des Livres de Moïse 10.11.12.13.3.2.14.15.16.18.19.20.4.5.6.7.27.17.28.

ART. VI.—*Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castillan. Drame.* Par Victor Hugo. Paris. 1830. 8vo.

A DRAMATIC work which bears the name of Victor Hugo—which had been announced as likely to bring to issue the great contest between the adherents of the classic and romantic schools, and which since its appearance has been made alternately the subject of eulogium or abuse, grave criticism and parody—may safely be assumed as deserving of notice. The name of its author is a guarantee. Whatever system of literary opinions he may adopt, he will follow it fairly up to its results; there will be no compromises with the view of gaining over a party; no shrinking from the exhibition of those startling points of the system which may shock the prejudices of his countrymen; no mere attempt to dress up with a more modern colouring of sentiment or expression themes of which the groundwork is substantially old and hackneyed. What Victor Hugo does, we feel a conviction beforehand that he will to the best of his ability do thoroughly; and whether his attempt be conspicuous for its success or its failure, we must always feel that interest in its result which arises from witnessing a fair and manly contest, instead of a series of shifting and indecisive manœuvres; a dramatic exposition of the principles of the romantic school in all their extent and force, instead of those hollow alliances between the schools of Aristotle and Shakspeare, which by their incongruous union annihilate all that was characteristic or poetical in the one, without even the compensation of preserving the harmonious proportions, the skill and polish of the other. No good, we feel persuaded, can come of serving two masters; nor will France ever be likely to form for herself a drama suited to the new thoughts, feelings, passions and wants of the time, but by keeping in view that in every nation the drama is *a whole*, which has derived its existence, and must preserve it, by reflecting the habits and associations of those to whom it is addressed; and that when the voice of the public demands that a change shall take place in its laws and character, because it has ceased to exhibit the form and pressure of the time, that change will never be satisfactorily effected by engrafting upon it a dramatic system which has been the growth of other countries, and which derives its whole force and efficacy from its coherence with the spirit of the nation which gave it birth. Shakspeare can never be superinduced upon the *fond* of Corneille and Racine, nor Calderon lie down beside Voltaire, till the advent of a dramatic millennium.

So far then we are convinced that it is only by the efforts of decided men like Victor Hugo, that France will ever obtain what

she herself that feels she wants—a national drama suited to the nineteenth century. We say that she herself feels this want, because we are convinced that, of those who have considered the subject, there now exist but few of those devoted adherents of the old school who look upon the theatre of Corneille and Racine, or Voltaire, as one adapted to the revolution which has taken place in literature as well as politics, or who would fairly maintain that the *Cid* or *Iphigenie*, if now submitted to the Parisian public, would be received with much enthusiasm by the crowd who “assist” at the representations of the *Theatre Français*. Springing out of an arrangement of society which has no parallel in the present stirring times of individual energy and ambition; which distributed men into castes, and placed an almost insuperable barrier between the several orders of the social edifice, leaving in fact only the narrow winding staircases of the law and the army, by which vaulting ambition might at times force its way into the upper chambers; reflecting on its formal, polished, passionless mirror, the intellectual listlessness, the idleness, the artificial gallantry, the compromising morality and heartlessness of that court, which then held a royal monopoly in learning and taste, as it did in rank and dignity, the drama of the age of Louis XIV., with its conventional decencies and proprieties, its limitations, proscriptions of strong emotions, its affected admiration for antiquity, and real ignorance of the whole spirit of Greece and Rome, has, like the system of which it truly formed an excrescence, for ever passed away, as an actual speaking or impressive instrument by which the national mind is to be roused, exalted, ameliorated, or even amused or refined. Where all things have become new; where energy of mind and intellectual ability have vindicated their claims to any distinction, however lofty; where activity has chased voluptuous indolence from the court, the altar, the bench and the council; where the popular voice, once scarce uplifted, or easily drowned by music, or lulled by the display of some fete or pageant, now speaks trumpet-tongued and all-powerful; where rank and accident no longer give monopoly of importance or immunity from opinion, the remembrance of the old system, and the habits, feelings and modes of literary opinion with which it was associated, are fast losing all hold, not only on the reason, but even on the fancy and the imagination. To those, indeed, who,

“Amidst the crowd, the hum and shock of men,”

have personally witnessed how tyrants rise and fall, how demagogues pass from the shed to the throne and the scaffold; who have seen the working of the mighty machinery by which conspiracies are organized and old empires shaken into ruin; or who,

within the narrow pale of social life, have witnessed the varied, deep and energetic displays of evil and good which are exhibited in these times of trial; have heard with their own ears, or uttered with their own lips, the language of love, grief, devotion, exultation or despair; how very stale, flat and unprofitable must appear all the uses of this conventional world upon La Harpe's projection—this scene, where conspiracies are hatched, matured and executed in a few hours, at the very foot of the throne, by a few insulated individuals; where the destinies of nations are made to turn upon the smile or frown of a heroine; where half the business of the scene is carried on by means of confidants, to whom nothing is confided but what they knew before; and where the personages, be they of what country they may, have their characteristics as clearly defined as the pieces of a chess-board—capable indeed of some little transposition and combination among themselves, but having their movements, powers and modes of action fixed by an arbitrary and immutable rule. How wan, how love-begone, how spiritless, to those who by deeper study and meditation have more truly fathomed the spirit of Greece and Rome, would appear those distorted and fantastic creations, the lineal descendants of the school of Calprenede and Scudery, which once bore the names of *Cædipus*, *Orestes*, *Brutus* or *Cæsar*.

This system, then, so little adapted to the existing usages and wants of society, is irrevocably fallen into the sere; nor can a new verdure be given to it by grafting on it leaves and branches from another stock. But is it then to be hewn down at once and cast into the fire? Are the exotic growths of England and Spain to be planted in its room?

So say the romanticists of France:—Give us the wild variety of Shakspeare, with all his quips and cranks, his inextricable blending of the dignified and the ludicrous; the alternate splendour and gloom of Calderon, with his *Graciosos*, his endless points, subtleties, and exaggerations:—Give us any thing, in short, except this existing system, the relic of a state of things which will now only form another chapter in the next treatise "*De rebus perditis*." A hazardous experiment, we fear, and one little calculated to be of any permanent influence on the national mind. Doubtless the adoption of a foreign creed *en masse* will always meet with partizans among that numerous class of liberalists in literature who love changes for their own sake; their approbation and their influence may procure toleration for the opinions which they advocate. The *Othello* of Shakspeare, in the shape of a literal translation, may even be applauded to the echo in that theatre from which its author had been proscribed as a "*gros bouffon*," and Schiller's *Wallenstein* translated and admired by those who at one time

propounded the unlucky query, "Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit." All this, however, proves little as to the convictions of those more numerous and more impartial, though more silent, judges, whose voices, though drowned for a time by the penny trumpets of the gazettes and journals, ultimately make themselves heard, because they are addressed to the reason which abides, and not to the passions and prejudices of the imagination which pass away: and their minds, we are satisfied, will never cordially reconcile themselves to the implicit adoption of the dramatic creed of Shakspeare or Calderon, or their German expositors. Every nation, like an individual, has its character, though it may be difficult to seize it by description; its associations, which must be awakened; its vanities, which must be flattered; its prejudices, which must be respected or spared; and these not transitory nor depending only upon one state of society, but deep-rooted in the national mind, surviving the course of revolutions, and marking it, in these our days, with many of the same peculiarities which distinguished it in the days of Clovis, or even of Cæsar. And these objects, we apprehend, will never be adequately effected by the wholesale importation of any foreign literature, which, if it touches at times on such feelings, can do so only incidentally and partially, and must as often run counter to them, and which, though its principles may approach more nearly to those which have their foundation in universal nature, may still be far enough from coming home to the bosoms of those among whom they are to be implanted. What matters it, indeed, if the yoke of Aristotle be shaken off, if it is only to be exchanged for that of Shakspeare? or if a worn-out garb is to be replaced by one which does not fit the person it is meant to cover? May not the French critic justly maintain, that if the dramatic literature of France is to be subjected to the fetters of a system, it is better to wear the yoke of their own dramatists than a foreign chain?

But is there no mezzo-terme between the necessity of reanimating and reproducing the dead bones of Corneille and Racine and adopting implicitly the code of England, Germany, or Spain? Is it too much to expect that, instead of being contented to drink at the fountains of Shakspeare or of Calderon, some master-spirit, led by their example, but not following blindly in their track, may reascend to the same elevation from which their great poets looked upon the plane of existence;—where the fountain of nature has its spring; and viewing the map of human life from the same point, but with the brighter lights, and changing shadows which advancing centuries have thrown over the scene, once more unlock the well-spring of truth, and draw forth another stream to freshen and to fertilize the barren waste of dramatic

poetry? Thus only, we are persuaded, will the decline of the drama, either in France or our own country, be averted. Let dramatists study Corneille and Racine, because amidst much that is false and feeble, they have much also that is truly worthy of study; let him sympathize with the magnificence of Calderon, for his religious gloom is irradiated by flashes of the loftiest poetry: let him devote his days and nights to Shakspeare, because, in his many-coloured pictures, he comes nearest to the truth and variety of life; but still let him not confound these who, after all, are but the high priests and interpreters of Nature with the divinity herself, nor waste upon Hephæstion the homage he should have reserved for Alexander.

In all this Victor Hugo, whose dramatic efforts we are about to notice, would probably tell us he agreed with us. He would maintain that his was not a blind idolatry of Shakspeare or Calderon, or an implicit adoption of the theories of Schlegel, but that he adopted their views, or imitated them, because his observation of nature led him to the same conclusions;—that his play was, in fact, the result of his own studies and meditations on the objects of the dramatic art, and the instrument by which these objects were to be effected, and framed upon an eclectic and comprehensive principle, which neither rejected the correctness and the dignity of Corneille and Racine, when these were in their place, nor the wilder vigour of the Spanish and English poets, where the scope of the scene gave room and verge for the display of these qualities. Let us see, then, how far the play before us coincides with our ideas of a production calculated to revive the drooping prospects of the drama.

We ought to observe, in justice to the author, that he himself enters a sort of protest against his performance being judged of as it stands. "*Hernani*," he observes, "is but the first stone of an edifice, which, as yet, exists in its complete state only in the head of the author, and the completion of which alone can give any value to the present drama." If we could have regarded *Hernani* as a fragment like *Faust*, we might have admitted the justice of this plea; but we must fairly confess, that in the circumstances of the case, this suspension of all criticism till the appearance of the remainder of this dramatic fabric, is totally out of the question. *Hernani* itself seems to us as perfect as it is ever likely to be, nor can we conceive how any reflected glories are to be shed back upon it from the completion of the other dramas, the advent of which is thus darkly indicated.

The play carries us back to Saragossa, and the era which M. Hugo has assigned to its events is that of 1519. It is night; a light is burning in the bed-chamber of Doña Sol; is a duenna

enters with stealthy step ; a knocking is heard at a secret door,—she hurries to open it ; a cavalier forces his way into the apartment, and grasping the terrified duenna by the arm, orders her, on pain of death, to conceal him in the apartment, that he may witness the intended interview between her mistress and the expected Hernani. Scarcely is he concealed when Donna Sol enters, and is almost immediately followed by her mysterious lover, dressed in the costume of a mountaineer of Arragon. The dialogue of this scene, broken and natural, reveals to us that Hernani (though he alludes darkly to his former possession of rank and property,) is now a proscribed bandit, commanding a mountain horde among the fastnesses of Catalonia ; but that, poor and proscribed as he is, he is dearer to Donna Sol, than the renowned Ruy Gomez de Sylva, her uncle, to whom the king has destined her hand in marriage. She soothes with tenderness the impetuosity and jealousy of Hernani, and announces her resolution to follow him, whatever might be his fate,—to the mountains, or to the scaffold.

We go to-morrow :

Hernani, blame me not for this my boldness.

Art thou mine evil genius or mine angel ?

I know not, but I am thy slave. Now hear me.

Go where thou wilt, I follow thee. Remain,

And I remain. Why do I thus ? I know not.

I feel that I must see thee. See thee still—

See thee for ever. When thy footstep dies,

It is as if my heart no more would beat ;

When thou art gone, I am absent from myself :

But when the footstep which I love and long for

Strikes on my ear again—then I remember

I live, and feel my soul return to me."

Moved by her devoted affection, Hernani is about to unfold to her his real rank, when the disclosure is interrupted by the sudden appearance of the stranger from his concealment. His cool familiarity, and the gallantry with which he addresses Donna Sol, are too much for the patience of the mountaineer of Arragon. Swords are drawn, and a combat is on the point of ensuing, when a new embarrassment arises from the sudden appearance of a third admirer of the heroine, in the person of her uncle, old Ruy Gomez de Sylva. The fiery old man bursts out into a torrent of eloquent abuse against these intruders into the apartment of his niece, but to his surprise, the stranger steps forward and announces himself as Charles, King of Spain, come to confer with the duke, in regard to his claims on the empire, now vacant by the death of his grandfather Maximilian, and Hernani as an officer of his suite ; with some difficulty, the old nobleman accepts this explanation, and the retreat of Hernani is

thus covered. He goes, however, with new cause of hatred against Charles; his father had been put to death by the late king, and now the son comes to interpose his hateful gallantries between himself and Donna Sol. His heart wavering between love and vengeance, now throws itself with its whole weight into the scale of the latter. Charles, the son of his father's murderer, the rival of his own love, it is resolved must die.

ACT II.—Amidst the confusion of the last scene, Donna Sol has found an opportunity of concerting with Hernani the plan of their escape next night. Again, however, their interview is interrupted by the interference of Charles. He watches under her window until light after light is extinguished, and when at last the trembling fair descends into the court, she finds herself in the grasp of the king, instead of the embrace of her lover. He offers her his crown, the imperial diadem—every thing—but in vain; he reproaches her with her attachment to a proscribed bandit; he threatens at last to have her carried off by his guard. Suddenly, Hernani appears behind him; Donna Sol rushes into his arms; and the bandit, fixing his sparkling eyes upon the king, reproaches him with his base attempt. In the midst of this trying scene the king does not falter; he preserves a calm provoking air of royal superiority, he refuses to fight with Hernani, who calls upon him to defend himself; he will not sully his royal sword by crossing it with that of a robber.

“HERNANI. (*Seizing his arm.*)

Knowest thou what hand it is that grasps thine arm?

Listen,—I say—*Thy* father killed *my* father.

I hate thee. Fame and fortune thou hast taken

From *me*. I hate thee. We both love one object.

I hate thee for it—in my soul I hate thee.

CHARLES.

Sir!—

HERNANI.

Yet this evening all my hate had fled,

I sought but her—and here, O heaven, I find thee!

Don Carlos, thou art fallen in thine own snare—

No flight, no help;—I have thee—I enclasp thee.

Alone, surrounded by embittered foes,

What wilt thou do?

CHARLES.

Away! I'll not be questioned.

HERNANI.

Thou shalt not fall obscurely in the dark.

My long-sought vengeance must not thus escape me.

No arm shall touch thee but mine own.

(*Draws his sword.*)

Defend thyself!

CHARLES. (*Proudly.*)
I am the king—thy master.
Strike—but no fighting.

HERNANI.
Recollect, my lord,
Thy sword but yesterday encountered mine.

CHARLES.
Yes! *then* it might be. Then, I knew thee not.
Nor thou my title.—But to-day, companion,
Thou know'st me, what I am—and I know *thee*.

HERNANI.
Perhaps.

CHARLES.
No fighting.—Stab and make an end!

HERNANI.
Think'st thou that any names with us are sacred?
Wilt thou defend thyself?

CHARLES.
No. Stab—I say.
(*Hernani draws back. Charles fixes on him an eagle glance.*)
What! then, vile robbers, did ye think your bands
Might swarm at will, unpunished, thro' my town,
And dyed in blood, and murder-laden, still
Might play the mock-magnanimous with us?
That we should deign—we, your deluded victims,
To cross our swords against a robber's dagger?
No—crime is with you—here and every where—
We fight not with the vile.—Strike—we await thee."

Hernani, melancholy and pensive, clasps the hilt of his sword for a few moments; then turns suddenly towards the king, and breaks the blade on the pavement.

"Begone.
(*The king turns half round to him and regards him with disdain.*)
We'll meet, in better time."

Charles departs. Donna Sol conjures her lover to take her with him; but the near prospect of the danger to which she would be exposed from the pursuit and vengeance of the king, oppresses the mind of Hernani, and he struggles against her resolution. Overpowered by her pathetic pleading, he is on the point of yielding; when the sound of the alarm bell of Saragossa, the cry of approaching voices, and the glare of torches, announce to the lovers that the parting threat of Charles was not an idle one. Hernani must fly, and that instantly,—he kisses the forehead of Donna Sol, and exclaims,—

"Alas! it is the first.

DONNA SOL.

Perchance—the last.

He disappears—she sinks upon the seat.

ACT III.—The tumult and confusion of the night are gone. We are in the gallery of the castle of Sylva, hung round with the portraits of its warlike possessors. Donna Sol, dressed in white, is seated near a table; beside her stands the old Duke Ruy Gomez, in a dress, the magnificence of which announces the approaching nuptial ceremony. He congratulates himself that in an hour her hand will be his; he intreats her to forgive his violence, his suspicions, on finding Hernani and the king in her apartment, he pleads the fears, the jealousies, the anxieties of age, while under the influence of an overpowering passion. A touching and mournful eloquence pervades his impetuous apology.

“ ‘ Oh ! mockery,’ (he exclaims,)

. . . . ‘ that this halting love

That fills the heart so full of flame and transport

Forgets the body while it fires the soul !

If but a youthful shepherd cross my path,

He singing on his way—I sadly musing,

He in his fields, I in my darksome alleys ;

Then my heart whispers—‘ O ! ye mouldering tow’rs,

Thou old and ducal dungeon, O how gladly

Would I exchange ye, and my fields and forests,

Mine ancient name, mine ancient rank—my ruins—

My ancestors with whom I soon shall be,

For *his* thatched cottage and his youthful brow !

His hair is black—his eyes shone forth like *thine*.

Him thou might’st look upon, and say—fair youth,

Then turn to me, and think that I am old ! ”

But age too, he reminds her, has its advantages. The light and giddy souls of the youthful cavaliers of the court, he urges, do not always harbour “ a love so fervent as their words bespeak.”

“ Let some poor maiden love them, and believe them,
Then die for them—they smile. Aye ! these young birds,
With gay and glittering wings and amorous song,
Can shed their love as lightly as their plumage.
The old, whose voice and colours age has dimmed,
Flutter no more, and though less fair are faithful.
When *we* love, we love *well*. Are our steps frail ?
Our eyes dried up and withered ?—Are our brows
Wrinkled ?—There are no wrinkles in the heart.
Ah ! when the old man loves, he should be spared ;
The heart is young—*that* bleeds unto the last.
I love thee as a spouse, a sire—and in
A thousand other fashions, as we love
The morn, the flowers, the overhanging heaven !

Ah me ! when day by day I gaze upon thee,
 Thy graceful step—thy purely-polished brow,
 Thine eye's calm fire,—I feel my heart leap up,
 And an eternal sunshine bathe my soul !

DONNA SOL.

Alas !

RUY GOMEZ.

And think too ! Even the world admires,
 When age, expiring, for a moment totters
 Upon the marble margin of the tomb,
 To see a wife—a pure and dove-like angel—
 Watch o'er him, sooth him, and endure a while
 The useless old man only fit to die :
 A sacred task, and worthy of all honour,
 This latest effort of a faithful heart.
 Which in his parting hour consoles the dying,
 And, without loving, wears the look of love !
 Ah ! thou wilt be to me this sheltering angel,
 To cheer the old man's heart—to share with him
 The burden of his evil years ;—a daughter
 In thy respect ;—a sister in thy pity.

DONNA SOL.

Thy fate may be not to precede but follow.
 My lord ! it is no reason for long life
 That we are young. Alas ! I have seen too oft
 The old cling fast to life, the young go first.
 And the lids close as sudden o'er their eyes
 As shuts the gravestone o'er the sepulchre."

Their interview is interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announces that a pilgrim at the gate requests an asylum. It is Hernani, who, escaping alone from the slaughter of his companions, and believing Donna Sol faithless, has come to die before her eyes, and amidst the splendour of her nuptials. When the servants and attendants throng in, and Ruy Gomez, advancing, offers his hand to lead his bride to the altar, the pilgrim steps forward, throws aside his disguise, proclaims his name, and asks who wishes to gain the thousand Carolis which had been set upon his head. Not a voice answers, not a step moves. He is the guest of Don Ruy Gomez de Sylva; he has been promised protection, and the old noble reiterates that promise, even in the event of his being claimed by the king. He goes out to give orders to close the gate. Meanwhile the lovers, who are left together, come to an explanation. Hernani learns that his mistress resigned her hand to her uncle only from compulsion; and overpowered with regret and shame for having brought tears into her eyes, he bursts out into reproaches against himself, and expressions of tenderness towards Donna Sol. Forgetful of every thing else,

locked in each others arms, they stand motionless, till surprized by the return of Ruy Gomez. His rage and consternation are unbounded; he pours out his feelings in a bitter strain of irony; he is on the point of following up his vengeance by his sword, when the blast of a trumpet without announces the approach of the king, who, having traced Hernani to the castle, comes to demand the fugitive. The mind of the old nobleman is agitated by a storm of contending feelings. Vengeance calls upon him to sacrifice the treacherous rival, who had twice intruded into his castle; hospitality and Castilian honour plead for his preservation. The latter prevail: he steps up to his own picture, presses a secret spring, and, disclosing an aperture in the wall, conceals Hernani. Charles enters, surrounded by his guards; he advances slowly; his right hand in his bosom,—his left grasping the hilt of his sword,—his eyes fixed on the duke, and lowering with indignation. The silence of expectation and terror reigns through the hall. He demands his prisoner. The duke admits he is concealed within the castle, and the king replies that either his own head or that of the fugitive must fall. The old nobleman bends low before his king, and tells him he shall be satisfied. He takes his arm,—he leads him up to the long row of ancestral portraits, which, in their silent majesty, look down upon them from the walls. He describes to the impatient king the characters of the Sylvas, whom they represent,

“ Their pure high blood, their blazon roll of glories.”

And at last pausing before his own portrait, behind which Hernani is concealed, he asks him, “ if that catalogue of heroes is to be closed by one of whom it shall be said, that he treacherously sold the head of his guest.” He offers his own in exchange; but the king, more ungenerous in his vengeance, carries off his niece as a hostage. The old man kneels to him, and implores his pity, but in vain. His bride is dragged from him; the king with his cortége depart; the servants retire. He is left alone with his concealed guest, and the tumultuous emotions of his own tortured bosom. He unlocks the concealment; he calls upon Hernani to come forth, and either receive the death he merited, or put an end to a life which is no longer worth retaining. In his dark recess, Hernani has heard nothing; but, now that he learns from the despairing old man that Donna Sol is carried off, and in the power of Charles, he urges him, before he inflict upon him the death he courts, to join him in his efforts to reclaim the victim from the grasp of the king. When that is done, he will place his life in his hands. He attests his vow by the head of his father. He places his hunting horn in his hands, and adds,

that be the hour, the place, the situation, what it may, the duke has but to sound that horn, and he is ready to fulfil his vow. Gomez clasps his hand, and calls the portraits of his ancestors to witness the obligation.

ACT IV.—The scene is changed from Saragossa to Aix la Chapelle, and Charles, whom we have hitherto seen engrossed only by love, and running the usual course of adventures of the *Capa y Espada*, is now to appear in the new character of a candidate for the empire. The electors are assembled to deliberate on the claims of Charles and his rivals, the Duke of Saxony and Francis the First. A single cannon shot is to announce the election, if the choice fall on Saxony; two for France, three for the King of Spain. The opening scene unfolds to us the existence of a conspiracy against Charles, into which Hernani and the Duke de Sylva, following out their concert of vengeance, have entered; and with which the king is made acquainted by his follower, Don Ricardo. Confident in himself, however, the king enters the very vaults of the cathedral, where the conspirators have been accustomed to hold their sittings. He stands before the tomb of Charlemagne; and, in a long monologue, details his hopes,—his anxieties,—his views, as to his own situation, and that of society around him, and glances at the glorious prospects that open to him with the possession of the empire. The advancing steps of the conspirators lead him to enter the tomb; and, closing the door behind him, he listens to their deliberations. The conspirators draw lots for the honour of assassinating him, and this bloody prize is awarded, by chance, to Hernani. Sylva intreats him to cede the task to him; he even offers to return the horn, which is the symbol of his vow, and to acquit him of his obligation; but in vain. While the conspirators raise their swords in token of their resolution to accomplish the death of Charles, should Hernani fall, the distant sound of a cannon shot is heard. The gate of Charlemagne's tomb is half opened, and Charles is seen listening, and pale with anxiety. A second shot is heard,—a third. He throws open the door of the tomb, and, standing motionless upon the threshold, exclaims,—

“Move farther off, my friends, the emperor hears ye!”

The conspirators, half-thinking that the voice of Charlemagne himself had addressed them, quench their lights; but the momentary darkness of the vault is dispelled by the brighter lustre of a thousand torches, which, at the signal of Charles, arise on all sides; while soldiers, arquebusiers, nobles, and, lastly, the whole train of electors, throng in to do homage to the new successor of Cæsar. The question now is, what shall be the punishment of the conspirators; the vengeance of the emperor cannot

descend to the crowd; he directs the guards to arrest none beneath the rank of a count. Donna Sol, who, by the order of the new emperor, had been conducted thither, exclaims, pointing to Hernani, "He is saved." But it is not so. He separates himself from the groupe of the conspirators, and claims admission into the circle of death, as John of Arragon, Duke of Segovia and Cordova, Marquis of Monroy, Count Albutera, and lord of places, whose very names are too long to enumerate. He covers his head as a Grandee of Spain, and takes his place among his brethren. The distracted Donna Sol throws herself at the emperor's feet to plead for him. "Spare him," she exclaims; "I love him! He is mine, as the empire is yours." The emperor looks at her for a moment, then with a deep sigh, he replies. "Rise Duchess of Segovia, Countess Albutera, Marchioness Monroy,—What other names, Don Juan?" Overpowered by surprise, Hernani flings away his dagger, and with it his hatred, and rushes into the arms of Donna Sol. All is joy, except in the heart of Ruy Gomez. The happiness of Hernani is the seal of his misery,—and while the crowd are hailing with shouts the elevation of the new emperor, he alone preserves a mournful and ominous silence.

ACT V.—It is night. Saragossa is blazing with the preparations for the nuptials of Don Juan of Arragon and Donna Sol. On a splendid terrace of the palace, a gay crowd are awaiting their appearance, amidst the sounds of voluptuous music, the lustre of variegated lamps, and the murmur of dashing fountains. In the midst of the festivity, a solitary mask clad in black, crosses the scene, and disappears in the garden. The newly united pair enter and receive the congratulations of their friends. The crowd disperses, and they are left alone. Donna Sol addresses her husband by the name of Hernani, that name by which she had known him in the infancy of their love. But he wishes to banish the remembrances connected with it; for he is now once more Don Juan, a Grandee of Spain, and the husband of Donna Sol.

HERNANI.

Wherefore should I reassume
The rags which, entering at the gate, I left?
I turn again unto my mourning palace,
And lo! an angel greets me on the threshold:
I enter, I rebuild its broken columns,
Relume its fires, re-open its closed casements,
Root up the grass that in the court had gathered;
And all around is joy, enchantment, love!
Restore my towers, my battlements, my vassals,
My plume, my seat amidst Castile's high council,
For me my bashful blushing bride—then leave us

Together—and the past is as a dream.
 Nought have I seen, or heard, or done. I wipe
 All these away, I recommence existence.
 Wisdom or madness be it—Thou art mine.
 I love thee—and thou art my good, my all.

DONNA SOL, (*examining his collar of the Golden Fleece.*)
 How this dark velvet with the collar suits.

HERNANI.

You saw the king before with such a one.

DONNA SOL.

I did not see it. I saw none but thee.
 'Tis not the velvet, nor the satin neither;
 It is the neck that so adorns the gold.

(*Pointing to the balustrade.*)

Come, look, my lord, a moment on the night.
 The hour to see and taste of Nature's beauties.
 All quenched—the lights—the music of the feast—
 All gone, but night and us. O! happiness!
 Do you not feel with me, that o'er our heads
 Even drowsy Nature keeps an amorous watch,
 The heaven is calm and cloudless as ourselves,
 The air comes laden with the rose's breath,
 The fires are down, the noise hath ceased. All's quiet.
 Even while we speak the moon hath climbed the horizon;
 Its trembling light—thy voice which trembles too,
 Both sink so deep into my heart together,
 That at this moment I could wish to die.

HERNANI.

Ah! who could hear that voice and not forget!—
 Its tones are like the songs which spirits sing.

DONNA SOL.

This silence is too dark, this calm too deep;
 I'd have some star to sparkle through the gloom;
 Some voice of night, delicious, soul-subduing,
 Awake at once, and sing —

HERNANI (*smiling.*)

O, fickle one!

Who even now forsook the light and song!

DONNA SOL.

Oh! true, the dance. But then a bird i' the fields,
 A nightingale that in the shadow sings,
 Some far off flute!—for music is divine—
 Attunes the soul, and, like angelic choirs,
 Awakes a thousand echoes in the heart.
 Oh! that were charming!

(*The distant sound of a horn is heard in the shade.*)

Heavens! my wish is granted.

HERNANI (*shuddering, and aside.*)

Ah! wretched one!

This placid introduction, it may be anticipated, is followed by a terrible scene. Hernani has recognized but too truly the notes of that terrible horn, which, like that blown by the expiring Orlando in Roncesvalles, is the herald of death. It is the wretched Ruy Gomez, now converted into a savage by jealousy and despair, who comes thus to turn a bridal to a sacrifice, and to claim the forfeit of his bond from his victim. Shuddering, he obeys the mandate; he detaches himself from his wife, to whom his wild and incoherent expressions have already communicated a presentiment of evil, and rushes into the garden to seek his tormentor. In a sepulchral voice, Gomez repeats to him the words of his vow, and claims its fulfilment, offering to him the choice of poison or the dagger. A calmness, more frightful than violence, pervades his movements, and announces his fixed determination. "Shall we pray?" he asks, as he delivers over to Hernani the poison which he had selected. The wretched Hernani implores but for one day's delay; he protests that he will not yield his life, that he will break through his fetters. Gomez receives this announcement with the same coolness. I thought so, he observes.

It is well.

What was it, thou hast sworn by, after all?

Why!—Nothing!—Only by thy father's head.

And, why should youth be bound by such a vow?

HERNANI.

My father!—Ah! my father!—My brain turns!

RUY GOMEZ.

Why so?—'Tis but one treason,—one slight perjury.

Hernani seizes the phial,—he is about to swallow its contents, when Donna Sol rushes in, and learns from the lips of Gomez the terrible truth. Tears, entreaties are wasted in vain upon the savage old man. At last, seizing an opportunity, she wrests the poison from Hernani,—drinks from the phial, and delivers the remainder to her husband. He drinks,—and, seating themselves by each other's side, they await the deadly operation of the poison, while the duke, like an incarnation of evil, stands by—still, quiet, and motionless, both in body and soul. Gradually, their strength decays.

HERNANI (*with a voice becoming gradually weaker.*)

All grows dark. Feel'st thou

Much pain?

DONNA SOL (*with the same feeble voice.*)

Not now—my love! 'tis nothing now.

HERNANI.

Se'est thou yon fires that shoot along the gloom?

DONNA SOL.

Not yet.

HERNANI (*with a sigh.*)See there !—(*He falls.*)RUY GOMEZ (*lifting up his head which has fallen back.*)

Dead !

DONNA SOL (*raising herself half up.*)

No, not dead,—but sleeping !

He sleeps !—He is the husband of my love ;—

This is our bridal night,—here is our couch ;—

(*her voice sinking.*)

Awake him not ! I say, Duke of Mendoza,

For he is weary.—(*turning the body of Hernani.*)

Turn to me my love.—

Nearer—still nearer.—(*Dies.*)

DON RUY GOMEZ.

Dead !—Oh ! I am damned !—(*He kills himself.*)

With this energetic observation the tragedy ends ; and the reader will already be enabled, we think, to anticipate, from the preceding analysis of its contents, that it is one which, while it sparkles with poetical beauties, both of situation and expression, is very far indeed from realizing that ideal of a French tragedy, which we have sketched in the outset. The study of Spanish History and Poetry, and the inspiration of Calderon and the Romancero General have, indeed, enabled the author to spread over the still life of his play, and over some of the lesser shades of character, a Spanish colouring ; the principle of Castilian honour, which seems to be the hinge upon which the piece turns, is exhibited in striking and varied lights ; and the details of manners seem accurately and naturally filled up. But the play, we fear, errs grievously against the weightier matters of the law ;—the laws of historical truth, and of universal nature.

The character of Charles the Vth., as exhibited in this drama, revolts against all our recollections of the past, and all our conceptions of the probable. We shall even concede to the author, that the future emperor might, at the age of nineteen, have been an admirer of the fair sex, and that, with the characteristic love of adventure which distinguished the Spanish court, he may even have sometimes been placed in situations analogous to that in which he is represented in the first act. But even if this were true, would this be the point of view in which a judicious poet would exhibit him ? We formerly had occasion to remark, in alluding to Manzoni's new version of the character of Charlemagne, that there is a traditional truth, which, for the purposes of poetry, must be adhered to even more literally than historical truth itself. All Manzoni's authorities could not persuade us of the truth of

the picture of Charlemagne as a cold, calculating, political, and domestic tyrant. All the ingenuity of Walpole could not reconcile us to a virtuous Richard III; nor the chronicle of Ayala satisfy us that the grave, cold, and sombre Charles V. could ever be the reckless adventurer which he is represented through the three first acts of *Hernani*. Charles is known to the world only under the former aspect. And the imagination refuses to consider him under another.

But the character seems not less objectionable in general truth and consistency, than in historical fidelity. If the light and frivolous adventurer could graduate into the ambitious and cautious politician, at least the steps would be obvious, and the reasons of the change satisfactory and palpable. But in the Charles of Victor Hugo, these inconsistent qualities are made to exist at the same moment; the monarch, who is risking his life in a midnight love adventure, is at the same time pursuing his ambitious designs upon the empire; struggling for that eminence which he himself describes as the possession of half the world. M. Hugo may assure himself that not even in the wide circuit of the romantic, far less within the confines of nature, is there room at once in the heart for two such passions. And by what mighty magic does the lover of the three first acts resign his cherished passion in the fourth?

DON CARLOS.

Eteins toi, cœur jeune et plein de flamme ;
Laisse regner l'esprit que long temps tu troublas.
Tes amours desormais, tes maîtresses, hélas !
C'est l'Allemagne, c'est la France, c'est l'Espagne.

"All his fond love thus does he blow to heaven;" not because he feels for the first time the spur of ambition, or luxuriates in the first visions of empire, for these had been familiar to him at the moment when he risked his life beneath the balcony of Donna Sol; but apparently for no other purpose but to produce a *coup-de-theatre*, and to turn the sympathies of the spectators, which had been following the disastrous current of *Hernani*'s fate, with a more sudden and forcible revulsion, into the channel of joy. Of the similar abandonment of his vindictive feelings against *Hernani*, against whom he had poured out such threats of future vengeance, we need say nothing. Perhaps we may conceive that the Emperor Charles V. could not but remember the supposed wrongs of Don Carlos; but at least we think the change of feeling might have been prefaced by some incident more likely to awaken his generous feelings, than detecting in the hand of *Hernani* the very dagger which was intended for his murder.

It would almost appear as if M. Hugo thought that inconsis-

tency in one character might be palliated by a greater inconsistency in another, as some painters relieve one shadow against another still darker. Else, how are we to account for those contradictions which deform the characters of *Hernani* and *Ruy Gomez*; how explain the process by which the long-cherished vengeance of the former is cast from him, like a worn-out mantle, at a word from the emperor; or the latter suddenly converted from a warm-hearted, impetuous, honourable nobleman, into a cold and remorseless monster. Doubtless, hatred may yield to generosity; but the accumulated wrongs of his father and himself; his vows of vengeance, so often and even so unnecessarily repeated, attested by oaths, recalled to his recollection by fresh taunts and outrages, can hardly be conceived as so suddenly effaced from *Hernani's* mind even by the theatrical clemency of Charles. Still less can the character of *Ruy Gomez* be explained upon any consistent principle; it is a "formless infinite" of contending qualities. The conversion of the lively, talkative and apparently kind-hearted nobleman into the brutal fiend, reminds us of nothing but some scene in a pantomime, where *Pantaloon* sinks suddenly, and all at once the devil rises in his stead.

If therefore any character in the drama has any pretension to consistency it must be that of *Donna Sol*; and here something like unity has been preserved. Some critics in France have indeed found fault with the poet as a little too dreary and unimpassioned on one or two occasions, when the burning blood of the south might have been supposed to have been more on fire; but on the whole we see little in the part to object to, except that it has not importance enough to overshadow the defects of the others.

We have left ourselves no room, even if we were inclined, to enter into minute criticism of this drama. The diction, which has been clamorously applauded and condemned in France, seems to us a decided improvement on the ordinary style of the French school. The awkward or harsh lines, the occasional coarseness of expression, which are so easily laid hold of and remembered, might with the labour of a few hours be effaced, while there would remain a vast preponderance of passages, finely conceived, and expressed in a language and versification in a high degree nervous, pliant, and poetical. Of the beauties of the calmer parts of the play some of the short specimens we have already extracted will give an idea; in many others of a more passionate character, there is a rapidity and condensation, a laconic brevity of expression, which approaches to the sublime. In fine, we cannot better compare *M. Hugo's* drama than to one of those gothic castles, amidst which he has placed his scenes; it is vast and striking from the magnitude of its outline,

varied from the accumulation of materials it contains, powerful from the wild strength which has been employed, or rather wasted in its construction; but, like it, incoherent in its plan, and mixed in its architecture; with pillars where it is impossible to trace any connection between the capital and the base, shapeless chambers, where meanness sits side by side with magnificence, and dark and winding passages, which terminate after all in a prospect of a dead wall, or an empty court yard.

- ART. VII.—1. *Histoire de France depuis la Restauration*. Par Charles Lacretelle. Paris. 1829-30. 3 vols. 8vo.
 2. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1830, et des nouvelles Barricades. Ouvrage présenté au Roi*. Par F. Rossignol et J. Pharaon. Paris. 1830. 8vo.
 3. *Causes et Conséquences des événements du mois de Juillet, 1830*. Par J. Fiévée. Paris. 1830. 8vo.

WHEN we last addressed our readers, a great struggle was going on in France between the King, his ministers, the court and the church, on the one hand, and a majority of the Chamber of Deputies, backed by the city of Paris and a large part of the population of France, on the other. The creation and hostile position of these two parties, their various feelings, injuries, complaints, expectations, and designs, had arisen from a series of events, some ordinary, some extraordinary, which must be so familiar to all students of modern history, or even of newspapers, that a slight outline of the chief facts will at once recall the whole picture, with its minuter shades and details, to the reader's memory. When the Allies had driven away Napoleon from Paris, and seated a Bourbon on the throne of France, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more difficult task than was cast upon the new ruler. Louis XVIII. was an old and infirm man, he had been for many years an exile from his own country; and while he granted and maintained his constitutional Charter, his mind naturally, and almost necessarily, recurred to the system of the old French monarchy and the age of Louis XIV. After the events of the hundred days, it was impossible that any cordiality or mutual confidence could exist between the king and his subjects. Without, therefore, being blind to the signs of the times, or bigoted to the cause of religion, he was compelled, or thought himself compelled, among the many parties and individuals whom he successively employed, to restrict himself to persons who professed strong feelings of attachment to the throne and the Bourbon dynasty, and who would not stickle at curbing the

press and restraining individual liberty by the strong arm of power. In this manner no administration could, during his reign, be formed on a broad basis, or comprehend any shade of liberal opinions. Hence, although the Charter emanated from the Crown, it was impossible that either the King or his ministers could be animated with its spirit; and, however good might have been the intentions of the monarch, it could not fail that his own act should be considered rather as a restriction which hampered his free will,—an entail which, as it could not be cut off, was to be interpreted strictly,—than a fundamental law, which, while it gave much, and promised more, was to supply its own omissions by the plain announcement of its intent, and to be improved and enlarged by the very spirit of constitutional freedom and enlightened moderation to which it would itself give birth. Nor were the minds of the people much better prepared to receive this gift than the King was fitted to grant it. Two great effects had been produced by the domination of Napoleon, and survived its downfall. His despotism had untaught the older men the few elementary lessons of liberty which they had learnt under the Constituent Assembly and the early part of the Revolution, and it had habituated those of younger years whom his wars had spared to one of the most absolute and unmixed forms of monarchical tyranny which history records. His conquests abroad, his splendid works of utility and ornament at home, had attached to his name much admiration and regard in all, and especially the middle and lower classes, though these were the chief sufferers by his government. Hence, at the restoration of Louis XVIII. and the granting of the Charter, a large part of the nation were disaffected to the government, as being new and strange; as being guided by a Bourbon; as not being guided by a Bonaparte; as being devoid of military splendour and power;—and a free constitution was launched among a people of which a great portion knew not even the idea, much less the forms of liberty. The most sanguine mind might not have expected that the seed sown in such soil as this would quicken and thrive: there was every thing to be done, little to be hoped. But the French were weary of civil and foreign contests: though they did not hail *their* Charles the Second with hymns of joy, and liken his coming to the golden age and the millennium, they subsided peaceably under the new order of things, and willingly entered on the new career of a constitutional government. Although Louis XVIII. was not, in any one respect, a remarkable man; though in the many trying scenes through which he had passed, and on the throne to which he had been so providentially restored, he showed no striking heroism, or magnanimity, or any of the higher attributes of a

ruler; still he is entitled to respect for his *negative* merits; by his adroitness in playing with political parties, and avoiding alldangerous extremes, the government went on without any serious disturbance or stretch of power; and the nation was rapidly learning to appreciate the system of free institutions which it enjoyed. If in his later years, the court-party gained a greater ascendancy over his mind, some allowance must be made for the feebleness and infirmities of old age, and the natural fallacy by which a dying man is led to confound the good of religion with the interests of the clergy.

After all that has been said of the close resemblance of the English history from 1625 to 1688, and the French history between the two revolutions, it must be owned that the parallel between the reigns of the two restored monarchs is far from exact. To compare Louis XVIII. with Charles II., either in his private or public life, would be the grossest injustice; and it may be said that the character of the kings is not of much importance. But it can hardly be denied that the French nation made great strides both in political knowledge and political practice, and that their moral character was much raised, during the reign of Louis XVIII.; whereas the reign of Charles II. was a season of continual degeneracy and decay of public spirit in the English people, who, at the Revolution, were very far from being unanimous in endeavouring to recover the liberties which they had so basely surrendered. The next step of the parallel is more complete. To James II., and probably to Charles X., it was indifferent whether they established a Roman Catholic priesthood by means of uncontrolled power, or uncontrolled power by means of a Roman Catholic priesthood. These two objects, which would mutually be the cause and the effect, and would, if attained, sustain and support each other, were identified in the mind of the French no less than in that of the English monarch. Accordingly, one of the first acts of Charles's reign was the passing of the Law of Sacrilege, which caused a general and deep disgust in the French people. It may perhaps be said that this was a trifle; a measure neither unjust nor oppressive. But if in itself it was of no great importance, as an indication it had great weight; it was the *symptom* of a deadly disease which was destined, sooner or later, to break out. Whether Charles X. ascended the throne with a deliberate intention to invade the constitution established by his brother, and whether (as M. Béranger in his report to the Chamber of Deputies attempts to show) all his conduct is to be viewed as a connected series of attacks on the liberty of the people, which ended in the overt act of the fatal 25th day of July, is a question which no revelation has yet discovered. That his mind constantly recurred to the old

French monarchy, and that he lost no opportunity of extending his prerogative; that he was shocked at the irreligious opinions of his subjects, and, that bigoted, narrow-minded, and ignorant, he was easily persuaded by his ghostly advisers to regard the people of France as engaged in one vast conspiracy against the altar, and so against the throne, we doubt not. Yet we see no reason to suppose that his acts were from the beginning directed to one and the same end; that he had on ascending the throne shadowed out in his mind the course which he intended to pursue; and that like a general in a campaign, all his battles were intended to open the way to the fortress which he at last stormed. We therefore think that in ascribing this deliberate plan of treason to Charles X., and bringing all his isolated acts to bear on one point, M. Béranger no less exceeded the truth than he overstepped his commission. It was sufficient for his purpose that the ordinances had been issued, signed by the ministers; his duty was to report whether they, not the King, could be impeached: and in presenting a long criminatory statement against the King individually, and those ministers who preceded the Prince de Polignac, he would, in our judgment, have sinned grievously against propriety and justice, even if his charges had been less highly coloured, and fewer appeals had been made to the pride, and passions, and prejudices of his hearers. M. Béranger has, of course, full right to entertain what opinion he pleases on the reign of Charles X.; and his opinion may doubtless be supported by fair argument. We only regret that he should have chosen such an occasion for expressing it, and have made the report on the impeachment of M. de Polignac and his colleagues the vehicle of his private views on modern French history.

The universal outcry of indignation and hostility which burst from all parts of France at the appointment of the Polignac ministry in August 1829, and continued till the meeting of the Chambers in the winter, did not of necessity portend the defeat of the King's plans. If a majority of the Chambers could have been secured, the clamours of the people would have been disregarded. But when the 221 deputies addressed the king to dismiss the obnoxious ministers, it was evident that the Crown would be forced to yield, or would be worsted in the conflict. A ministry, popular with the nation, may keep their places in the face of a majority of votes, as was the case in 1783 with Mr. Pitt; who, by a dissolution, turned the votes of the Lower House in his favour. But in France a ministry unpopular within the doors was doubly unpopular without the doors of the chamber. An appeal to the nation was therefore hopeless: and when tried it only served to exasperate the people and strengthen their cause. The day of

meeting was fixed for the 3d of August, when the great question must be decided. That the popular leaders expected no concession, that they were prepared for a struggle, and that a conflict of no peaceable nature would have followed a second refusal of the king to dismiss his ministers, we are fully persuaded. What were the prospects of the court at this time ; how far the king was moved by just, and how far by unfounded alarm, has not yet clearly appeared. But it is certain, that (setting aside all questions of legality) nothing could be more *impolitic* than the way in which the king brought matters to an issue. Instead of waiting for the hostile address of the chambers, and allowing his opponents first to sound the trumpet of attack, he became himself the aggressor by the publication of the ordinances, which altered the fundamental law of elections, and destroyed the liberty of the press. The flagitiousness of this attempt was only exceeded by its folly : how the king and his counsellors could have been so infatuated as to hope that the French would submit to such strokes of power ; or if resistance was made, how they could place an implicit trust in the garrison of Paris, is to us quite incomprehensible. Let us be thankful that in the execution of great and wicked plans men are deserted by their wonted foresight and sagacity, and that the prospect of vast crimes blinds the judgment while it dazzles the imagination.

But the French people were not merely to be forced, they were to be reasoned into submission. For the strange composition which accompanied the ordinances, and was intended to justify these edicts, the ministers were (it seems) indebted to M. de Chantelauze : and truly when we read this document we wonder much what could have been the qualities which induced the king to desire so eagerly that M. de Chantelauze should accept office, and become one of his advisers. A declamation rather than a state paper, abounding with calumny and exaggeration, deficient in propriety, calmness and solemnity, its statements are false, and reasoning inconclusive. If the palace of Priam was to be defended by any force, at least it could not be saved by the feeble and unskilful warrior who sallied forth to protect it.

The object of this report is to point out to the king the various evils produced by a free press, and an unrestrained publication of opinions, and also of facts ; for one of the gravest charges brought against the newspapers is, that they revealed to the enemy the details of the Algerine expedition, by printing an account of the numbers of the armament, &c. The powers of the courts of justice are not sufficient to repress this mischief. " Legal prosecution is tired, the seditious press is never worn out. The one stops from the weight of business ; the other mul-

tiplies its powers by multiplying its crimes." The only remedy therefore is to be found in the charter. "If, (continue the ministers) the terms of the 8th Article* are ambiguous, its spirit is manifest. It is certain that the charter does not grant a freedom of newspapers and periodical writings. The right of publishing a man's own opinions does not surely imply the right of publishing, as a matter of speculation, the opinions of others." Any quibble more pitiful than this attempt at reasoning was perhaps never proposed for the conviction and acquiescence of a nation. But it is curious to observe with what a consistency of inconclusiveness this so-called argument is followed up. In the ordinance which restrains the liberty of the press, not only all periodical papers and works are placed under a censorship; but *all works under twenty sheets, and memoirs of literary or learned societies, which treat wholly or in part of political subjects*. Here there is no pretence of editors publishing the opinions of others for profit: the principle which had been established by a sophism does not even bear out the tyrannical measure attempted to be founded on it.

The events which rapidly followed this *brutum fulmen*: the destruction of the newspaper presses, the resistance offered to the police, the introduction of troops into the city, the organization of the people into a national guard, the barricading of the streets, the conflicts with the king's troops, the capture of the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville, the defection of the regiments of the line, and final defeat of the Swiss and royal guards, the appointment of a provisional government, and of the Duke of Orleans as Lieutenant-General, and his acceptance of the crown at the offer and with the conditions of the Chambers; these events are too fresh in the minds of all to require more than an allusion on our part. The chief alterations made in the charter consist of the following points. The article declaring the Roman Catholic religion to be the religion of the state is suppressed. It is declared that the censorship shall never be re-established; that the king has no suspending or dispensing power; and that no foreign troops shall be admitted into the service of the state without a law. The initiative of laws is given to both chambers. The sittings of the chamber of peers are made public. Deputies are eligible at 30 instead of 40 years of age; and electors can vote at 25 instead of 30. The presidents of the electoral colleges are appointed by the electors and not by the king. The article declaring that ministers can only be impeached

* 8. Les Français ont le droit de publier et de faire imprimer leurs opinions, en se conformant aux lois [qui doivent réprimer les abus de cette liberté.] The words enclosed in brackets are suppressed in the new charter.

before the chamber of Peers for treason and peculation is suppressed. No extraordinary commissions or courts can be created, under any denomination whatsoever. Such is a short abstract of the principal alterations in the charter, which every king at his accession (and not at his coronation) is to swear to, and which was first sworn to on the 3d day of August 1830, by Louis-Philippe the First, king of the French.

One of the most important functions of the new king was now exercised, in the choice of his ministers. We have every reason to think that his selection was, on the whole, calculated to advance the best interests of France at a most critical and trying moment. They were chiefly men known for the moderation and temperance of their opinions, approvers of a free constitutional government, and signalized by their opposition to the Polignac ministry. The Duke de Broglie, the President of the Council, had been among the first to sound the note of opposition to the late ministers, and predict their downfall: While the seals of the interior, the most difficult department in a country just recovering from an internal convulsion, were intrusted to M. Guizot, whose firm but moderate opinions in favour of freedom, whose enlarged views of the progress of society, whose eloquence and argumentative powers were well known from his lectures, and his excellent works on French and English history. The new ministers have, in our opinion, discharged their most difficult duties with great prudence and wisdom; they have avoided all extremes; they have pacified where conciliation was possible, they have yielded where concession was required. Nevertheless, or rather perhaps in consequence, they have failed in giving universal satisfaction. When a great object, such as the expulsion of a tyrannical dynasty, or the abrogation of an oppressive law, has been gained, and the victors take the place of their antagonists, it is hopeless to think of fulfilling the wishes and expectations of all parties. Whatever opinion may be followed, there is always one more violent, enforced by a louder clamour. To attempt to keep pace with the extreme party would be no less vain than mischievous. *Italiam sequimur fugientem*. When, as in France, the party of one extreme, the ultras of monarchy and priesthood and absolute power, are in possession of the government, the other extreme party join with those of moderate and liberal opinions in opposing the ministry, and mingle their indignant murmurs with the cry of rational remonstrance which rises from their better-instructed leaders. Such was the case in France during the administration of Polignac. But when the partizans of prerogative are defeated, and the middle party seizes the reins of government, the ultras of sedition and anarchy, the political enthusiasts, the disaffected and

dissatisfied, the headstrong, the needy, the unemployed, and the many persons to whom any change is a gain, detach themselves from their former allies, and commence an eager opposition against the new government. Those who wish for change merely because it is a change; those who are only "*novarum rerum avidi*," profit by the unsettled state of affairs to make them more unsettled: the visionaries in politics must be displeased with the new order of things as they judge by a standard of ideal perfection. Nor is there any time when this conversion of the attacking into the attacked party, of the accusers into the accused, is more clearly seen than when, as lately in France, the numbers of the vanquished faction are small. Perhaps there never was a more perfect instance of the *many* being governed by the *few* than has lately been exhibited in that kingdom. The city of Paris rose as one man. It was asked on the two famous days of combat, where are the royalists? Not a householder or labourer was seen fighting on the king's side. When therefore Charles the Xth with his small train of followers was driven away, it seemed as if all trace of a Bourbon government or party was abolished, that a mere excrescence had been removed from the body politic, not a bleeding limb violently torn off. Thus the liberal and constitutional party has not been compelled by the strength of its opponents to unite in self-defence. In England, at the Revolution, James left behind him a large and powerful party, one province of his former kingdom still remained firm to his cause, he was hospitably received and supplied with arms and money by the most powerful prince of Europe. The whig party were thus held together by that most effectual instrument of concord, a common fear for their common safety.* If in France they have not the danger, neither have they the advantages of an old royalist opposition; and the friends of constitutional liberty have to guard against the mischiefs which may arise from the very prosperity of their cause.

The chief of these evils is the existence of political societies or clubs, of which some have been continued on an enlarged scale from the time of Polignac's ministry, some have arisen since the late revolution. In times of anarchy or discontent, when there is no protecting power to look to, or when it is looked to with hatred and distrust, men attempt by smaller combinations to supply the want of the great national union which is weakened or dissolved. Whether we wish to be the aggressors, or fear to be the sufferers, we equally seek for companions of our risk. Hence in all troubled times and revolutions, from the age of Thucydides to

* *Ξυνάγει καὶ τοὺς ἰσχυλοτέρους κοινὸς φόβος.*—Aristotle.

the present day, from the aristocratical and democratical societies of the Greek States to the Jacobin Club, the Catholic Association, the Congregation,* and the *Amis des Peuples*, men have formed political associations, with different motives and for different purposes, but all arising from the same causes, a hatred or a distrust of the ruling power. If a government is from feebleness unable, or from faction unwilling to ensure protection, political clubs may be usefully resorted to. But they are a dangerous remedy; they kill or cure. They may give birth to liberty; but they may also strangle it in its cradle. The young offspring of these political convulsions should be rescued, while it is safe, from the arms of its murderous mother. By narrowing the circle of the social affections, and substituting a love of one's club for a love of one's country; by suggesting and affording irregular and violent means for effecting changes; by supplying a centre round which all the disaffected can rally; and assuming the state and appearance of a deliberative body, such political associations acquire so formidable a character as to threaten the very existence of a new government. The French ministers, and among them M. Guizot in particular, have, in our opinion, acted most wisely in immediately denouncing the political clubs: and we sincerely pray that the submission of the *Amis des Peuples* to the decision of the tribunals will be imitated by the remaining societies, and that no others will be formed. One of the great objects of such associations is, if they cannot prejudice every question, and supplant the proper legislative authority, to force what subjects they please on the deliberative assemblies, and to extort an immediate decision of all doubtful points from them and the ministry. It is not the duty of the minister of a constitutional monarch to steer his course by such fleeting gales of public opinion, to take up every subject which the injudicious zeal of friends, or the designing malice of foes, may throw in his way,

“ With every meteor of caprice to play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.”

He has the difficult task not only of satisfying his supporters, and of conciliating and disarming his enemies, but of maintaining agreement, by the mutual adjustment of concessions, with his colleagues; and he may be well forgiven, if, in the trying and stormy times which follow a revolution, he shows some hesitation, and lags behind the rapid flow of the public enthusiasm. At such a season it is far less difficult to attain than to maintain power; to

* An account of the Congregation, and the other ecclesiastical and Jesuitical societies of France in 1821 is given by Lacroix, vol. iii. chap. 20. The liberties of France were placed in no less jeopardy by this well-organized and wide-spreading league, than those of England by the secret machinations of the Duke of York and his brother.

make than to hold the acquisition. It was easy for Alexander to mount the untamed war-horse; but who but a consummate rider could have kept his seat and guided the reins? *

To succeed in this task a cool judgment and firm principle are necessary, and, perhaps we may add, a disposition to profit by opportunities which in a quiet settled government it would be improper to use. The race of French politicians cannot in general be accused of too great squeamishness or niceness in their conduct; *their* Revolution did not produce many Ciceros or Falklands, men who were irresolute because they saw too clearly, and disliked too strongly, the failings of all parties. Although, therefore, we have no reason to doubt that the present ministers of France are most honourable men, we feel no great uneasiness on this score. But we think it most important that they should not, either by dissension within, or weakness without, be driven from their places; or that, in the present temper of the nation, the Chamber of Deputies, after having done so much in so short a time, should be dismissed as unprofitable servants. We are heartily glad to see that (unlike the former revolution) no attempt was made, or wish shown, to exclude the ministers from the two chambers. If this had been the case, we have no doubt that by this time both the ministry would have been broken up and the Chamber dissolved. As it is, they are able to stand by each other, and jointly to resist the mixture of political fanaticism and brute violence with which the constitutional party is now menaced. After a great revolution, when the tide of changes once begins to flow, no one can foretell where it will stop. One wave succeeds another, each more terrible than its predecessor. Bold reckless men soon obtain the mastery; caution and foresight pass for irresolution, moderation is called a cloak for timidity, reason grows weaker as passion and party rage grow stronger, and those who joined at first in the cry for change, with a sincere wish for improvement, find too late that they have raised a spirit which they cannot quell, and have become the dupes of designing and the allies of desperate men, to their own and their country's ruin.

There is also another danger which, in political crises, the moderate party must encounter. In politics, as in other things, extremes often meet. If the men of violent opinions on one side, with whom the middle party may have acted, are disgusted or disappointed by new measures or civil revulsions, they fly over to the opposite camp, and join the violent men of the other side. What-

* "Comme écrivain politique (says M. Fiévée), personne plus que moi n' a présenté une meilleure défense des ministres, renfermée dans ce peu de mots : ' Il n' y a que ceux qui agissent qui sont des fautes.' Seulement, il ne faut pas que les fautes soient systématiques."—p. 93.

ever fixed principles or opinions these two parties may have, must be diametrically opposed; but the enemies of the same cause are allies—their friendship is a common hatred. Faith, justice, patriotism, consistency, shrink into nothing before the heat of party violence. An example of this change was furnished no long time ago in this country, during the struggles for the Catholic Relief Bill. When ministers, contrary to expectation, had announced their intention of proposing a measure for removing the civil disabilities of the Roman Catholics, those political prints (and, we regret to say, some others besides editors of newspapers) which had hitherto opposed not only the relief of the Catholics, but all measures of a liberal complexion, instantly wheeled round, and joined the cry of the ultra-journals on the other side, for rigid economy, for an unrestricted freedom of the press, for a radical reform—sounds which would once have been an abomination to their ears, but were now sanctified by the resistance of a hated ministry. In like manner at Paris, those journals which had defended all the most violent measures of Charles and his ministers,—those ministers who solemnly declare that “the journals are the chief source of the calamities which threaten the kingdom,” that “the periodical press has only been, and from its nature can only be, an instrument of disorder and sedition,”—now make common cause with the very journals against which these anathemas are directed, in attacking the present government of France, and defending the political clubs. Nothing at certain times can be more beneficial to the state than an union between public men differing rather in the names of their leaders and of their parties than their political principles: indeed it is most fortunate when men are sufficiently enlightened or disinterested thus to despise the charm of a name, or to encounter the imputation of inconsistency. But a junction of the two extremes to turn out the middle party, a league of all violent against all moderate men, is a coalition unnatural and unprincipled.

It is natural on the morrow of revolutions that the minds of all should be directed to the first principles of government, when the government of their own country has just been repaired or renewed; and it is then that men of feeble judgments and strong fancy, whose heads are hot and weak, frame to themselves models of ideal perfection with which to compare the new institutions. But “upon questions of reform the habit of reflection to be encouraged is a sober comparison of the constitution under which we live—not with models of speculative perfection, but with the actual chance of obtaining a better.”* This is the lesson which

* Paley's *Moral and Political Philosophy*, book vi. chap. 7.

all political reformers find it so difficult to learn. Instead of seeking what is best to be done under the actual circumstances of the case, they imagine a government fitted for circumstances which exist only in their own head, or which may never exist at all. Nothing is more common with superficial writers on the United States of America than to refer all the peculiarities in their situation, and in the habits of the people, to *democracy*. This word is a sort of logical solvent for all difficult problems. But the fact is, that there democracy grew out of the circumstances of the people, not the circumstances of the people out of democracy. When the North Americans had thrown off the English yoke, and proceeded to establish an independent government, they had no elements of monarchy or aristocracy. There had never been any noble or wealthy families in our plantations; there was no aristocracy of merit, as the *whole* people had joined in resisting the mother-country. The time was past when Washington could, like Hercules, surround his name with a dim fabulous renown of high achievements, and a heroic dynasty of *Washingtonidæ* reign by a title of inherited honour. Even if the authors of the American constitution had not been inclined to democracy, they had no alternative: there were no materials from which any other government could be formed. In France all these things were reversed. Except during a period of anarchy worse than any despotism, it had always been ruled by a monarch, absolute or constitutional. There was likewise an hereditary aristocracy of title and wealth; and though not indeed of great weight, yet forming a separate chamber. On a sudden the king was displaced by an almost unanimous rising of the people. The government, mutilated by this shock, was to be repaired. Is it not evident to all but those whose unbending rule knows no variety of circumstances, that this purpose was best effected by maintaining the former legislative and judicial establishments, and substituting a new in the room of the fallen dynasty? This was the best and true Restoration. *Neque enim est ulla res, in qua propius ad deorum numen virtus accedat humana, quam civitates aut condere novas aut conservare jam conditas.* We know that the republican party in France is strong both in numbers and talents; but we think that France is not the field for their exertions; and we find much good sense, though perhaps some quaintness, in the expression of M. de La Fayette, that "King Louis Philippe is the best of republics."

Much, indeed, has France at this crisis been indebted to the disinterested moderation of the powerful commander of her national guard. May his successors in that command be equally temperate and trust-worthy! It is, however, to be remembered

that this officer is at the head of an immense body, which contains within itself the rudiments of representative and administrative functions, and may legally be collected into separate divisions. There is no ostracism in France to rid the state of men who are dangerous, because they are too powerful; and we cannot look forward without alarm to the prospect of a future commander of the National Guards taking advantage of his position to use the arts of a demagogue, and overawing the government at a time when they may be called upon "to despise the threats of pain and ruin," and resort to measures of necessity unpopular. The concert and union requisite in the management of a large army intended to act in foreign expeditions, or on extended lines of defence, are not needed in a body of men destined only for local purposes, and never to be collected into large masses. The unity of command, unless it becomes the nominal prerogative of the crown, is useless for some purposes, mischievous for others. But we will not indulge in these melancholy forebodings, and will endeavour to hope that no more danger will arise from the command of the national guard being entrusted to one man, than from the internal constitution of that body itself. The system of a national guard, of a civil army formed of householders interested in the protection of property and the maintenance of order, and not making war their profession, seems to us highly beneficial; and it obviously affords the only means of reducing within narrow limits that institution so dangerous both to the governors and the governed—a standing army. At the same time, those who will not admit a standing army into their perfect state, must remember that its chief use is for defence against foreign aggression; and that unless they can make not only one, but all states perfect, there will always be princes and nations ready to seize any pretext for making war on a weaker neighbour, in the hope of plunder or territorial aggrandizement. Every man's perfect state must, therefore, like Plato's, have its *guards*; and the modern refined system of warfare requires that if an army is to have any chance of success in a long campaign, it must have been trained by a regular course of discipline. But for domestic purposes we think that a national guard, a body of native militia or volunteers, is, when it is not needed, less expensive and dangerous than a standing army, and more to be relied on in the hour of need. A king or government wishing to attempt an attack on the liberties of the people, such as that lately made in France, might reasonably depend on a body-guard of foreign mercenaries, the regular support of the petty Greek tyrants, whose pay depends on the fortunes of their master; they might indulge a hope (and if the king has been a successful gene-

ral, a well founded hope) that the regular army will be faithful: but no one would be so mad as to make such an attempt by means of a popular militia. The French legislators think it essential to the constitution of a national guard, that it should choose its own officers. We confess that we see strong objections to this introduction of a representative system into an army—this confusion of elective and military functions. We think that more danger is likely to arise from the separation of such a body from the government, than from the influence over a popular army which the crown would obtain by the nomination of its officers. If any portion of this body should from any unhappy dissensions or troubles be called into active service, it would then be seen what authority an elected officer would have over his soldier-constituents—how far the severity and dictation inseparable from military command are compatible with the canvassing habits and popularity of a representative. Officers cannot both humour and command their soldiers; nor will soldiers both choose and obey their officers.*

The organization of the National Guard, the extension of trial by jury to libels and political offences, the abolition of the double vote, and the remodelling of the law of elections; the re-election of Deputies accepting office, and the revision of the article in the Charter relating to the prerogative of creating peers, are among the chief subjects selected by the Chamber of Deputies, before the offer of the crown to the Duke of Orleans, for discussion in the session of 1830. It is much to be hoped that all these questions will be treated with the careful and impartial consideration which their importance demands. In the meantime the impeachment of the late king's ministers is a matter of engrossing, though temporary, interest. The report of M. Béranger, the president of the commission of impeachment, has been presented to the Chamber of Deputies, who have adopted the proposed resolutions, and a day for the trial has been named by the Chamber of Peers. We much lament that the reporter did not confine himself to a plain statement of the circumstances connected with the issuing of the ordinances, and the acts of the ministers at that season, instead of writing a history of France since the Restoration, full of party views and opinions, and leave the inferences to be drawn by the Chamber, instead of heightening his picture by rhetorical figures of accusation, and even of invective. An

* In the projet de loi, recently presented to the Chamber of Deputies, it is proposed that all officers, besides corporals, subalterns, and sub-lieutenants, should be nominated by the King. This proposition leaves a powerful control to the government. The number of officers elected by the whole National Guard of France, is stated by General Mathieu Dumas to have been 50,000.

advocate pleading at the bar could scarcely use a more criminal style than is assumed by one invested with an almost judicial character.*

The adoption of the resolutions proposed by this commission was resisted by M. Berryer on the ground that as the King had been made responsible for his own acts, his ministers were not also responsible for them. They could not expel the King contrary to the Charter, and impeach the ministers under the Charter. But this argument, which is put with some ingenuity, cuts both ways, and may be turned against its author. If the King violates the Charter, he cannot claim its protection: he cannot appeal to an instrument when it is in his own favour which he tramples on when it is in favour of others. Nor does it follow that because the King is made responsible, the ministers are to be made irresponsible. They were parties to the deed by countersigning the ordinances; and are not to be the less answerable for their act because others have likewise been made to suffer for it.

Whatever may be the issue of the proceedings in the Chamber of Peers, M. Béranger is highly to be praised for impressing on the Chamber that justice, not vengeance, is the object for which they are instituted. The ministers have already suffered enough to deter all future politicians who might wish to try the same experiment; nor is it very likely that the circumstances will recur in which the example of their sentence would be useful. Their punishment therefore would not greatly serve the only purpose of punishment, the prevention of the like offence; and there is no reason why the law should be stretched against them, or why they should not be tried according to the strictest rules of written law. Nevertheless, if we contemplate the magnitude of their crime, and the frequency with which offences against property are punished with death, it is difficult to feel pity for men who deliberately prepared to carry into effect by military force an outrageous infraction of the most solemn laws, and filled a whole city with bloodshed and slaughter by an act of which their conduct evinced that they foresaw the consequences.†

* We allude to such passages as the following:—"The 28th of July presents the spectacle of a King of France treating his capital as a hostile city. Paris is declared in a state of siege. *This centre of the fine arts and of civilization, twice respected by foreign armies, is about to be subjected to a fate which it probably would not have to fear, even on a third invasion.* A Marshal of France is charged with this terrible mission; it is again the Duke of Ragusa. *Singular destiny for the soldier, that after being long associated with the glory of our arms, he should appear at each of our political insurrections, like the evil genius of his country.*"

† The Chamber of Deputies have lately (Oct. 8th) addressed the King to beg him to propose to his council the preparation of a project of law on the abolition of capital punishments. To this address the King has returned a favourable answer. We con-

All the measures of internal policy, projected or commenced by the Prince de Polignac and his colleagues, are of course abandoned by the present administration. The new ministers have, however, inherited from their predecessors two gifts of a very doubtful character, viz. the possession of Algiers and the settlement of the Greek question. About Algiers we do not profess to feel much interest: the town itself and the surrounding country would doubtless be much benefited by the occupation of the French, by the sure protection of person and property, and the payment of the expenses of government from the French treasury. But that France, already possessing outlets to the Mediterranean, would herself derive any advantages from planting a colony on the coast of Africa, is a position which we must be allowed to doubt. Whether any difficulties will be raised by the new French cabinet as to the policy of appointing a foreign prince at the head of Greece, so amicably agreed to by the chief powers of Europe; if objections are made, what they will be; what measure would be proposed by France as a substitute, are questions on which we might speculate indeed, but could only speculate; as the French government, if the subject has come before them at all, have afforded no means of guessing their intentions. But, in whatever way this important question, already the subject of so much fruitless negotiation, may be decided, it is to be hoped that the attention of the dictating nations will not be distracted by events which more nearly concern them, and the welfare of Greece be forgotten while the courts and cabinets of Europe are occupied with the changes arising from the French revolution.

But even these matters sink into insignificance when compared with the event of the dissensions in the Low Countries, and the probable part which France will bear in the affair of Belgium. Every one must remember the direction which hostilities took at the end of the first French revolution, and how soon the Netherlands became the theatre of war. We are, however, unwilling to draw an omen from the first to the second revolution, so unlike were the causes and objects, and so unlike we trust will be the consequences of each. In one the people fought to gain, in the other to preserve their liberties. In the one they struck through the crown at the clergy and nobles, in the other the crown was the real object of attack. After the one, a band of rapacious and unprincipled men, who had been thrown at the head of affairs, sought to maintain their power by finding a vent for the

clude that, whenever proposed, this measure will only apply to crimes committed, not to punishments to be inflicted, after the passing of the law. Otherwise, the legislature would sanction that most dangerous principle—the commutation of punishments by an *ex post facto* law.

large masses of a turbulent and uneducated population which the rapid changes had not allowed to subside, and by directing towards foreign conquest a power which they could not control at home. Since the last revolution a settled government exists, in which the chief offices are filled by men of an established and honourable character, whose disclaimer of all intention of foreign interference may be fully relied on; and there only remains the chance that this or any future government may from weakness yield to a national cry for the conquest of Belgium, backed by the discontent and turbulence of unemployed workmen. The amount of this chance each person must estimate for himself: for ourselves we incline to hope that the great progress and spread of knowledge during late years in France will have convinced some large portion of her population not only of the wickedness but of the folly of war between civilized nations; that among states, as individuals, ill-gotten gains seldom prosper; and that the season for territorial conquests is past. The French are no longer a roving tribe like their ancestors the Gauls when they overran Italy and Greece, and the Franks when they overran Gaul. They would not conquer to obtain room for an overflowing population. Nor is the ancient system of subject allies, of extorting military service and tribute from dependent states, more fitted for modern times. If Belgium is to belong to France, it must form an integral part of that kingdom, and Brussels stand on an equality with Bourdeaux or Lyons. Let us, however place conquest out of the question, and suppose that Belgium, being an independent state, surrenders her separate liberties into the hands of France, in what respect would this latter nation be a gainer? Does France with its large population want numbers? With its large area want territory? Are its armies so small as to need recruits? or if recruits are needed, would brave soldiers be found in Belgium? Is an accession of revenue to be hoped for? we think rather that France would have reason to be well pleased if the department of Belgium paid the expenses of its own government. We see no prospect of advantage to France from the annexation of Belgium to her dominions, even if she were justified in accepting the gift. Men however reason from individuals to states, and conclude that as a private man is enriched by an increase of his estate, so a nation is enriched by an accession of territory. The imagination is dazzled by the idea of vast possessions, and scarcely suffers the reason to teach that national wealth and strength arise, not from square acres, but from the slow and patient industry of man. When Lord Malmesbury was sent, in 1796, by the British government to negotiate for a peace with France, M. Delacroix, the French minister for

foreign affairs, complained to him that the immense riches which we derived from the East Indies enabled us to subsidize all the nations of Europe against the French.* Whatever may be the value of these and other colonial possessions to England, it is certain that they bring no direct contributions into the public treasury. In our revenue accounts the article Colonies is one of expenditure, not receipt. It is therefore a mere chimera that we carry on war by means of colonies and large territorial possessions. The chief benefit which we have derived from our extensive acquisitions in all quarters of the globe, is the power of unrestricted trading, which, joined with our maritime sovereignty, they afford us. Of this advantage nations voluntarily and even anxiously deprive themselves, by their system of mutual prohibitions; and this advantage France may now share with us, if she can succeed in breaking down the barriers which impede her foreign commerce. She may thus enjoy the chief benefit of colonies, without incurring the expense of maintaining them. With such means of mutual intercourse and improvement, are two nations which seem destined to run the same course and be governed by the same institutions, to begin hostilities and stir up an European war for the sake of the dominion of a province? If the disturbances of Belgium become dangerous to neighbouring states, the obvious remedy is for the chief nations of Europe to interfere by peaceable dictation, an interference in which it would be no less the interest than the duty of France to join.

If we could hope that our feeble voice might be heard in a foreign country, amidst the din of political agitation, and the heat of party warfare, we should entreat the French to view with a lenient eye the measures of those now entrusted with legislative and administrative duties, to be kind to their virtues and a little blind to their faults, to abstain from the extremities of political contention, both in and out of parliament, until the dangerous spirits let loose by the late convulsion shall have settled into tranquillity; until mercantile credit shall have been restored, and commerce regained its wonted activity: and when the feverish anxiety and excitement inseparable from such commotions shall have abated, to establish on a firmer and wider basis the liberties for which they have so nobly fought, and of which they have shown themselves so worthy; despising the nostrums of those political quacks who imagine diseases in the state in order to remove

* "Votre empire dans l'Inde vous a fourni les moyens de salarier toutes les puissances de l'Europe contre nous, et vous avez accaparé le commerce de manière que toutes les richesses du monde se versent dans vos coffres." The words of M. Delacroix. — See Annual Register, vol. 38. State Papers, p. 163.—We had occasion in our last number (p. 178.) to point out the same misapprehension in an Italian writer.

them by deadly remedies. Sir Walter Scott has said that every generation of the human race seems to be in its turn condemned to swallow a certain measure of nonsense. It is well for mankind when this absurdity takes the turn of alchemy, astrology, or animal magnetism; or some harmless phantom of the brain, about which men only lose their labour in solitude, or at the most make money by deluding the credulous. But at seasons of political excitement, these fumes of heated imaginations escape by more dangerous channels: instead of speculators on perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle, men become teachers of political wisdom, and regenerators of states; crowds of disciples reward their enthusiasm; a club is formed; the chair of lecture grows into a tribune; the neutral and indifferent are drawn into the vortex; and the safety of nations is endangered by persons who in quiet times would not attract a moment's notice from the most giddy and unthinking.

ART. VIII.—1. *Histoire du Commerce entre le Levant et l'Europe, depuis les Croisades jusqu'à la Fondation des Colonies de l'Amerique*; par G. B. Depping. Ouvrage Couronné par l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Paris. 1830. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Geschichtliche Darstellung des Handels, der Gewerbe, und des Ackerbaus, des bedeutendsten handeltreibenden Staaten unsrer Zeit*, von Gustav von Gulich. (Historical Account of the Commerce, Trade, and Agriculture of the principal Commercial States of our Times, by Gustavus von Gulich.) Jena. 1830. 2 vols. 8vo. With folio Tables.

THE History of Commerce is of two kinds. The one traces it as a subject of antiquarian research "worthy the attention of the curious," the other investigates it with reference to the causes which have influenced its rise and progress, have contributed to its permanence, or have accelerated its decline. Commercial histories of the first sort are fatiguing to ordinary readers in the highest degree, and their charms are probably at about the scale of their usefulness. Such works as those of Anderson and Macpherson are indeed valuable for the facts they have accumulated, but their great length, their want of arrangement, and their barrenness of scientific principles, have left an ample space to be filled in this department of our literature. Nor is there less to be done by the continental writers in this respect. A perusal of an extensive list of authorities collected by Gulich strongly confirms our suspicion that there does not exist any one philosophical history of the commerce of modern times, either general or for

any particular nation. This deficiency is so much to be regretted, that we welcome the more cheerfully any publication which may at all tend to fill up the vacuum, and though we are far from thinking that to be near its accomplishment by means of the works at the head of this article, they nevertheless appear to us entitled to be numbered among those publications which afford a great deal of useful instruction to such as will take the trouble to consult them.

The first volume of Gulich's History comprises Great Britain, Spain, Portugal, France, the Netherlands, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The second embraces the commerce of the East and West Indies, of the countries once the American colonies of Spain and Portugal, of the United States, and particularly of Germany. The first volume begins with an outline of the progress of trade, from antiquity to the Crusades, and from thence to the present time. It then proceeds to treat of Great Britain, whose commercial history it divides into nine distinct periods, viz. from the Conquest to the reign of Edward the Third—from Edward the Third to Henry the Seventh—from Henry the Seventh to James the First—from the accession of James the First to the Revolution of 1688—from the Revolution to the American War of 1776—from the American War to the commencement of the French War in 1793—from 1793 to the Peace of Amiens—from the Peace of Amiens to that of Paris in 1814—and from 1814 to the present time. The other nations are disposed of in a similar manner with reference to the most marked periods of their political histories, and among them, the account of the rise and progress of industry in Germany, in the second volume, exhibits evidence of considerable practical knowledge. We should be doing justice neither to Gulich nor our readers to attempt to give an outline of his outline, nor is his sketch so voluminous as to require condensation on the plan on which a brief in a chancery suit is sometimes obliged to be condensed into what is emphatically called a dagger-brief. M. Von Gulich is much less prolix than the generality of his countrymen, and keeps always in the direct road, without diverging for the sake of episodical dissertations. This in a German we consider so eminent a virtue that we are bound specially to notice it, in paying our tribute to the learning and industry of our new commercial historian. The latter qualities, however, we felt sure of finding; the detection of the former we made with not less pleasure than surprise.

Of the merit of M. Depping's book it would be superfluous in us to speak, after the testimonial it has received from the Royal Academy of Paris. M. Depping is a German, who has

resided for many years in Paris, where he has obtained a great and deserved reputation, not less as a statistician and geographer than as an historian, having published several distinguished works, and been for a long time a principal contributor to the *Revue Encyclopedique*, the *Bulletin Universel des Sciences*, and other scientific journals. He is in himself a living library of statistical knowledge, ancient and modern, and he has used it on this occasion for the production of a most interesting dissertation on the early commercial history of modern Europe, a subject which not a few writers of our times have much contributed to elucidate. The publication by Capmany of the public acts found in the archives of Arragon, relating to the commerce of Barcelona, has thrown great light upon the mercantile laws of Spain in the middle ages. Several Venetians have been occupied in researches into the early commerce of their native city, and though neither of them had access to so numerous and important a collection of public documents as those printed by Capmany, yet the labours of Marin, Formaleoni, and Filiasi, have perhaps hitherto been insufficiently appreciated. Muratori, Lünig and Dumont, and more recently Silvestre de Sacy,* have laid the foundation for a commercial history of Genoa; Masi has done the same for Pisa, and the publication of two essays, written in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, by Pegolotti and Uzzano, merchants of Florence, has developed very fully the course and usages of the commerce of those times. Ruffy's History of the Town of Marseilles, and De Guignes's Memoir on the Trade of France with the Levant,† are mentioned with praise by M. Depping, and are among the authorities referred to in his present work. These, he observes, would be more numerous than they are, if more attention were paid to the examination of the municipal archives of maritime towns, by such as have the opportunity—a task of no great difficulty, and of singular utility to the history, not only of the commerce, but of the social relations in general of the middle ages. Our English antiquaries may be reminded that they may still do good service in this respect with reference to the history of their own country.

M. Depping's description of the industry and productions of Egypt is interesting at the present time when we are looking to the regeneration of that fertile country. His account of the wealth and luxury of Constantinople, as the capital of the Greek empire, is also animated and striking; and he has placed before us with much clearness the mercantile system of Venice. It appears that a decree of the council of Venice, made in 1272, au-

* Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions, &c. Tome 3.

† Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscr. &c. Tome 37.

thorized the Venetians to go freely to the ports of France, the fairs of Flanders, and elsewhere, with their wares, but not to sell them by auction, and prohibited the introduction of bills, gold, or silver, into Venice, in exchange for commodities, under penalty of one-fourth of their value. We may in the present day smile at the necessity of permission being obtained to carry on trade, but when it is considered that in the middle ages trade only existed as it were upon the sufferance of the aristocracy, a general liberty of this nature will appear a great point gained by the commercial interest of any state. As to the prohibition of bullion and bills, all that can be said for it is, that it was quite as reasonable, if not more so, than the more modern system of prohibiting commodities; yet its effects upon the commerce of the city must have been in the highest degree inconvenient, causing importations to be made constantly at a loss, and subjecting the course of trade to great fluctuations. M. Depping conjectures that this prohibition was established with a view of affording to the cloth manufactures of Venice, which were extremely numerous, a perpetual and abundant supply of the raw wool purchased principally in Flanders and England, it being highly important to the Venetian oligarchy to prevent any stoppage of work at the manufactories, an event which was the certain forerunner of those civic commotions whose immediate cause is the emptiness of the stomachs of the multitude. But the Venetian system was essentially prohibitive, charging as it did, for a long time, all foreigners, with an *ad-valorem* duty of 50 per cent, on their merchandize, whilst that of the citizens passed custom-free, and finally excluding the goods and ships of foreigners altogether from the port. The Venetians were forbidden to carry away any of their own goods by land, to the end that the Germans, Hungarians, Bohemians, and other neighbouring nations, might themselves resort to the warehouses of the queen of the Adriatic, and establish her permanence as the emporium from whence the rude inhabitants of the north were to seek the comforts and luxuries which her citizens had imported from the south. The whole Venetian foreign policy was, in short, as selfish and rigorous towards the rest of the world, as her internal government was oppressive and cruel to the citizens upon whom her oligarchy trampled in the name of liberty. It is however as certain that her commerce prospered in spite of and not by means of prohibition, as it is that she preserved her existence as an independent power in defiance of the decaying and withering influence of the corrupt aristocracy that ruled over her.

M. Depping's chapter on the origin and nature of consular establishments is one of the most interesting in his work. Stand-

ing at first in the situation of judges in domestic commercial affairs, the consuls were subsequently stationed in foreign ports to watch over the mercantile interests of their countrymen, as well as to decide differences among them. The institution is, in fact, a part of that legal system of the middle ages which bore a personal rather than a local character, and which administered justice and legislated for particular nations, tribes, trades, and professions, according to the usages of their race or calling, rather than by any general law of the place in which they resided. The consuls were designed principally as commercial arbitrators or judges, to which functions their diplomatic duties began subsequently to be superadded. The consular character appears to have changed as much between the middle ages and the present day, as it did between antiquity and the middle ages. The name is, however, at present perhaps more venerable than the office is essentially important.

The Mediterranean consulates were for the most part established by virtue of commercial treaties. The particulars of the most important of these are furnished by M. Depping, as regards the conventions of the Italian republics with the Greek emperors, the other Christian princes, the Saracens, and with each other. Treaties of commerce were in the middle ages as necessary for the security of foreign trade, as corporations were for the encouragement of domestic industry, but the season of their utility has passed away from them both. If two given nations will take for their mutual guide the true principles of public economy, and frame their tariffs with a view to the comfort and well-being of the mass of the people of each country, it is needless to say that treaties for the prevention of the prohibitory system will be perfectly superfluous. Trading corporations are, indeed, worse than superfluous;—they are a positive evil to all but the few who are interested in them;—they are the most mischievous form in which the *exclusive* spirit of the middle ages is still embodied;—they are institutions which the late Mr. Huskisson has frequently denounced as inconsistent with the good of society as at present constituted, and whose downfall all right-minded men should do their utmost to accelerate—using the name of that lamented statesman as their watchword in the work.

The works of Gulich and Depping supply us with frequent instances of the mischiefs which governments have done by interfering with trade, under a false notion of their protection being required. The erroneous impressions that were so long entertained concerning the nature of trade, unhappily for our forefathers, deferred until our age the recognition of the important truth, *that those who govern the least, govern the best*—a maxim

which even now cannot be urged too often, or too forcibly, upon legislators.

One great evil of the eager desire for monopoly, with which so many of the commercial classes are still infected, is, that it diverts their attention from the one thing needful to the industry of this as well as other nations—we mean Financial Reform. Turn and twist the subject as often as we will, we come round eternally to the vicious system of our taxation, as the bane of our industry, and the real cause of commercial depression. And whilst such suggestions as those which have been given by Sir Henry Parnell, and Mr. Poulett Thomson,* are disregarded, there appears little prospect of permanently invigorating our national energies. That the government make light of suggestions of this kind is the more astonishing, inasmuch as it is not so much the amount of taxes levied, as the mode of levying them, that is objected to; nor can the apathy of the trading interests in general to the evils entailed on them by the present system, be viewed without a mixture of surprise and regret that people should be so little alive to their own well-being.

No country ever suffered more than Great Britain from the want of necessary knowledge in those who have filled financial posts in her government. Ignorant of the principles of political economy—at a loss for statistical information—deficient in philosophical views—and often destitute of honesty—the managers of the revenue have, for a long series of years, done what in them lay to frustrate the progress of our commerce, and of all branches of our industry. We do not make this charge peculiarly against the present administration, but we are sorry to observe so little prospect of its thoroughly changing the old system of taxation, nor do we look for any so great good until principles very different from those with which our legislature has from time immemorial been imbued obtain the ascendancy.

Until within the last few years—when the genius of that eminent statesman, whose irreparable loss the country is at this moment deploring, commenced the Huskissonian æra—our commercial laws were framed without reference to any general principles at all, but were made empirically, as occasion was supposed to call for them, in the haste of selfishness, and amidst the prejudices of ignorance. There is even yet among us a disinclination to consider abstract principles, or to act *upon theory*, as it is sometimes called in derision by those who complacently assert

* Our foreign readers who wish to have an insight into the system of British finance should consult "Sir H. Parnell on Financial Reform, 1830," and Mr. Poulett Thomson's excellent speech on the same subject, delivered in the House of Commons the 26th of March last.

their own superior wisdom, from the circumstance of their being *practical men*. The gross fallacy of placing the limited experience of an individual above the collective experience on which alone a theory, or a general rule, is founded, is one, the frequent examples of which are disgraceful to the tone of society amongst us. So long as the generalizations of the science of political economy are either set at nought by, or have but a faint influence over, our legislature, we cannot reasonably hope that any striking improvement will take place either in our commerce, or in any other branch of our industry.

That commercial freedom is one of the greatest benefits which the world, or any portion of it, can enjoy, is a truth which the British government, and the greater number of its subjects, no longer dispute. But the admission of the principle is nothing unless it be put substantially into practice; and for those who have the phrase "Free Trade" in their mouths to uphold a financial system which exacts duties to the grievous extent that ours does, appears to us utterly inexplicable and inconsistent.

ART. IX.—*Courrier des Pays Bas*, 26 Aout, et 23, 24, 25, & 26 Septembre, 1830.

It is not an unnatural remark for an Englishman, looking at the extraordinary events that have lately taken place in the Netherlands, to observe, that of the two countries placed under the same government and regulated by the same laws, Holland and Belgium, while the one has been a prey to discontent and confusion, the other has remained satisfied with its lot, and even proud of its privileges. This difference, however, has arisen from very natural causes, obvious enough to those acquainted with the late history of the United Countries. Not only have the advantages of the constitution of the Netherlands been partially dealt out, but the boon itself in the very first instance was essentially different in value to the two parties concerned.

Towards the fall of Napoleon, Holland, whose resources are almost wholly commercial, was nearly ruined by the long continuance of war, and by the gigantic project of the continental blockade. Luckily, his brother Louis did not second his views, or his kingdom must infallibly have been destroyed. As it was, the debt contracted by the Hollanders was enormous, and the terms on which the loans were procured were exceedingly unfavourable: after Napoleon, by a stroke of his pen, had incorporated the country with the French empire, and wiped off one-third of the capital of the national debt, the evil was greatly increased, so much the more, indeed, because not only were the entire for-

tunes of numerous families confided to the public funds, but the capital of all kinds of benevolent institutions was swallowed up in them, together with all the property (for such was the law which compelled it to be so applied,) of orphans and others under the administration of executors and guardians. In short, confusion and exhaustion were predominant in every branch of administration, and the hatred of the French rule was at its height, when the year 1813 changed the face of Europe.

It was very different with the Belgians: though afflicted by the calls of the conscription, and exasperated by the *droits réunis*, a tax on tobacco, sugar and coffee so called, not so vexatious in itself as in its mode of collection—still by their proximity to France, by their common language, and by their share in its military glories, there was no little sympathy between the two countries. Moreover, the markets of France opened a ready *debouche* for the linens and the cattle of the Flemings, two branches of exchange of the first importance to them. So that though they were, in truth, on the whole weary of the French domination, and had already been aroused from their dreams of military glory, still the constitution and the dynasty of Nassau came not to them as they did to the Dutch. The Belgians were glad of them, but they were not snatched from ruin by them as were the Dutch.

The Dutch have always been famous for their skill in making bargains. On their union with the Belgians, it was stipulated by art. 6, of the treaty contracted between the plenipotentiaries of the great powers, June, 1814, that the debts of the two countries should be charged to the general treasury. Now, as we have said, the debt of Holland was immense;* on the other hand that of Belgium was trifling—an injustice of a flagrant description unless compensated by some equivalent, and this equivalent the provinces of the South have not yet detected. The Hollanders had again the advantage of choosing a king from among themselves, and of the same religion, a protestant; so that it is not surprising if it appeared to the Belgians that their country, though containing double the population of Holland, was rather made over to, than united to it.

The Belgians, however, tired of war, and by no means in a state to make resistance, permitted the measure to pass without complaint. They had suffered from a military despotism, they

* It amounted to within a trifle of 1300 millions of florins, (about 130 millions sterling,) one-third of which was struck off (*tiercé*, as it is called,) by the French government; on the restoration of the Orange dynasty in 1814 the public expenses so far exceeded the revenues, that to meet the deficit, recourse was had to a loan, one of the conditions of which, held out as a bait to subscribers, was a *resuscitation* of two-thirds of that part of the debt struck off by the French, (called *dette morte*,) by means of annual drawings.

were scarcely recovering from a species of anarchy, and now at least they had got a constitution of some sort. But it may well be supposed that the Lion's share which the Dutch had taken, did not tend to soften the animosities, which for some reason or other, in addition to the difference of religion, have so long subsisted between the Provinces of the South and those of the North.

By the treaty of London already alluded to, it was also stipulated that the constitution to be offered to the Belgians should be that already bestowed upon, or rather resumed by Holland, with such modifications as should be agreed upon by both parties. The *loi fondamentale*, or constitution under which the Pays Bas are now governed, was first of all presented to the States General of Holland, convoked in double numbers: they accepted it unanimously. In the Southern Provinces, in the absence of any assembly which could be considered as representing the country, the King, of his own private authority, assembled in each *arrondissement* a number of notables proportionate to the population. Of the 1603 notables summoned, 1323 only appeared, of whom 796 voted against the reception of the constitution. In the *arrondissement* of Courtrai, composed of about 30,000 inhabitants, two only voted for it. This was an awkward situation for the King, and he, or his advisers, hit upon a singular scheme of escaping the difficulty. The manner in which it was contrived to make a majority would be comic, if the subject itself were not a very serious one. First, the government resolved upon considering the 280 notables absent as having given their consent by their silence, and 126 of the votes in the negative, given on the ground of the religion of the prince, were struck out, as contrary to the dynasty.

By the aid of this state arithmetic, the King managed to procure a majority of eleven votes, and on the 24th August, 1815, he proclaimed the acceptance of the *loi fondamentale*. It is singular, that after having arbitrarily chosen the voters, without regard to any rule, or without reference to property, (for numbers were individually without any stake in the country whatever,) the constitution should have been virtually rejected after all. It is very possible that the cause of rejection existed more in a feeling of repulsion against the Hollanders, than in any well-founded objection to the constitution. For though it had its defects, we do not consider them of that nature to have influenced in such times the population, which had just escaped from tyranny, and which could not be very nice in constitutional information, nor ardent in constitutional aspirations.

The spirit of the *loi fondamentale* is liberal: its provisions are generally wise: its faults are rather those of omission than of com-

mission. The defects are obvious, and it will not take us long to show by a short analysis, the points where they exist.

The two first chapters relate simply to the division of the kingdom, and to matters which exclusively concern the King and his family, such as the succession to the throne, the revenues of the crown, the minority of the King, the royal prerogative, &c. &c.

The third treats of the States General, of their division into two chambers, the first representing the aristocracy, the second the people, and the powers attributed to them. The chambers do not, like our House of Commons, deliberate, in the first instance, together on any proposed measure: but preliminarily, they are divided into sections of ten members by lot, and each section retires to make up its mind in its separate chamber. If the use of deliberating in numbers be, that each communicate his stock of information, and that one may possess information which another does not, nothing can be more futile than this division into sections. All members of parliament are not Solons, and it may very easily happen that chance may put ten unenlightened men into one room, and ten men of wisdom and intelligence into another. Ten advocates may be deliberating on the game laws, ten country gentlemen on an amelioration of the law courts. The use of committees, as in the English House of Commons, or the French Chamber of Deputies, is not known in the States General. A defect, more deeply rooted, occurs in the origination of the bills or laws presented by the ministers. The States General cannot proceed by *amendment*, or modification: they are obliged either to adopt entirely, or to reject entirely. The inconvenience of this plan is so greatly felt, that ministers have usually been complaisant enough to listen to objections privately made, and if they did not consider the changes of a vital nature, they have modified their bill accordingly. But this departure in practice from the regulation of the *loi fondamentale* only proves its impropriety the more strongly.

The fourth chapter relates to the States Provincial, an assembly which superintends every thing connected with the administration and interior economy of each province. Each province has its States Provincial: the number of its members was in each province fixed by the King. It is the States Provincial that elect the Members of the States General: the manner of *their* election consequently became a matter of the first importance. Every person in the province who pays 25 florins (about 2*l.* 10*s.*) of direct taxes is entitled to vote for an elector; an elector, to be eligible, must pay 50 florins direct taxes: these electors choose the members of the States Provincial, who again select among themselves or elsewhere, the members of the States General. It is almost

unnecessary to say that this system is complicated: it has also been seen in practice to be vicious. The election of the members of the States does in fact rest in the hands of a few individuals in each province: so that it is impossible to consider that body as truly representing the people. The States Provincial are elected every year: the States General are renewed by thirds: each member sits three years, but he is immediately re-eligible.

The fifth chapter regulates every thing concerning justice: out of the imperfections of this branch of the Fundamental Law, have chiefly arisen the present state of confusion and discontent. The judges are removable at pleasure, though from the obscurity of the expressions in the charter, the ministers are not declared responsible by it: two defects which render a constitution worse than a nullity.

Then follow the regulations respecting forms of worship, all of which are equally protected; respecting finance; the formation of the army; and lastly, respecting the supreme superintendence attributed to the King over the canals, rivers, bridges and roads, that is to say, the general direction of all these objects is committed to him, and he is at liberty to use it as he thinks best.

We now come to the tenth and last chapter, which relates to public instruction and the press, one of the principal causes of the dissensions which first broke out into violence, and subsequently into actual revolt.

The only two articles which speak of these important subjects are extremely vague: the first does not declare the right of instruction to be free, but contents itself with saying that education shall be the constant object of the cares of government. It is impossible to use a more jesuitical form of expression in a charter where every thing ought to be clear, precise, and definite. The article which declares the press free, is not a jot more explicit, but the *ordonnances*, of which we will speak afterwards, have made changes in this part of the law that it may be considered altogether obliterated.

The imperfections of this constitution are obvious enough to us, among whom constitutional privileges are a subject of discussion. It is only within the last two or three years, however, that the Belgians have opened their eyes to the vast abuses it admitted. In its early years the main objection urged against it arose out of the shackles imposed upon the freedom of education, a clause which principally struck at the Catholic clergy. The liberals of Belgium, perceiving the government acting with respect both to education and to toleration in the spirit of the nineteenth century, were content, and the opposition in the States was but feeble. Gradually, however, the unequal distribution of the imposts, the partial appointment of Hollanders to the places in the

Belgian administration, for which the adoption of their language in all public acts afforded a feasible excuse; and, in short, a too eager attempt at producing a perfect uniformity between the two countries, embittered the temper of the people, and set the more enlightened classes of the Belgians upon detecting the very imperfect guarantees afforded them by the *loi fondamentale*, as modified and interpreted by the *ordonnances*. Some arbitrary acts against the press having at length showed the entire dependence upon the government, in which the liberties of the people were placed, the Belgians became alarmed; and the natural consequence was, that the liberals formed a union with the Catholics, and an opposition was produced of the most formidable description.

As the press became the organ of the party in opposition, and the interpreter of the different grievances under which the country laboured, it was natural that the government should first turn its attention to it. It has proved a very dangerous antagonist here as well as elsewhere. Besides the clause of the *loi fondamentale*, the sole law affecting the press was that of the 20th April, 1815, the object of which was temporary, and which had fallen into disuse after the circumstances out of which it arose had passed away.

The first step taken in the prosecution for offences of the press was the condemnation of two Frenchmen, Bellet and Jador, for some satirical expressions on the tax of the *mouture*. Not content with that, they were ordered to quit the country, without law, sentence, or even reason assigned, in the most despotic manner possible, in express violation of Article IV. of the Constitution. Ducpétiaux and De Potter exposed this tyrannical measure to the public, and they themselves soon became victims to the law of 1815. After having used the instrument, however, the government broke it: feeling they could not withstand the force of public opinion, immediately after the condemnation of De Potter, they abolished the law by which he had been tried.

The 16th May, 1829, a new law on the press was discussed and adopted. The deputies of the two countries have always had great difficulty in coming to an understanding on the subject of the press, the cause of which we do not remember to have seen pointed out. The Belgians, so long accustomed to the laws of the French, to watch their proceedings, and to study their parliamentary debates, were, and are still, in the habit of considering the law of the press a part of the *civil code*, which protected the rights, and prescribed the limits of authors, printers, and publishers. The Dutch, on the contrary, never having had many newspapers, nor yet many public writers, and scarcely any private individuals who occupied themselves with general politics, unless some mea-

sure which related directly to commerce, considered the law of the press a simple and necessary addition to the *criminal* code; so that in this law of the press they always inserted clauses respecting mobs, seditious cries, and other topics which evidently only regarded the laws of the police. Thus the Dutch and the Belgian members of the states proceeding on entirely different grounds, we can understand the reason of the perpetual difference which has marked their debates on this subject.

The spirit in which the law of the 16th of May was conceived was of the most liberal description, and nothing more satisfactory or more explicit could be desired. If it were not that a jury would have been an additional protection, it would have been a difficult task for a judge to misinterpret this law. Nevertheless, the judges of the Pays Bas are ingenious at that task; they are in the habit of taking every accused person for a culprit: when an individual is brought up for trial, the only object seems to be to prove him guilty in a manner more or less complete. This is the general character of the judges of the Pays Bas, whenever there is a question of a political offence.

As may be supposed, the law of May 16 produced the happiest effects upon the disposition of the middle classes towards the government. But in pursuance of a system followed up with an extraordinary regularity, the government since it began has never made one step in advance that it did not take the earliest opportunity of retreating two, to advance again when the season of temporizing arrived. The 11th of December, 1829, a royal message was delivered to the chambers. It complained of the abuses that had arisen from the liberty which had been accorded to the press, and submitted to their approbation a new bill, conceived in terms which may be made to mean any thing that the government choose. The phrases are studied with this view, and the deepest cunning seems to have presided at their formation. We know nothing, even in the decrees of the Roman emperors, better adapted to serve the purposes of despotism.* This bill was rejected, and at last, on the 26th of June, 1830, a new law passed, which, without being so absurd as that just spoken of, and not so liberal as the preceding one, afforded some securities, but remained still faulty from the generality of its expressions, and by its omissions rather than by its insertions.

In the mean time, to show up to what point the arbitrary spirit of Van Maanen, the minister of justice, was prepared to push the government: he despatched a circular letter to all the *pro-*

* A translated copy of this infamous project of law was given in No. X. of this journal, page 413.

cureurs du roi, enjoining them in the exercise of their functions to support the principles of government with the utmost vigour and severity, and not, by too much moderation in the discharge of their duty, to permit the liberals to gain any advantage over them. Some individuals who valued their self-respect above their place, answered the circular in a spirit of manliness and liberty, observing that they should pursue the course pointed out by the law.

While on one hand the justice of the country was thus trifled with, the administration of the finances was managed in a manner, to say the least, calculated to produce vexation and ill blood. Imposts and taxes were multiplied in every direction; a mass of sumptuary laws were passed on horses, carriages, servants, female as well as male, dogs, furniture, in addition to those which exist in every European state. Besides, no proportion was preserved in the manner in which the different provinces were mulcted; a most unequal division oppressed many of them; the deputies of these provinces struggled in vain for a revision—the infallible Dutch majority silenced every effort. After the union of the Catholics and the liberals, and the consequent increased power of the opposition, the abolition of the *mouture* was demanded; an equitable division of the public offices between the two countries was insisted upon, as well as liberty of language, of instruction, of the press, the jury, and the responsibility of ministers.

The reasonableness of these demands will not be denied by Englishmen, where at least they understand them. With regard to the taxes and the liberty of language, it may be necessary to say a few words for the better comprehension of the nature of these grievances, as felt by the Belgians. One great evil in the Belgian taxation was the multiplication and variety of the objects taxed; an individual never knew when he had done. Some were levied in so tyrannical a manner, that in reading the explanation of them the reader may fancy he is perusing the history of some barbarous exaction of feudal times. The *mouture*, for instance, and the *abattage*. The first was a tax on meal; it was forbidden to grind corn at home, and it could only be sent to the mill during certain hours of the day, besides which, the bearer of it was obliged to provide himself with a *passavent*, or a kind of meal passport: and it was forbidden to mix different kinds of grain, except in a certain proportion fixed by law. A whole army of clerks and collectors, charged with the duty of preventing fraud, hung about the country like wolves; these were entitled to a part of all the corn they caught mixed up, or proceeding to be ground, or ground in contravention of the law. The *abattage* is a term of a more simple kind at first view, but equally vexatious and base in its execution. In the country, as well as in

town, every ox, cow, heifer, calf, sheep, pig, &c., before it was killed, was obliged to be shown to the receiver of taxes, in order to procure a permission to be killed, and to fix the hour of slaughter. The rural communes are often more than a league in extent; the peasant was consequently forced, in good or bad weather, to leave his work, and to go and make a declaration of the kind of animal, of its weight, and the hour he intended to kill it. And then he had not done. He was not entitled to kill his own pig! He must go and secure the services of the "sworn butcher," who must be present. Even this was not all. If the tax-receiver thought that the estimate of the animal made by the owner is below its real value, he has the right of *pre-emption*, that is to say, of paying, without further ceremony, the estimated sum, taking the beast, and sending the owner about his business.

These grievances chiefly affected the country; but the towns had their own vexations. The inhabitants no longer desired to possess furniture of beauty or value; they stopped up their windows, their fire places, and sent away their servants, not only because all these objects were heavily taxed, but because they opened the door to the taxgatherers, who were entitled to pay domiciliary visits, in order to ascertain whether you had made a return of all you possessed.

The municipal taxes, that is to say, those levied at the entrances of the towns and for their profit, had been also greatly augmented. Not an egg, not a morsel of butter, or a loaf of bread could be consumed in a town without paying its tax. Every person, though this was not peculiar to Belgium, on entering a town, was liable to be *visited* by the clerks stationed at the gates. The fault of all these taxes was not so much the amount, for that might be a matter of question, but that they were exceedingly vexatious, and above all most expensive in their mode of collection.

Among the grievances always dwelt upon by a Belgian, and which may have been imperfectly understood at home, was the imposition of the Dutch language upon them. Now the Flemish and the Dutch are so very nearly similar, that one grammar suffices for both; and a Fleming, even of the uneducated classes, understands a Hollander without difficulty, and vice versa. This is an objection which will forcibly strike a foreigner in passing through the country; but a foreigner only. Propose the difficulty to any one employed in the business of the country, or an advocate, or in short to any of the educated classes, who has been able to form his opinion by his own experience, or long communication with his fellow citizens, he will answer that, putting aside the grammatical difference between the two languages, which is certainly very slight, it ought to be understood that Flemish, in the

southern provinces (of Liege, Namur, Brabant, Hainault, Flanders, &c.,) has never been anything else than the language of the people; in two or three of these provinces every body understood it more or less; but all business, all transactions were carried on in French, as a consequence of a domination of twenty years, during which a new generation had arisen; and previously even under Maria Theresa, it was the language of diplomacy and the higher branches of the administration. So that when the union of Holland and Belgium took place, entire towns, arrondissements, even entire provinces, understood no other tongue than French; and in other instances, where Flemish was spoken by the mass, it was a dialect nearly unintelligible in the next district, the spoken dialects varying not only greatly from each other, but differing as widely from the written Flemish, as the provincial from the Parisian French.

At the present day, it is true, that in most of the Belgian towns Flemish is spoken habitually; the higher classes seem to talk it without effort, as if it had always been their own. This is but the effect of the despotic will of a Dutch king, exacted during a reign of fourteen or fifteen years. In every state there is a mass of individuals whose means of existence the government could destroy whenever it chose; such as ministerial employés, and placeholders of every description. In Belgium, notaries, advocates, agents d'affaires, employés of the provincial governments, almost without number, have seen the bread snatched from their families, before they had the time to learn Dutch with all the inclination in the world.

Every transaction was stamped in Belgium; all of a sudden it was ordered that no writing should receive a stamp which was not in Dutch or Flemish, which is certainly constantly spoken, but of which it would be very difficult to write two lines. Many individuals were turned out of the places they held on this very ground, and thus utterly deprived of their livelihood and reduced to beggary. It is within our knowledge that an advocate in extensive practice at Brussels, who supported his family in a most respectable manner on the proceeds of his labour, died in prison for debt, solely in consequence of this arbitrary measure, by which his entire means of existence were taken from him.

With so much reason on its side, and with the voice of all Belgium at its back, it may be supposed that the opposition, with its united force, began to make itself felt in the States. The government found itself obliged to yield several points. The repeated refusal of the budget induced them to renounce the tax of the *mouture*, to accord the liberty of language, and to promise a more equal division of the public appointments. The rest of its

power the ministry defended with vigour and obstinacy, under the direction and influence of M. Van Maanen, who is a man of great talents, and great information, but of great wilfulness, and with a decided turn for arbitrary measures. He is supposed universally to have usurped great influence over the mind of the king, and to him are attributed all the offensive and restrictive measures complained of. He was a minister under the empire, and has just retired, or rather been forced by the voice of the people to do so, after thirty-five years spent in office.

The monopoly of instruction is still preserved by the ministry; neither would it yield in the matter of a jury, without which, in political trials and offences of the press, it is impossible to expect justice, or to possess any real controul over the operations of government; neither would it cede the ministerial responsibility, a necessary principle in every representative government. The right which should have been above all accorded to the country is a representation based upon the population of the provinces, that is to say, a legislative chamber composed of sixty-six Belgian members and forty-four Dutch, and not of fifty-five Belgians and fifty-five Dutch. This obvious inequality in the representation is the source of almost all the injustice which has been committed. The Dutch king, Dutch ministers, and their fifty-five Dutch members, have sadly outmatched the fifty-five Belgians, amongst whom many natural causes of disunion or desertion would arise.

Much of the blame of the late disturbances has been thrown upon the Belgian character, which has so often been called *turbulent*, that it is universally believed to be such. It is a common-place to consider them as eternally dissatisfied with their governors. Their annals, it is said, present nothing but armed opposition, dissension, intestine war; that successively they have shaken off the domination of Spain, Austria, France, and are again in revolt at this moment. This word *turbulent* is one of the epithets invented by tyrants to deceive mankind; it has been adopted with many similar ones by historians, who have, until lately, only written in the interest of the great and powerful. If the meaning of the word *turbulent*, as applied to a nation, be analyzed, it can only mean an impatience in supporting some oppression, which energy resists, and apathy sinks under. Let any one run over with an impartial eye the different revolutions of Belgium, and weigh the causes which have produced them, and he will be convinced that they had good reason to complain. Who can blame them for wishing to escape from the bloody persecutions of Spain, to have repelled the feeble and oppressive domination of Austria, to have driven out the tyrannical agents of

the Emperor of France, during the latter years of his reign? Belgium, a country of no great extent, but consisting of a brave population, has for a long time been handed about from power to power, as a kind of make-weight in the political balance. Its fertility has always rendered it an object of desire to the surrounding powers, and just as it suited their convenience, they have disposed of it without consulting the subject of the bargain. Because the Belgians have not been content to be thus hustled about, they are called *turbulent*. The French government had, however, succeeded in attaching the affections of the people; manners, interests, language, all had become common: but the *droits réunis*, and the dreadful conscription, the two disastrous inventions of Bonaparte, and in part the cause of his ruin, alienated the hearts of the Belgians; it was generally with satisfaction that they witnessed his fall. It is something to set against the charge of turbulence, that all the great men who have had to deal with them, have left a high testimony in their favor; we may begin with Cæsar and end with Napoleon. The authority of Charles V. has been strikingly laid down: he is said to have spoken of them to his son in terms of eulogy like the following:—"Moderate in his prosperity, and equally calm in adversity, without pride, without ostentation, sober, naturally frank, the Belgian is at the same time prudent and circumspect, patient to obstinacy, and industrious to an excess; faithful to his religion and affectionate to his chiefs, as long as they respect justice and the laws; but so soon as his rights are touched, his patience ceases, and he becomes untameable. Whenever tyranny has sought to oppress him, he has resisted, yielded, and died, but it has always been with a free spirit."

If this character be true of the present as well as past ages, certainly the Dutch ministry were unfortunate in the subjects on which they wished to impose arbitrary measures. But there is good reason to think that M. Van Maanen was disposed to run the whole lengths of absolutism. He has publicly maintained the principles of a monarchy after the fashion of Louis XIV., and in writings to which his name is not affixed, but which are attributed to him by common fame, he has gone even further. The *loi fondamentale* was in his way; nevertheless it is sufficiently vague in its terms to admit of a great deal of practical tyranny. The king himself, whether from some similarity of character which is said to exist, permitted him to exert an influence over him that has greatly diminished the loyal affection with which the Belgians were animated towards him; he himself was, and even is, universally considered of a kind and benevolent disposition, with the foible, perhaps, of wishing to be thought by all Europe a prince

of great political capacity, and the fault, if it be a fault, of being—like all his ancestors—so fixed in any purpose or plan that he may have adopted, that no consideration can drive him from it.

The Dutch government has doubtless been greatly influenced by its attachment to Holland and Hollanders, but not a little also by a strong apprehension that Belgium was an uncertain and unsound part of its dominions; and that its attachment to the French would show itself on the very first occasion. Hence many arbitrary measures have been taken as measures of security; hence the objection to the French language, and a determination to produce uniformity between the two countries; as if the love of the French language, which they had used from childhood, were the same thing as a love of the French, or as if a violent attempt to force another tongue upon them were likely to decrease their attachment to the people who spoke the language they loved. But it is not true that the Belgians desired, or do desire to return under French rule. A small number of this way of thinking, especially on the frontier, may be met with, but the bulk of the population would see such a transfer with pain. Fifteen years of a government, possessing at least all the exterior of a constitutional one, have taught the people to set a high value upon liberty, and awakened the ancient passion for independence, which under the empire had been stifled by the passion of military glory. Since the last fifteen years the face of things in Europe is completely changed, the æra of constitutional governments has commenced, and the Belgians, as well as other nations, have seen a new future open before them; they have set their hearts upon constitutional prospects, and we confidently trust that by the valour of their right hands they have now attained them. The people of Belgium apprehend, moreover, that their junction with France would be the signal of a bloody war, in which they would be the principal sufferers; Belgium, becoming a simple province of France, could no longer pretend to a national government, and, in place of being in the first rank of secondary powers, to which by her industry, her commerce, her economy, and the energy of her inhabitants, she may fairly expect to attain, she would simply take place as an obscure and disregarded satellite of a powerful kingdom, whose splendour would throw her completely into the shade, an idea which at the present day would be repelled with disgust.

If further proof were wanting that this idea had possession of the mind of the king, and at the same time was not entertained by the people, it would be found in the animated scene which took place at the Hotel de Ville on occasion of the late entry of the Prince of Orange into Brussels. When the Prince had

consented to bear the wishes of the people to the King, and had promised to second them to the extent of his power, being somewhat alarmed at the tenor of the principal one, the separation of Holland and Belgium, he solemnly asked the assembly,—and all the notables of the place were about him,—*whether, in case of invasion by the French, they would follow him to repulse them?* It was a time when truth was likely to be spoken; but they all unanimously cried out *No. Will you swear it?* he continued, and the universal exclamation was, *We swear it.*

Feelings of hostility, having all the grounds to proceed upon that we have stated, were not a little inflamed by the tone of the Hague and other newspapers of Holland. For them at least there has been complete license of the press, when their subject was Belgium, and the opposers of ministry. No language, no names were considered too bad for a Belgian who took a part in the cause of the Southern provinces; even the personalities—and it was a long way for personalities to travel—became insupportable; and not the less so, that the parties who were attacked believed, and had reason for believing, that these paragraphs were from the pen of M. Van Maanen himself. These violences on the one side naturally begat violence on the other,* and the war of the journals was even carried into the States-General, and mingled a bitterness and asperity in parliamentary discussion by no means calculated to advance the objects of a deliberative assembly. So far from attempting to appease the discord, whether by cession or conciliation, at a time when men's feelings were greatly excited,

* In these disputes the reader of the Belgian papers will have had frequent occasion to observe the name of *Libry Bagnano*; it was his house to which the mob at Brussels first resorted; it was immediately sacked and plundered. At this moment nothing but the bare walls are standing. It was an ornamented house in one of the principal thoroughfares. The gilding remains over the sculpture, but the windows it adorned gape glass-less. Of the house of M. Van Maanen, a very extensive hotel, but few even of the walls stand. With regard to *Libry Bagnano*, in order to show that the people will make idols to themselves as well to abhor as to worship, it may be as well to say what is known of him in Belgium.

Comte Libry Baguano is a Piedmontese by birth, and only sought refuge in the Pays Bas after being found guilty and punished for the crime of forgery in France. He set up as a bookseller in Brussels, and after a while took a part in the management of a ministerial newspaper, called the *National*. The minister, pleased with the thoroughgoing tone of his articles, took him up and patronized him. A million is set aside in the budget for the encouragement of national industry, for the disposal of which the ministers were not accountable; and it is well known, that to *Libry Baguano* has been assigned considerable sums out of it, as much as 100 to 160 thousand florins. In some instances the money has been given openly. This caused a great scandal, and when the war of the journals ran high, the act of his condemnation was procured from Lyons, and we believe published. He was then discovered to be marked; afterwards, in the newspapers, he was always spoken of under the name of *the convict, the Galerien, the forger*. He does not, however appear to have lost favour with the government. He has now been driven from Brussels, and is caricatured in every window.

the government took the step of beginning a kind of crusade against the Belgian opposition papers. Under the law of the 26th June 1830, no less than thirty different articles, published in seven different newspapers at Brussels, Ghent, Liege, &c., were prosecuted in as many days. The second trial and banishment of De Potter, Tielmans, and their associates, will go down in history as one of the most scandalous perversions of justice ever perpetrated by ministerial vengeance. The head and front of their offending was their proposal of a national subscription to indemnify the deputies and official persons who had been dismissed from their stations for their conscientious votes against the arbitrary projects of the government. After a diligent perusal of the whole of this remarkable proceeding, we were wholly unable to discover any law that had been violated, and we venture to affirm that no candid reader, learned or unlearned, could have come to any other conclusion. Judges, however, holding their places at the nod of the crown, were not slow with their constructive treasons, and M. de Potter and his friends were banished their country, and after being dragged about the neighbouring territories for a considerable time, vainly seeking an asylum from those to whom the name of patriot is a hateful sound, finally found a refuge under the tri-coloured banner of regenerated France.

When the French Revolution took place, the noble attitude there taken by the people was of the most imposing description, and above all it was successful. It may in some sense be said to have been the immediate cause of the outbreaks at Brussels, in two ways; first, because it exceedingly excited men's minds, and next, because it relieved the Belgians from all fear of foreign intervention. It was the impression in Belgium, when the result of the French Revolution was known, that now they might settle their differences among themselves. The citizens of Brussels, of Liege, and other places, began to organize measures to place Belgium in an attitude of remonstrance, if not of resistance. The first spark of the blaze we have seen, was, indeed, struck by the mob of Brussels, than which, perhaps, no city in Europe contains a more villainous *canaille*; but the Burgess-guard quickly took the power into their own firm and steady hands, and throughout the whole of the contest succeeded in keeping down the rabble better than the best friends of order could ever have hoped for.

After the insurrection both the king and the people at first appeared to behave well. The citizens demanded their rights with zeal and steadiness: the king listened, and in fact did all he constitutionally could. He sent away his obnoxious minister, too late, indeed, to produce the effect of immediately allaying the storm, but not too late to show that he was willing to do his part

towards a settlement of grievances. With regard to the other demands, rightfully and justly made at his hands, he had not the power of assenting to them *mero motu*. He therefore called the States together, and referred the complaints to them. Although the States were no adequate representation of the people, and might come to a wrong determination, still they were men, and generally rational men, and, it might be hoped, would not plunge the country into a civil war. The citizens waited under arms, and subject to all those inconveniences that arise from a suspension of commerce, and an apprehension of the evil consequences of a civil war, with some degree of confidence that the reasonable demands of reasonable men would, in the nineteenth century, be granted by those at the head of governments: for if not, the precedents to the latter certainly were not favourable; and the signs of the times, even to those who do not read Moore's Almanack, might be read as unpropitious to obstinate crowned heads. Great indeed, therefore, was the general consternation, when, in defiance of the dictates of reason, *and in the face of the solemn promise of the King not to resort to force during the deliberations of the States*, the royal forces under Prince Frederick attempted to enter Brussels. By that fatal step the Orange dynasty has run the risk of losing Belgium for ever. The struggle of the four memorable days of September left the brave Belgians in possession of a victory, of which it is to be hoped, their freedom cannot fail to be the first fruits. God grant that the patriot blood which has washed the streets of Brussels may not have been poured forth in vain!

Whilst the Belgians were yet the liege subjects of William of Nassau, various speculations were entertained as to the probable effects of the federal separation which the States-General were considering at the Hague, whilst the Dutch troops were carrying fire and sword into Brussels. The policy of such a separation was a question of some complexity; and, however strong in its favour were the more weighty arguments of the popular wish and of public justice, there were many considerations of a commercial nature which threatened Belgium with important losses in the event of the change. The agricultural produce, the manufactures, and the coal, of Belgium, have hitherto been introduced into Holland for consumption and exportation to her colonies under the protection of heavy duties. These colonies have opened markets to the Belgian manufactures to a very great extent, and the consumption has, of late, greatly increased. The admission of Baltic grain into Holland would completely ruin the distilleries of Belgium, which have long been far from flourishing; but in this, and other instances, the ports of Hol-

land would necessarily have been made free, since there are other countries that excel Belgium in the cheapness and excellence of their manufactures. These were a few of the objections to the federal separation, and they certainly weighed strongly among the commercial men at Antwerp and Ghent, where there was at first much hostility to the measure. How far they might have influenced the decision of the States-General, it is useless now to speculate. The knot which required so much skill to untie has been forcibly cut asunder, and Belgium presents herself to our view under an entirely new aspect—an aspect which, while it rivets our attention, demands also our warmest sympathy in her behalf.

What form of government will be now adopted by the Belgians as the best security for their liberties, it would be vain in us to attempt to predict, and would be, moreover, useless to our readers, inasmuch as on the 3d of November next, the National Congress, to be elected on the 27th of October for the express purpose of determining the question, will be in deliberation. Whether we shall actually see a republic within six hours' sail of our coast, or the House of Orange will succeed in obtaining for its most popular member, or his infant son, the throne of a constitutional monarchy in the country which has utterly rejected the authority of the head of that House, the lapse of a few days will now decide. On both sides there are difficulties for the Congress to overcome—difficulties of which a perusal of the various opinions of the Belgic and French journals is alone sufficient to shew the importance. In the meantime, the deportment of the provisional government appears highly becoming and satisfactory. They have, by words and actions, all along manifested the most perfect acquiescence—the most ready subservience—to the will of the nation, whatsoever it may be pronounced to be. M. de Potter, whilst at Paris, was, indeed, guilty of some indiscretion, in publicly expressing a desire for an union with France, inasmuch as any such desire is repudiated by the leading French politicians no less strongly than by the most influential persons in Belgium. The nobility and clergy of Belgium are, as they always have been, averse to a connection which would at once deprive them of the rank and respect they now enjoy, and would threaten not only their station in society, but possibly, at no distant period, the utter annihilation of their orders. With feelings of resentment, however, such as those which M. de Potter most justly felt, we can well excuse his entering into any views which he believed would further the deliverance of his country. We can easily understand how to such men as De Potter and Van de Weyer, who possess minds of the

highest order, and whose learning and discernment place them far above the scope of popular prejudices, a junction with France would appear matter of indifference, provided it could secure the happiness of their countrymen. The provisional government has, notwithstanding, manifested no such disposition, but has contented itself with taking measures to provide for the free exercise by the people of the rights which, always inalienable, have, by the late crisis, reverted to them immediately. It seems to have fulfilled with fidelity the duty to which it was called in a crisis full of difficulty, and requiring leaders whose capacity and integrity should be alike above all suspicion.

The folly of such a scheme as that of Prince Frederic's attempted entry into Brussels is self-evident. It requires no skill in military tactics to perceive, that the only modes of reducing that city to subjection were, either by a blockade, or by wearing out by delay the citizens, who were already severely tried by their laborious duties of defence, and by the suspension of all trade and business. But even if the army had succeeded in occupying Brussels, it was absurd to suppose that the men of Liege, of Mons, of Tournay, the Walloons, and the rest of the Belgians, would thereupon have quietly laid down their arms. The King of the Netherlands appears to have acted as if it was a conspiracy of a few individuals, or a small band of local insurgents, that was required to be put down, and wholly to have lost sight of the fact, that it was the grievances of an entire nation that were crying out for redress. The people of different countries are, however, as incapable of receiving instruction from their neighbours, as their rulers, of whom it is a proverb that they never learn from experience; and the conduct of William of the Netherlands, in suffering himself to be deprived of two-thirds of his dominions, has been equally sagacious with that of Charles Capet, who entrusted his crown to the keeping of his confessor, or of James Stuart, who lost three kingdoms for a mass.

Though the future destinies of Belgium are yet uncertain, her deliverance out of the hands of Dutch oppression must be a matter of sincere joy to all the friends of freedom. It is the second signal proof, within two short months, of the increasing impotence of tyranny, and of the growing strength of the cause of liberty throughout Europe. That cause, varying only in local circumstances, is virtually the same in all countries. The struggle is universally a struggle of principles—a conflict of ideas—a war of opinions. The time is at hand when we shall hear no more of treaties among sovereigns, disposing of nations like flocks of sheep. In vain had the treaty of Vienna confirmed to the Bourbons the throne of France, and to the Nassaus that of Belgium,

when the people resolved to cast from them the obnoxious dynasties. In vain do the military monarchies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia regard with fear and trembling these striking events;—they dare not interfere, however strong may be their wishes. From foreign molestation the Belgians are secure, and we trust they will not be disturbed by domestic disunion. They have already turned their swords into ploughshares; may Freedom and Peace be their household Gods!—for, as a free nation, they will henceforth be the natural and firm ally of Great Britain.

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. X.—*Struensee, Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen* von Michael Beer.
Zum erstenmale dargestellt auf dem Königlichen Theater zu München.
 (Struensee, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, by M. Beer. First acted at the
 Royal Theatre at Munich.) Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1829. 8vo.

ANOTHER candidate for dramatic laurels in Germany, where such candidates are already so numerous that one might fear the sacred plant's being totally despoiled of its leaves. Michael Beer, who now first presents himself to notice as a tragic poet, is, we understand, a brother of the celebrated composer Mayer Beer, and he will not lessen the claim of his family to public favour. Indeed this first production is said to have already obtained the most decided success. His tragedy is a historical play, and appears to have been more closely formed upon Shakespeare's model than even Schiller's *WALLENSTEIN*. Its principal merit is, we think, the strength and distinctness with which the different characters, from the Protagonista down to almost the lowest personages of the drama, are delineated, developed and supported.

The subject is the fall of Struensee, the favourite of Christian the Seventh of Denmark, and yet more, it was said, of his Queen, Matilda of England. Struensee, who from the post of body physician had raised himself to that of prime minister, with the title of Count, is represented as a bold and honest, though ambitious reformer, deficient in the judgment requisite to adapt his well-intended schemes of improvement to the circumstances of the times, or to the habits and feelings of the nation he would benefit; and deluding himself into the belief that his hatred of the nobility is a philosophical disapprobation, that his passion for the Queen is a virtuous emotion, and that the errors of a licentious youth are abundantly compensated by favours subsequently showered upon some of those who have suffered by their consequences. Count Ranzau is a high-minded, ambitious old nobleman, as firmly convinced of the reasonableness and patriotism of his prepossession in behalf of his own order, as Struensee is of the justice of his opposite prejudices. Ranzau is bent upon overthrowing the upstart minister by open means, by persuading or frightening him into a resignation of office; and when irritated by the disappointment of these hopes, is drawn reluctantly into the plots of the less magnanimous enemies of the favourite; but in the end is so shocked at the meanness and cruelty in which he is involved, that he endeavours to allay his remorse by incurring great hazard, trouble and expense, to rescue his victim. Colonel Köller is one of those more vulgar enemies, whose cause of hostility somewhat softens the abhorrence provoked by his treachery. Struensee had robbed him of his mistress, and left the poor girl to break her heart, when he fell in

love with the Queen; and Köller asserts that it is to avenge *her* wrongs, not his own, that he conspires with the Queen Dowager against his successful rival, whilst receiving the expiatory kindness with which he is loaded by that rival, whose confidence he secures through a show of rough bluntness, which at the same time satisfies his own conscience as to his not perfidiously courting his deceived and trusting benefactor. The Queen Dowager is an ambitious and able *intrigante*, hating the young Queen for her youth, beauty, and influence over the King; and the young Queen is a lofty-spirited English Princess, proud of her country, deeply sensible of the misfortune of being united to a man, who, except in station, is wholly unworthy of her, and "laying the flattering unction to her soul," that her attachment to Struensee and her sufferance of his devotion are innocent, because she does not permit the word "love" to pass his lips. We cannot dwell upon the inferior characters, though many of them likewise are boldly drawn. The influence of all these personages upon the catastrophe is well managed, from the insurrection of a regiment, provoked by the machinations of the Queen Dowager at the beginning of the piece, to the execution of Struensee, with which it concludes. Into the detail we cannot enter, but shall translate some passages from two scenes, as specimens of our author's talents and style. The following is part of the first dialogue between Struensee and Ranzau.

Ranzau. The murmur of the Baltic waves, to you,
Is not the lullaby of infancy!
To you, a foreigner, what are the feats,
The history of the Danes? The honest truth
I speak to you, and freely, as becomes
The veteran warrior, the grey-haired noble.

Struensee. Freedom and truth to me are golden words,
Alike on lips of nobleman or peasant.

Ran. Alike on lips of nobleman or peasant!
Thus were you ever; not a privilege
Would you allow the noble o'er the meanest.

* * * *

Your schemes must fail. Not Denmark's kings themselves
In splendid recollections of great deeds
Can rival our nobility, alone
Who've rescued from the storms of evil times
The wreck of rights eternal. Of this nation
The soul are they, the life-blood; their destruction,
Which you intend, were of all Danes and Denmark
The utter ruin.

Stru. Do you call't destruction
To check the crimes of insolent despotism?

* * * *

Grant that the people should revere their lords;
Was therefore th' arrogance to be endured
With which the Danish nobles their own order,
Their rights alone, against the throne upheld,
With unexampled selfishness? And say,
Your famous council, consecrated seat
Of the land's chiefs, what has it e'er achieved

Splendid or beneficial, that I'm blamed
 For its o'erthrow? Was't not a golden wall
 Betwixt the King and people intervening?
Ran. Of Danish liberties it was the bulwark.
Stru. 'Twas a proud obstacle to all improvement.

* * * *

The wings of your young eaglets I have dared,
 Lord Count, to clip, with vigorous laws repressing
 Beardless presumption, that no Phaëton
 Amongst us may again attempt to guide
 The fiery chariot of the government.
 And will you censure that? Can you believe
 Denmark's diseased and suffering, because
 Armies of useless nobles now no more
 Besiege her King? Because no more the peasant
 With misty eye looks towards the capital,
 Where his oppressive, grasping lord, who deems
 His presence indispensable at court,
 Squanders on one night's riot, all the fruits
 Wrung by hard labour from a barren field;
 And then, complaining of bad times, seduces
 A gracious monarch to refill his purse.
 That now is over! God be thanked, through me
 The King has learned what 'twas so drained his coffers.
 He's tired of being but a treasurer
 For his nobility.—His people's cry
 Has reached his ear, and to the general need
 He listens kindly, whilst unnoticed falls
 Th' intrusive sound of impudent complaint.
 Exhausted are the land's resources. Much
 But lately held essential, must be spared.
 The King himself all his superfluous splendor
 Frankly resigns, and graciously dismissed
 His chosen guards this day.—If Denmark then
 Be sick, you see good Count, that ignorant,
 Or negligent, we are not in our leech-craft.

Our second extract shall be from a more dramatic scene, in which an emissary of the Queen Dowager obtains from the imprisoned and desolate Matilda a declaration, in virtue of which she herself is divorced and banished, and Struensee is beheaded.

Schack. Before his judges has the Count confessed
 That he with you, against our Lord the King
 Has wickedly conspired.

Matilda. That's foully lied!

Schack. He said it.—Further, that in sinful flames
 He burnt for you, that he revealed his passion,
 And that you listened, and forgave his boldness.

Mat. False, false! No such confession could he make!
 Out on your fraud! How poorly 'tis contrived,
 Coarse and incredible.

Schack. You term it fraud—
 I bring't as truth: and i'the Tribunal's name
 I ask, will you confirm the Count's confession?

Mat. No—never! To insanity propose it!

Schack. Then must you condescend with the accused
To be confronted.

Mat. Woe's me!

Schack. To his face
Tell him he lies, then shall we execute
The traitor who calumniates his Queen.

Mat. Confronted?—I, his Queen—Unheard of insult!
—It is impossible—He never said it!

But aye—Have you not tortures that extort
A false confession?

Schack. They were not employed;
The rack was only threatened.

Mat. God! The rack!

Schack. My Queen, one way there is that would conciliate
All difficulties, would avoid for you
This confrontation's horrors, give you freedom,
And save his life.

Mat. I can see none!

Schack. With care
I have provided it, knowing that earth
Affords no other. You must sign this paper.

Mat. Sign this?—Why, gracious Heaven, is not this
The infamous confession you demanded?

* * * *

This rescue him? You seek my ruin too;
Hence with this guilt my name ye would associate.

Schack. I would so, since nought else can from the axe
Protect the traitor's head.

* * * *

One course undeviating the judges follow:
Upon sufficient proof will they condemn
And execute him, 'less you raise a doubt
To shackle their proceedings.

Mat. And that doubt?

Schack. Whether his execution bring not peril
Upon the state. Confirm you his confession,
You, as himself, are guilty; you, with him,
Must suffer; and that England's threats forbid.

Mat. Does England threaten? Oh, my native land!
My dear loved brother! Free and generous nation!
If you remember me I'm not forlorn!

Schack. He cannot be condemned and you acquitted,
If he's his Queen's accomplice; but with you
Must perish or escape.

Mat. That sounds like truth.

* * *

What am I doing?—Were he a deceiver!
Can I not prove him?—Yonder glass reflects
His image—(*she looks to the glass, but SCHACK stands unmoved*)—
I have signed—Take it.

Schack. Accomplished!

Mat. Woe's me! He triumphs—I'm betrayed—my heart.

The young Queen attempts to recover the paper, but faints, and her
enemies triumph.

The faults of this tragedy are a degree of heaviness in the dialogue, the frequent halting of the verse, and a very German ending of the acts, especially of the second; when the Queen Dowager, in the midst of dictating orders for the conduct of the plot, suddenly exclaims,

“And when the ball is over—then, oh then”—

and the curtain falls, whilst her fellow-conspirators are staring at her in utter perplexity. We must further observe, though these matters belong rather to the historian than the poet, that we were a little startled to find George the Third's sister designated in the *dramatis personæ* as Princess of Wales, and to learn that revolutionary jacobinical principles were alarmingly rife in France as long ago as 1772.

The tragedy is dedicated to the King of Bavaria, under whose especial auspices it was brought upon the stage; circumstances equally creditable to his Majesty's political liberality, and to his patience, for the length of the piece actually confounds us when we even think of sitting out its representation.

ART. XI.—*Ein Treuer Diener seines Herrn, Trauerspiel* von Franz Grillparzer. (A faithful Servant of his Lord, a Tragedy, by F. Grillparzer.) Wien. 1830. 8vo.

If Franz Grillparzer be far inferior in genius to Goëthe and Schiller, he is still decidedly the first of the thousand-and-one authors now writing for the stage in Germany. This is his fifth production. The first four* were all in different styles, with different and appropriate merits;—the last being infinitely the best, and really a very clever historical play. We were consequently impatient to see his new tragedy, but although it has considerable merit, we must confess it has disappointed us. The chief fault, however, is in the story, which is so far undramatic, that the interest falls off in the last acts, and the catastrophe is unsatisfactory. Of course, in a historical play, we do not look for the same kind of agitating interest as in a tragedy. King John, or Richard III. do not awaken such thrilling sympathy as Othello, or Romeo and Juliet. But a peculiar and curious interest does attach to such a historical personage whom we actually wish to see go on prosperously, till he meets his fate at the close of the last act; and this species of interest Grillparzer well and powerfully excited in his OTTOKAR.

The present drama is something between a tragedy and a historical play, and therefore perhaps inferior to both. In some respects it resembles the Loyal Subject of Beaumont and Fletcher. We can, indeed, better sympathize with the German hero's loyalty, inasmuch as it is displayed towards an excellent King, under whom he holds a confidential post; but unlike his prototype, who reaps the reward of his active as well as passive obedience, in the King's marriage with his daughter, whose honour he had jeopardized, our Faithful Servant's self-sacrificing

* *Die Ahnfrau*, The Ancestress; *Sappho*; *Das Goldene Vliess*, The Golden Fleece; and *König Ottokars Glücke und Ende*, King Ottokar's Prosperity and End.

loyalty is recompensed only by its recognition. A brief outline of the story will show the fault of which we have spoken. Bancbanus, an old Hungarian noble, has married the orphan daughter of a friend, and his young countess, Erny, is persecuted with illicit admiration by Duke Otho, of Meran, the Queen's brother, who pursues her, as he tells us, not so much for love, as because she slights his addresses, and seems to prefer her old husband, whom he can neither make jealous nor angry. During the King's absence with the army, Otho, partly with his sister's connivance, drives Erny to suicide, as her only means of escaping dishonour. Her own and her husband's kindred revolt, besieging the palace to force the Queen to surrender the Duke into their custody; and the widowed Bancbanus shakes off his sorrow to resist the insurgents. As the Queen will not allow herself or her child to be saved without her idolized brother, he rescues the Duke. He at length reduces the rebels to submission, and delivers up his brother and brother-in-law in chains to the King. Otho acquits Erny of all that had been laid to her charge, and is sent home to Germany; whilst Bancbanus, declining the King's proffered rewards, desires permission to spend the few remaining days of his life in mourning for the loss of his wife.

The characters of Bancbanus and Otho are admirably drawn, supported, and contrasted; though we conceive the faults of the latter to be of a description hardly known whilst there were Dukes of Meran, a family which became extinct in the thirteenth century. In those early days, passion of every kind instigated to crime, but not vanity, we apprehend. The impetuous Hungarian character is well painted in the Counts Simon and Peter. We are less satisfied with the Queen and Erny. We shall translate most of the opening scene, as the best detached specimen of our author's dramatic powers. Bancbanus is dressing before day-break, and a great uproar is heard in the street.

Bancbanus. That buckle pinches.

1st Servant. Oh my Lord!

Bancb. How now!

Thou tighten'st it yet more—undo't, undo't!

1st Serv. I scarce know what I do.

Bancb. So much the worse.

1st Serv. The uproar—

Bancb. What of that?

1st Serv. I'the street, below—

Bancb. What is the street to thee? Mind thou my spurs.

Let each apply him to his proper business,

Nor ask if others do the same or not.

(A voice from the street sings to the guitar.)

“The grey-beard lord

Of a pretty young wife,

Must shut his eyes

If he love not strife.”

(Many voices, with shouts of laughter.)

Bancbanus! Ho, Bancbanus!

1st Serv. Death and the Devil!

Bancb. *(Fastening his belt.)* My sword.

1st Serv. My Lord!—you will?—

Bancb. Will what?

1st Serv. (*Half drawing the sword.*) This sword unsheathed, the gates unclosed,
—We after you—one dash amidst the mockers—
Hurrah! Where were they then?

Bancb. Art thou so warlike?

I'll place thee in the army. Here dwells peace.
For me, I am her tenant, vassal, guest,
And God forefend she find me brawling here,
And inconveniently warn me to quit!
Have done with foolery and give my sword. (*Putting it on.*)
Even in peace the Hungarian wears his weapon,
Though, save for urgent need, he draws it not.
For as the husband in most distant climes
Lays not aside his symbol ring, ev'n so
The sabre on the thigh proclaims that danger
And the Hungarian, are, like man and wife,
United. Now I'm ready—go—

1st Serv. My lord,

My lord! They're flinging stones against the window!

Bancb. Then open it—The panes are costly—Opened,
The stones will do no damage. My kalpak—
I must to the castle—With the morning's dawn
The king departs—What is't o'clock?

2d Serv. Just four.

Bancb. High time—Seek thou my wife—

1st Serv. They're there—I see them!

The Prince i'the midst!

Bancb. Nonsense—the Prince!

1st Serv. I saw him!

Bancb. Saw him? Knave! Did I see him, I'd believe
Rather that broad awake I dreamed, than evil
Of him whose sister is my sovereign's wife.

* * *

What dost thou bring?

A Maid Servant. Your morning draught, my lord.

Bancb. Set it down there—Is my wife yet awake?

Maid. Yes, that she is.

Bancb. Then wherefore comes she not?

Maid. I was to ask your leave—

Bancb. Oh! I give in!

Folly, I see, as fever is infectious.

She asks my leave? Good God! Must I give leave

Who ne'er refused it! Now, God save thee, Erny!

What fancy's this, that thou through chamberlains

Ask'st audience? I'm a foe to innovation;

Prythee change not old ways.

Erny (*entering*). Then you're not angered?

Bancb. At what?—The noise below?—The street, dear wife,
Is common property—We summoned not
The rioters, nor can we bid them hence;
Though I must say 'tis somewhat unpolite
So early to disturb fair ladies' sleep.

Erny. But know you who—

Bancb. I've no desire to know.

Erny. As Gertrude says—the Prince—

Bancb. And if it be?

His grace is idle, and diverts himself.

Song without. Fair Erny, sweet and good,
Can sleep lull thy young blood?

Didst thou no dread betray
To Winter wedding May?

Voices without. Bancbanus! Ho, Bancbanus!

Bancb. (who has drunk during the song.)

The middle voice sings out of tune and time.

God! How vile songs can spoil the tuneful'st throat!

Erny. Oh shame! Oh ignominy!

Bancb. And for whom?

I know no ignominy, child, on earth,
But one—that's doing wrong.

Erny. True—But the words,
Th' insulting words they sang!

Bancb. I marked them not.

Nor should'st thou do so. 'Tis th' advantage words

Have over deeds, they harm us not unless

We aid them—Speak we now of weightier matters.

At dawn the King leads forth his troops. The council

Is summoned to receive his parting orders.

I'm for the castle.

Erny. Now?

Bancb. Why not?

Erny. The house
Is by such crazy rioters besieged—

Bancb. Be easy, dearest girl; who loudest yelps
Is not most dangerous. Nor midst storm and sunshine

Have I these sixty years held up my head

To see a boyish valour dare more outrage

Than clamouring at my gate. I go to court.

Thou, if it likes thee, seek the inmost chamber,

Extinguish all the lights, and soon, unanswered,

These rioters will tire of rioting,

And go their ways—Wilt thou, my child?

Erny. How gladly!

Bancb. So fare thee well—Another kiss—But no!

Thus agitated, it were robbery—

When I return thou'lt proffer it.

Erny (throwing herself into his arms). My husband!

Voices without. Bancbanus! Ho! Bancbanus!

Bancb. Clamor on!

(Laying his hand first upon Erny's heart, then upon his own)

If all be quiet here, all here is peace.

ART. XII.—*Geschichte des Cid Ruy Diaz Campeador von Bivar. Nach den Quellen bearbeitet* von Dr. V. A. Huber. (History of the Cid Ruy Diaz Campeador* of Bivar; drawn from original Sources. By Dr. V. A. Huber.) Bremen. 1829. 8vo.

If we love, even whilst we smile at, the ardent enthusiasm with which the Germans take up every subject in the least entitled to call forth human sympathy, we must admire the energetic vitality which supports that enthusiasm through a prolonged existence, and we must respect the patient diligence of investigation, accompanying or attending upon it. Of the latter qualities the little volume before us is some exemplification. The Cid, originally known to most readers, we apprehend, through Corneille's celebrated tragedy, became an object of stronger interest, when the insurrection of the universal Spanish nation against the ambition of Napoleon drew the eyes of Europe to the western peninsula. Mr. Southey's fascinating work then threw a halo of glory around him in this country, almost emulating that which has so long irradiated his memory in his own, where he is, to this day, termed "the blessed Cid," although Philip the Second failed in the patriotic endeavour to obtain his canonization. But in England that halo was of a transitory meteoric nature. The Spaniards, since the restoration of Ferdinand, have forfeited much of the brilliant reputation they enjoyed during the war, and the Cid is accordingly forgotten. Not so in Germany. There the name of "my Cid the Campeador" is still in high honour; the Spanish ballads recording his adventures are still collected and studied; and Dr. Huber has judged it worth while to examine into and publish his real history.

Southey's CHRONICLE OF THE Cid our Doctor esteems superficial, or rather a romance—we cannot say in the guise of history, it is far too poetical, but—under the name of a history. He himself proposes to divest this idol of Spanish pride of all that he owes to imagination and tradition, and to reduce his life and actions to the naked simplicity of historical truth. For this purpose he altogether rejects the three authorities upon which Southey relies, namely, the *Cronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diaz Campeador*, of the age of which nothing is known, but that it was a very old MS. when printed in 1552, by order of the Infant Don Ferdinand, brother to Charles the Fifth; the *Cronica General*, written by, or at least under the superintendence of Alonzo the Wise, of Castille and Leon, who died in 1284; and the *Poema del Cid*, if not the oldest,* the second of modern epics, as it appears to have been written either about the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century. The authenticity of the statements contained in these books, however ably vindicated by the Laureat, is disputed by the Doctor, and we think with reason; the exact accordance of the Chronicles with the evidently older poem, in great measure certainly invalidating their testimony. These and all other sources of information relating to the Cid, have been carefully examined and collated by Huber,

* *Campeador*, as a title, is untranslated. Its meaning seems to be the Campaigner, and it has been conjectured to answer to our champion.

† The German *Nibelungen Lied* can alone rival its antiquity.

who gives or refuses credit to every statement according as it agrees or disagrees with a document first published at Madrid, in 1792; this is the *Gesta Roderici Campidocti*, an old MS. discovered by Father Risco, in the Benedictine monastery of San Ysidro, in Leon, and printed in the Appendix to his book entitled *La Castilla y el mas famoso Castellano*, or Castille and the most renowned Castilian.* Respecting the date of this MS., upon which its importance mainly depends, Huber thus reasons:

“What can be said *positively*, is that it was written before 1238. This is proved by a passage at the end, which says, ‘The Saracens, after the retreat of King Alonzo, entered the city of Valencia, although burnt, and dwelt in it and its territories, and *have never since lost it.*’ Now as Valencia was again torn from the Moors by Don Jayme the Conqueror, in the year 1238, about 140 years after the Cid’s death, it is clear that the *Gesta Rod. Camp.* must have been written *before* this time. This would relatively be no insignificant age; but there is actually no ground which can speak *against* a far higher antiquity, or prevent our supposing this history to have been written very soon after the Cid’s death, whilst many important grounds may be urged in favour of that supposition.”

These grounds we must indicate more briefly than our author, who develops and reasons them out. They are, 1st. The introductory words of the *Gesta*, in which the historian says that he writes his book lest the acts and the family of Ruy Diaz should be forgotten; whence the Doctor argues that this must have been the first time they were recorded in writing, consequently, that the *Gesta Rod. Camp.* is anterior to the *Poema del Cid*. We apprehend that books were not so immediately and so generally known before the invention of printing, as to render this reasoning quite conclusive. 2nd. It contains none of the improbabilities found in the *Poema* and *Chronicas*, nothing inconsistent with Spanish or Arab history. 3rd. The death of the Cid’s widow, Donna Ximena, which took place in the year 1112, is not mentioned in the account of the family. 4th. He is called throughout the *Gesta*, *Campidoctus*, the Latin form of *Campeador*, a designation found in contemporary documents, whilst the title of Cid, which there is reason to believe was not generally given him till after his decease, and which is constantly used in the poem, never once occurs. 5th. Huber finds a probable writer of the *Gesta* in the person of Geronimo, Bishop of Valencia, whilst that city was in the hands of his friend and patron Ruy Diaz, and of Salamanca and Zamora, after its evacuation upon the death of its conqueror.

Dr. Huber’s account, taken from these *Gesta*, strips the history of Ruy Diaz of Bivar, as we have already intimated, of much of the romance with which it had been adorned by tradition, especially of the fanciful circumstances connected with his marriage, (an affair that seems to have been conducted in the most humdrum manner imaginable, with a suitable *parti*, a kinswoman of his own and of the King’s,) and of the

* An account of this book, and of Müller’s edition of the *Romancero del Cid*, was given in the *Foreign Review*, No. VIII. (published by Messrs. Black, Young and Young,) p. 498.

whole adventure of the first marriage of his daughters with the Infantes of Carrion. Quite enough remains, however, in our opinion, to satisfy the most poetic imagination, as the following brief, and consequently dry enumeration of the leading events of the hero's life will, we think, abundantly prove.

He was descended from the proudest race in the country, the judges of Castille, Nugno Rasuera and Layn Calvo, and nearly related to the royal family; and being early left an orphan, was taken charge of and educated by the Infant Don Sancho, of Leon and Castile. From his earliest youth he was a distinguished warrior, deciding the fate of battle by his individual prowess, or rallying the defeated army, and snatching the victory from the conquerors whilst feasting in the security of triumph. He was the champion more than once appointed by his Sovereign to maintain his rights in single combat. Upon the assassination of his friend and patron, King Sancho, he required the next heir, Don Alonzo, to clear himself by oath of any participation in his brother's murder, ere the nobles of Castille and Leon should do homage to him. By this act he incurred the new monarch's enmity; an enmity which displayed itself in banishing the hero and confiscating his property, whenever it was thought his services could safely be dispensed with, whilst in the hour of danger he was repeatedly recalled, his hereditary estates restored, and ample domains added. In the first of these exiles he attached himself with a band of followers to the Moorish King of Saragossa, whom he ably defended against his enemies, of either religion, as he had formerly done by the King of Seville, whilst upon an embassy at his court. During his latter exiles, the Cid made conquests from the Moors upon his own account, and established himself as Sovereign or Lord of Valencia, and many neighbouring fortresses. When he was besieging one of them, Murviedro, the Moorish inhabitants applied to Moslem and Christian Princes for relief. None dared even attempt to afford it, except the young Count of Barcelona, who sought to effect a diversion by attacking Oropesa, a distant fortress of the Cid's; but raised the siege in the utmost disorder, upon a mere report that the hero was coming against him. Ruy Diaz retained possession of Valencia to his death, after which his widow sought King Alonzo's assistance, against the Almoravides, African barbarians, who were then ravaging Spain; but the Castillian monarch would not attempt to maintain so remote a possession, and thought he did enough in evacuating it without loss, and conveying the Cid's family in safety to Castille. Of the Cid's daughters one was married to the Count of Barcelona, the other to an Infant of Navarre, through whom the Kings of Spain, and many royal houses of Europe, claim kindred with "my Cid the Campeador." His two swords are preserved to this day; one of them called *Tizona*, (we need not tell the readers of romance that every mighty hero's sword had a name,) was taken from the church where it had been deposited, by Jayme the Conqueror, King of Aragon, as a fortunate weapon for the siege of Valencia, of which it thus a second time achieved the conquest.

We must observe, ere concluding, that Dr. Huber, to whom we think the public much indebted for the present work, advises his countrymen

to translate the *Poema*, and to enforce his advice, gives a specimen of it in his own way, without rhyme, almost without metre, and in lines of every length. We trust whoever follows his counsel will reject his example, and we would earnestly recommend to them in preference, the prose version, or rather perhaps compilation, of our own poetical countryman.

ART. XIII.—*Théorie du Judaïsme appliquée à la Réforme des Israélites de tous les pays de l'Europe.* Par l'Abbé L. A. Chiarini. 2 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1830.

IF the character of nations is to be judged from that of a limited number of individuals, placed under circumstances most favourable to their corruption, and in situations calculated to insure their degeneracy, a degrading estimate must be formed of human nature. If the British refugees in America, the British emigrants at Boulogne, the German *chevaliers d'industrie* at Spa, or the Irish adventurers at the different watering-places—are to be regarded as specimens upon which an opinion can be correctly formed of the nations to which they respectively belong, the Hebrew community at large will have no ground of complaint for the picture which the Abbé Chiarini has drawn of them, from a thorough knowledge of their Polish brethren. But the idea is preposterous, and while we duly appreciate the labour and the talents of the author, and his fidelity in executing the ungrateful task he has undertaken, we must enter our strongest protest against his general inferences, and his universal conclusion from particular premises. To the philosopher, to the antiquarian, to the theological antiquarian especially, the work before us will be one of peculiar interest. Various causes have contributed to limit, in an extreme degree, all acquaintance with the literature—if such it is to be called—and with the tenets of the Jews of the Dispersion. And though both the one and the other, the standard of their faith and the rule of their practice, may almost be said to be confined to the *Thalmud*, less seems to be known of this subject than of almost any other which falls within the reach of human inquiry. By analyzing the *Thalmud* and the other obligatory books of the synagogue, M. Chiarini has elaborated a system purporting to be that of Modern Judaism, and possibly what is professed by the Jews in Poland; but it is such as would be spurned by those of every other country, who, whatever their peculiarities in some respects may be, can boast of several members inferior in no degree to the men of whom Europe may be justly proud. That it would be politic to adopt some plan for restoring the Jews to their rank among nations, there can be no doubt; but this conciliatory work must be carried on consistently: there is the remembrance of years of persecution to be effaced, the bitter feeling of past degradation to be obliterated, and habits moulded under the pressure of unmerited calamity to be corrected by its removal. All this will not be effected by the revival of obsolete and exploded calumnies, by reiterating charges, which, if at any time they were not destitute of foundation, yet in the extent to which they were brought forward, are too preposterous to be credited, or by giving

publicity to the ravings of every visionary enthusiast and extravagant fanatic as the sentiments of the sober-minded part of the community. Such a course of procedure must confirm, not eradicate prejudice, and awaken groundless apprehensions which it ought rather to dissipate. Yet such is the plan upon which M. Chiarini has acted. We do not, however, distrust his intentions, but his judgment. It is said that Sale, the English translator of the Koran, from his intercourse with Moham-medans and his study of that book, became almost a convert to their faith; the study of the Thalmud, and his intercourse with the Jews, the worst certainly of their sort, have produced an opposite effect upon the Abbé, and awakened such a heartfelt detestation of the objects of his research, that it may be designated as the perfection of theological hatred. We do not mean that he is intentionally dishonest, illiberal, or insincere; what he asserts is the result of conviction, and we can only regret that a man of such profound learning should not have been more upon his guard against violent impressions. Yet his work is one of great value, and that to which it serves as an introduction will be a still higher acquisition—we mean the translation of the Thalmud into French. This has been hitherto almost a sealed book; the language in which it is written is comparatively but little known, and the difficulty of detaching the archæological, literary, and scientific fragments it contains from the heterogeneous mass of other matter is so great, that they have hitherto been lost to the world. To the completion of this stupendous undertaking we are now looking forward; the Russian government has interested itself with regard to it, thus adding another claim to the gratitude of Europe for the patronage it has extended to literature and science.

ART. XIV.—*Paris et Londres comparés.* Par M. Amédée Tissot. Paris, 1830. 8vo.

THERE appears to be some prospect that the Parisians will set about improving their city, when we find its uncleanness and discomforts censured by one of themselves. M. Amédée Tissot may therefore perform a useful service to his fellow citizens, by calling their attention to the miserable state of their streets, which appear “made only for those who can keep a carriage, reminding one of those times when the burgesses, despised by despicable courtiers, were expected to be as grateful for a spattering of mud as for a sprinkling of holy water;” by informing them that “Paris is purgatory to those who have not entirely lost the sense of smell;” and by setting before them for imitation the good foot-paths, comparative cleanliness, and brilliant illumination of the streets of London. That, however, will be the sum of his services; and we hope no person anxious to trace the difference and the resemblance between the two capitals will buy M. Tissot’s book, expecting to find in it a comparison made to his hands. This gentleman is a reformer of rhythm and of architecture, an improver of metre and of house carpentry, who plans newspapers and fashions constitutions, has peculiar opinions on penal

laws and the marriage of priests, thinks that trial by jury might be advantageously modified, and servants kept in order by establishing registries of them; and who "in moments that might otherwise be lost," writes down all these and many other similar crotchets, "without ever reading over what he has written;" uniting these matters together by a "succinct idea of his new manner of building houses and towns," (p. 148,) and palms the whole upon the public under the title of *Paris and London compared*. A comparison of this kind in respect to the number of the people and the size of the cities; the number of houses, the quantities of provisions annually consumed, the numbers of different ranks and classes of persons and of occupations, the comforts and conveniences, public and private, the births, diseases, and mortality of the people, their establishments for security, the number and nature of the crimes committed in each metropolis, with a long list of etceteras, would indeed be a most instructive work, but of such a one M. Tissot does not appear to have had the most remote conception. The title of his book is a delusion. Those persons who wish to be informed of all the projects that have ever entered the head of this gentleman may consult his pamphlet; those who wish to compare London and Paris, must look at the "Guides" to these respective capitals.

ART. XV.—*Tableau de la Pologne ancienne et moderne, publié en un volume* par Malte Brun; *nouvelle édition, refondue et augmentée* par L. Chodzko. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1830.

WHEN Napoleon carried for the first time the war to the frontiers of Poland, and public curiosity in France was awakened on the subject of that distant country, the celebrated geographer, Malte Brun, assisted by some intelligent Poles resident at Paris, in order to satisfy the demand as well as he could on the spur of the moment, published in 1807 his *Tableau de la Pologne ancienne et moderne*, accompanied by a modest apology for the inaccuracies and deficiencies unavoidable in a work, which was compiled in the short period of six months. The work, however, was justly appreciated; and when in 1812 the conqueror of the day carried a second time his armies to the Vistula, some speculators bought the remainder of the impression, and carried it to Wilna for the use of the French, who it was then supposed would retain a permanent footing in Poland. The fortune of war decreed otherwise; and on the entrance of the Russians into Wilna, the copies of Malte Brun's *Tableau* were destroyed by fire. The work became thus out of print, and the author had determined in the latter years of his life to recast it by adding materials which were tendered to him by several learned natives, when death put an end to his labours. The editor of the present work, M. Chodzko, in concert with Malte Brun's heirs and publisher, then undertook the task. The result has been two volumes, octavo, instead of one, of which the former work consisted. In the first he has given a geographical, statistical, and geological description of the country, having for its foundation that of Malte Brun; in the second he has merely edited from the MSS. of several of his country-

men, an historical sketch of the nation, an essay on the ancient legislation of Poland, by J. Lelewel, and a view of its old literature, by M. Podczaszynski. The last two are the most valuable parts of the whole. With regard to the description of Poland, it has been, in a great measure, anticipated in the sixth volume of Malte Brun's Geography, from which we ourselves drew a short sketch of the present state of that country in a former number of this Review;* and as for the history of Poland, besides that the subject is now tolerably well known, we doubt whether the present *précis historique* be written with sufficient method and impartiality to satisfy reflecting readers. It is impossible to disguise the truth that the enormous vices of the old institutions of Poland were the cause of its ruin. This, however, can no more excuse the foreigners who meddled insidiously in the affairs of the country, and parcelled its estate among themselves, than the vices of the Venetian oligarchy can excuse Bonaparte's shameful treatment of that republic; but both serve to explain the rapid fall and entire prostration of the two countries.

We extract the first intelligible account we have as yet seen of the late northern trials for a great conspiracy, the report of which surprised us some years ago. Soon after the death of the Emperor Alexander, in December, 1825, and the meeting at Petersburg which followed it, a Russian conspiracy was discovered, which was said to have ramifications in Poland. Two hundred persons were arrested in the kingdom of Poland, and in the provinces of Lithuania. A mixed commission of Russians and Poles was appointed to investigate the matter. After a secret inquiry, which lasted a twelvemonth, the commission made its report in January, 1827, by which it appeared that a political society, unknown to the police, had existed in Poland ever since 1821, having for its object the independence of the country from all foreign rule. The Emperor Nicholas, however, declared the proceedings of the court of inquiry illegal; and in fact it is said that that tribunal had not been scrupulous about the means of obtaining revelations. The emperor and king remanded the whole affair to be tried by the proper tribunal, namely, the Diet, or Polish Senate. After another period of nearly two years, the Diet, with only one dissentient voice, acquitted the prisoners, eight in number. After a considerable delay, the sentence was promulgated in March, 1829, accompanied, however, by an expression of sovereign disapprobation towards the court.

In Lithuania, or that part of Poland which is incorporated with the Russian empire, eighteen individuals were tried, seventeen of whom, (among others J. Chodzko, a relative, apparently, of the editor of the present work,) were condemned to imprisonment or other punishments, and one (Prince Jablonowsky,) who was sentenced to transportation to Siberia, obtained his pardon by revealing all the details concerning the patriotic society.

In the Great Duchy of Posen, which is annexed to Prussia, several individuals were also tried on similar grounds, and one of them, General Uminski, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

* No. VI. At the end of our Review of Oginski's Memoirs.

A great number of individuals, some of the first families, have been affected more or less by the depositions before the courts, and have become, therefore, suspected to the police.

We find nothing mentioned about any ramifications of this society in Galicia, and the other districts of Poland annexed to the crown of Austria.

Speaking of the political conduct of the three powers towards their Polish subjects, that of Prussia seems the most liberal and enlightened, the Grand Duchy of Posen having, since 1822, its provincial states, which assemble every other year to discuss the laws proposed by the king, and also to propose others in their turn; the deputies are elected by the nobility and the commons. The condition of the peasantry has been ameliorated, and schools have been established everywhere, but it is complained that this tends to *germanize* the population. These are feelings of which we foreigners cannot well judge.

In the "Fragments on Polish Literature," which terminate the second volume, the various races inhabiting Poland are thus classed:—

1st. Slavonians, or Poles properly speaking, the oldest occupants of the country, and who inhabit chiefly Western Poland, including the present kingdom of that name, the Grand Duchy of Poland, and the former Palatinate of Crakow; they speak the pure Polish language, which has been adopted by the educated classes over the rest of the country.

2d. The Rusini or Rousniacks, originally a Scandinavian tribe, who conquered Novogorod and Kiov in the ninth century, and extended their conquests as far as the Carpathian mountains, occupying thus the eastern and southern parts of modern Poland. There they formed the states called *white*, *black*, and *red* Russias, having for a time their separate sovereigns. By mixing with the Slavonian aborigines, they adopted several dialects which differ but little from the Polish, and are materially distinct from the Muscovite or *Rossyanié*, the latter having a considerable admixture of Asiatic and Tartar words.

3d. The Heruli, who once occupied Lithuania, Samogitia, Courland, and Prussia on the Baltic, and whose dialect is still spoken in the latter countries, whilst in Lithuania it has given way to a dialect of the Slavonian.

In their disposition, the Poles, properly speaking, are gay and volatile, while the Rousniacks are pensive and impassioned. The songs of the latter, (many of which are old and traditional, breathe melancholy, and turn upon unhappy loves, and warlike and tragical deeds,) have been partly collected and published both by Polish and Russian writers. The peasants of Prussia Proper, of Samogitia, Courland, and part of Lithuania, have also a number of songs in the Heruli dialect, several of which have been translated and published in Polish. "It is remarkable," says M. Podczaszynski, "that these songs resemble in their character those of Scotland, and that the customs of clanship, and even the word *clan* are found in them."

Mr. P. observes that the peasants of Great and Little Poland and of Mazovia, who are the most civilized of the three races, and who are considered as the genuine Poles, have not to his knowledge a single

national song which is not of modern origin. Their favourite songs consist of couplets, which they sing to their national dances, especially in the celebrated *Mazourek*, in the *Krakowiak*, and sometimes also in the *Polonaise*. The absence or obliteration of the old songs among them, he attributes to the influence of foreign literature, Latin, German, Italian, and French, and to the austere principles of the clergy; and he concludes: "the more a people remains barbarous and insulated from the rest of the world, the longer it retains those ancient traditions and recollections which afford so much delight to our fancy, and an inexhaustible store to romantic poets."—vol. ii. p. 470. Mr. P. gives a copious catalogue *raisonné*, accompanied by biographical notices, of the various Polish authors who have written either in Latin or in Polish, classed under the respective heads of historians, philosophers, naturalists, and poets. This part of the work contains much valuable information.

ART. XVI.—*Lettere sentimentali e politiche d'un giovine Italiano*. 8vo.
Paris: 1830.

THIS is an imitation of *Ortis*' Letters; a sort of *Ortis redivivus* in the nineteenth century. But circumstances and opinions have materially altered in Europe since Foscolo wrote his spirited though objectionable romance. That morbid feeling of dissatisfaction with the world which is but the symptom of a diseased mind; the presumptuous repining at one's lot because passions and caprices cannot always be indulged; the exaggeration of our individual petty woes, "the agonies of a day," into unbearable misfortunes; the continual taking to task society, government, and Providence itself, for all the miseries of man, the heavier portion of which are of his own creation, that indulgence of violent predilections or antipathies at the expense of reason and justice,—all this fantastic sophistry of the Werter and *Ortis* school, which was wonderfully in vogue towards the end of last century, is now gone considerably out of fashion. The enormous universal calamities which the present generation have witnessed; the terrible scourge of twenty years' wars and devastation on a scale of magnitude quite appalling; the fearful uncertainty of social compacts; the realities of distress, and the necessities brought on by these vicissitudes, have left but little leisure or taste for idle lamentations on the everyday crosses and heart-burnings which are the unavoidable attendants of the children of men during their earthly career. Activity, moral courage, perseverance, habits of self-command, and above all moderation in our wishes, are now imperiously required in every one by the present state of society. During the war, Napoleon and his conquests, his conscription and his police, frightened away metaphysical discontent out of young men's minds. Since the peace, the creation of a new political interest in a great part of Europe, the spreading of industry, the diffusion of useful knowledge, the intercourse between different nations, have all served to keep alive the active faculties. Unfortunately this has not taken place to the same extent in the South, and particularly in Italy. There, the parcelled condition of the country, the moral and political weakness of most of

the governments, the poverty of their treasury, the absence of great interests, the want of enterprising capitalists, the numerous trammels and checks to industry, have again replunged a great number of persons of the educated or half-educated classes into a state of idleness and languor which torments them, and renders them dissatisfied with themselves, their countrymen, their rulers, and with all the world.

The peculiarities of the present state of Italian society are not generally understood; they differ, too, in each of the eight or ten principalities into which that country is divided. The old political frame has been unhinged, and no new one, as elsewhere, substituted. But we cannot pursue these remarks further at present; we return therefore to the work before us.

A young man, native of one of the Tuscan cities, having lost his father, and being deprived of his property by unfeeling relations, as well as persecuted by domestic enemies, joins the numerous host of political malcontents, and becomes initiated to one of those secret societies which sprung and spread so rapidly after the restoration of 1814. He then travels about Italy, charged with secret missions, and employs his leisure in writing to a friend his impressions and reflections. We derive, however, no information from his epistles concerning his political associates and their tactics. Whether the hero be real or imaginary, the writer has kept his own secret, if secret there be, and he indulges instead in the wide field of general declamation, in which some truth is blended, as usual, with much rhapsody. The tone, however, is less violent than that of *Ortis*, the character is more humanised and experience-wise. We shall extract one passage for the lesson it affords. After attributing the ease with which Italy has been so often subjugated by foreign armies to the want of a common feeling of nationality among its inhabitants, he thus continues:

“ But where is the greatest danger? In times of revolution there appear certain individuals whom we take for extraordinary beings, who are, after all, nothing but men actuated by the same passions, and liable to the same errors as ourselves, but whom times and circumstances, and the enthusiasm of the moment, erect into heroes and geniuses. These, after having allowed the people to gorge themselves with plunder and blood, seeing at last its fury exhausted, as must naturally happen, seize the favourable moment to repress popular license, declare themselves the protectors of liberty and the guardians of individual security, and promise to all peace and justice. The inconstancy natural to mankind makes them be believed, and they are elevated on the triumphal car as liberators of their country. One of these fortunate mortals then seats himself quietly on the throne from which another has been hurled, and he oppresses and spoils systematically those who, after having oppressed and spoiled others, have become the unconscious instruments of his elevation, which they are then bound for their own safety to support with the hardest sacrifices and the bitterest humiliation.” p. 148.

These remarks appear sufficiently obvious, but there is no harm in repeating them to the Italians at the present moment. In another place, after complaining to a young Frenchman, a fellow traveller, of the injustice of some of his countrymen, who, forgetting the wealth they have derived from Italy during their occupation, and the services of

the Italians in the ranks of the French armies, now affect a tone of derision and contempt in speaking of that nation, he thus concludes: "But *we* also have become wiser, and we shall know another time how to value the offers of those who now are sneering at and insulting us." p. 291. We hope that it may prove so, though we very much doubt it.

In a note our writer complains feelingly, and not without reason, of the flippant tone assumed by many critics and tourists, "who seem intent upon collecting all the filth that can be found in the Italian cities, and hold it up as a specimen of the whole nation. But it were too long to enumerate all those who have thus abused my ill-fated country." And we agree with him that silent contempt is the best answer in most of these cases. We really believe that the character of no nation has been so preposterously traduced of late years as that of the Italians. But it ought to be observed, that the Italians themselves, with their violent party spirit, their municipal prejudices, and their philippics against one another, have materially contributed to this system of misrepresentation.

There are some entertaining sketches of individual character, such as that of the Neapolitan lawyer who was mad after the ancient philosophers, and thought the world would never be happy until we all followed the maxims of Zeno, Seneca, and Epictetus. Such reasoners are not rare in that country, and *there* they are sincere. There is also a curious account of a *hermit*, another race not yet extinct there, in a note, p. 376.

In the course of his peregrinations our hero falls in love with a young woman of good family, a paragon of beauty, accomplishments, &c. He, however, soon discovers that she is betrothed to another, and here, unlike his prototype Ortis, he takes the honest determination of removing himself, and avoiding disturbing the peace of a family who had received him hospitably. Neither does he resort to suicide; and these we consider as two important acknowledgments of the superior sense and decency of our times above those of the last century. It is chiefly under these and similar considerations, as indicating a favourable though not complete change in the moral taste of Italian writers and Italian readers, even of the young and hot-headed, that the book before us deserves notice. The hero is said to have quitted Italy late in 1819, just before the breaking-out of the Neapolitan revolution, and retired to the peaceful ground of Geneva, where his wounded spirit and broken heart soon brought him to the grave. It is not easy to discern whether domestic or political grief had the greatest share in producing this catastrophe, but we know that the politics of individuals are often the mere reflection of their private feelings and partialities, which assume a national hue on stirring and momentous occasions.

ART. XVII.—*Konunga-Sögur af Snorra Sturlusyni. (The Royal Saga of Snorre Sturlæson.)* Holmiæ. 8vo. 1829.

THIS volume is, on the whole, a welcome visitor. It completes the small Swedish edition of the celebrated *Heimskringla*, or Norwegian history of that most renowned of Icelandic chroniclers Snorre Sturlæson.

The two earlier volumes, which appeared many years ago, were almost a reprint of the folio Copenhagen edition, with the benefit of many additional typographical errors, (a very needless work of supererogation,) and a few intended emendations, which are for the most part mistakes, some of the emendations being false grammar, and others orthographical blunders. The present volume has fewer of these. It is a more correct reprint of the Copenhagen text; the errors of which, however, it does not correct: as, for example, in p. 408, it preserves *mödur-brædor*, instead of *módur-brædor*; in p. 417, *iárdadr* for *jardadr*; in p. 449, *nù* and *búa* for *nú* and *búa*; in p. 455, *annam* for *annan*. But it is not free from faults of its own; as in p. 416, *Grigorius hjuggo* for *Gregorius hjuggo*. The editor seems to have an extraordinary antipathy to the letter J, which is seldom found in his pages. He does not employ the grave accent on the *e*, nor the acute on the *y*, though very necessary to represent the true pronunciation, and of great value for showing the inflections of nouns and verbs. For the circumflexed *á* he has adopted *á*, but has not carried his theory through, as, for instance, he always writes *sva* for *svá*, or *svá*, notwithstanding the obvious analogy of the Swedish *så*, (the English *so*,) which might at once have given him a new conception of the accentuation. This is the more remarkable, as in the Grammar and *Specimina* of Professor Rask, and in the works of the Danish philologists, the word *svá* occurs in every page.

There was formerly considerable difficulty in the use of *au*. In the old Scandinavian it was not easy to decide whether the simple vowel *ö*, or the diphthong *au*, was intended by it. But, of late, *ö* (or *av*) has been employed wherever the simple vowel is wanted, and *au* for the diphthong, a very convenient distinction, of which our editor has wholly lost sight. He thus writes *haulldz* instead of *hölds*. Even to a native Icelandic this unsettling of a decided matter will present many embarrassments, and to an Icelandic student the difficulties will be greatly increased. The case is moreover made more perplexing, inasmuch as the author has not given us any insight into the principles which have directed his course. In Iceland, should the book reach that *Ultima Thule*, it will be acceptable, as is every contribution to its literature and its history. We wish we could anticipate for it a wider field of usefulness in the republic of letters.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XII.

DENMARK.

NECROLOGY.

DENMARK has recently lost one of her most distinguished scholars, and one of the few Danish authors whose names are known over Europe,—Frederick Münter, Bishop of Seeland and Primate of the Danish church. He was born at Gotha, in October, 1761. Some years afterwards his father became minister of the German church of St. Peter, at Copenhagen,* and it was one of his first objects to give his son a good education, and to lay the foundation of solid knowledge on which Frederick subsequently raised so noble a structure. In 1778 he was sent to the University, and three years afterwards he passed his theological examination, immediately after which he set out on his travels to foreign countries: he studied two years at Göttingen under the auspices of Heyne, Spittler, Gatterer, &c. After revisiting Denmark in 1783, for a short period, he set out the same year on another tour, at the expense of the king, in search of some MS. copies of the Greek New Testament, which were generally supposed to be found at Ragusa. But having ascertained that this was not the case, he turned his steps in another direction, to Italy and Sicily, where he wrote a “Description of the Two Sicilies,” which has been translated into several languages. At Rome he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the Roman church, and acquired, during his residence in the capital of the ancient world, that familiar knowledge of classical antiquity which so distinguished him. The friendship of Cardinal Borgia obtained him ready access to several of the libraries at Rome, where he found fragments of the oldest Egyptian translations of the Old Testament, a portion of which he published under the title of *Specimen versionum Danielis Copticarum*, Rome, 1786. He also discovered in one of these libraries the *Rules of the Order of the Knights Templars*, which he published at Berlin in 1794, two years after Moldenhauer, another learned Dane, had published the *Trial of the Knights Templars*. He returned to Copenhagen in 1787, and in the following year was appointed Professor of Theology in the University. After having delivered courses of lectures on the different branches of theology for more than twenty years, he was in 1808 appointed to the see of Seeland, the duties of which he performed with the zeal of a true Christian bishop; he founded the Pastoral Seminary, where the candidates, after undergoing their probationary trial, exercised themselves in composing and criticising sermons, and issued proposals for a new revision of the translation of the New Testament, and it was partly owing to his zealous exertions that the first Bible Society was established in Denmark. Besides the different branches of theology, he occupied himself principally with numismatic studies, and in addition to a superb library, he possessed a beautiful cabinet of coins, and a collection of ancient inscriptions on stone, a great portion of which is attached to the walls of the episcopal residence at Copenhagen. Of his va-

* He attended the famous Count Struensee after his condemnation, and wrote the account of his conversion, which was translated into English, and republished a few years since by the late Mr. Rennell of Kensington.

rious works we shall content ourselves with naming here *The History of the Danish Church*, the second part of which is in the press, and the third was finished by the author before his death; *Der Stern der Weisen* (the Star of the Three Eastern Magi); and *Primordia Ecclesiæ Africana*, a notice of which was given in our Eighth Number, p. 660. Bishop Münter died on Good Friday in this year.

Oehlenschläger has announced a new edition of his Tragedies, in seven volumes. Two others will contain his life.

The Dictionary of Danish Synonyms, by Mr. Müller, has fully answered the high expectations that were formed of it previous to its publication.

The literary journal of Mr. Heiberg, "The Flying Post," has recommenced, after a year's suspension. The talents of the Editor ensure the success of this publication. His last dramatic production, however, entitled "Isabella," has not been favourably received. The author is reproached with repeating himself.

Mr. Wergeland, of the University of Christiânia, has recently published a singular dramatic poem under the title of "The Creation, Man, and the Messiah." Among the characters introduced are the Messiah, celestial and terrestrial spirits, the Mother and Disciples of Christ, Adam and Eve, a king and queen, a priest, assassins, &c.

Mr. Molbech has announced a Dictionary of the different dialects of the Danish language.

The 5th volume of the Autobiography of Rahbek (see our last Number, p. 83), entitled *Erindringer af mit Liv*, has lately made its appearance. The work is interesting, both as regards the personal history of the author and the literary history of Denmark during the period it embraces. Rahbek was born in 1760, and died on the 22d of April last; but his Memoirs only come down to 1798.

A general Catalogue of the Royal Library of Copenhagen has just been completed. It was commenced by the King's order in the beginning of 1817, and was about half finished when the late first librarian, Moldenhauer, died, in the beginning of 1823. His successor, Mr. Werlauff, the present librarian, continued it, and presented the complete Catalogue to the King at the beginning of the present year. The collection is in two divisions, each forming a library of itself; the Danish, which consists solely of books written in that language, and the Foreign. The classed Catalogue of the latter consists of 190 volumes, viz. for the folios 19, the quartos 65, and the octavos and minor sizes 106. Among the number of rarities there are about 60 books printed on vellum, a list of which, by the second librarian Molbech, was lately published in his journal, "*Nordisk Tidsskrift*," with interesting bibliographical notes. The greater part of these are in Latin or French, and the rest in German or Icelandic; there is only one work in Danish, printed in this manner, and that not in Denmark but at Lubeck. Of the numerous benefactors to the library there are many foreigners, especially English. One gentleman of the latter nation (Mr. Miller, barrister, of Lincoln's Inn,) deserves most grateful mention, having procured for the library the present of a considerable collection from the London Bible Society, and afterwards zealously assisted in obtaining for it from the Record Commission a complete copy of the collection of "Public Records." Finally the library received at the end of last year, by

order of His Britannic Majesty, a copy of the splendid Catalogue of the Library of George III. in 6 vols. large folio (1820—1829).

Latterly, the *local* of the Library has been considerably enlarged; the books have been better arranged, and the reading-room greatly increased in size; so that it now forms the noblest monument of the love of learning and science which has distinguished the royal house of Oldenburg.

Professor Rask has recently published a Grammar of the Danish language for the use of the English, accompanied with extracts in prose and verse.

FRANCE.

A NEW religious periodical has been announced at Paris under the title of *Annals of Christian Philosophy*, the object of which is to collect and publish all the proofs and discoveries which human science, and particularly history, antiquities, astronomy, geology, natural history, botany, physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, medicine, and jurisprudence, contain in favour of Christianity. It will appear in monthly numbers in large 8vo.

Señor Martinez de la Rosa, a Spanish refugee resident in France, of whose literary and dramatic works in his native tongue we gave a notice in our IVth volume (page 318) has lately produced a drama at the theatre of Porte Saint Martin at Paris, which has been eminently successful. It is entitled *Aben-Humeya, ou les Maures sous Philippe II.* Though written by a foreigner, the French critics pronounce it to be neither deficient in elegance nor vigour. The effect of the piece was very much heightened by the beauty of the costumes, scenery, and decorations; added to which there were several remarkably beautiful pieces of music, the productions of Señor Gomis, a Spanish composer.

The *Voyage of Discovery* of Capt. Dumont d'Urville in the *Astrolabe* during the years 1826, 7, 8, & 9, one of the principal objects of which was to ascertain the truth of the reported discovery of the wrecks of La Perouse's expedition, is about to be published in five divisions, in royal 8vo. The *History of the Voyage* will form 5 vols. *Botany*, 1 vol. *Zoology*, 5 vols. *Entomology*, 1 vol. *Hydrography*, 1 vol. The Atlas of the *historical* part will contain 240 plates and 5 maps, of the *zoological* 200 plates in large folio coloured, of the *botanical* 80 coloured plates, of the *entomological* 12 plates. This voyage will add prodigiously to our knowledge of the islands of the Pacific. Captain D'Urville was quite unsuccessful in his first attempts to discover any traces of La Perouse's expedition, and it was only on his putting into Hobart's Town in Van Diemen's Land in December, 1827, that he first heard of Captain Dillon's discoveries at Vanikoro. In consequence he again set sail for that island on the 5th of January, 1828, and arrived there at the end of February, and very soon obtained unquestionable proofs that the frigates of M. La Perouse had been wrecked on the breakers which surround that island. After erecting a simple monument to the manes of that unfortunate navigator and his companions, he finally quitted the island on the 17th of March. It appears that the expedition which was sent out in search of La Perouse under D'Entrecasteaux in 1792 saw the top of this island, but at 15 leagues distance to windward, and named it *La Recherche*, after one of the vessels. The latitude and longitude given by the two navigators leave no doubt whatever of its identity. The merit of the discovery, however, as well as the reward bestowed by Charles X., are justly due to Captain Dillon.

Captain D'Urville is the officer who commanded the French frigate which accompanied the two American vessels that brought over Charles X. and his family and attendants to England.

In April last Dr. Blumenbach was elected a Foreign Member of the Academy of Sciences, in the room of Dr. Young; and M. Leon Dufour, of Saint-Sever, a Corresponding Member, in the room of Dr. Sæmmering.

On the 31st May, the Academy awarded one of the Montyon prizes of 8,000 francs to Dr. Aldini, of Bologna, for his discovery of a means of preserving firemen from the action of the flames during fires.

In the same sitting, Dr. Wallich, Superintendent of the Botanical Garden at Calcutta, and M. Quoy, of Rochefort, the naturalist who accompanied two of the late French expeditions round the world, were elected Corresponding Members of the Academy, in the sections of Botany and Zoology.

On the 7th of June, M. Arago was elected perpetual Secretary of the Academy, in the room of M. Fourier. On the 21st, M. Gergonne, of Montpellier, was elected a Corresponding Member of the Academy in the section of Geometry.

On the 7th of May, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of the Institute elected to the six vacant places the following: M. Thurot, translator of Aristotle's Morals and Politics; M. Champollion, jun. the discoverer of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; M. Thierry, author of the History of the Norman Conquest of England; M. Lajard, author of a work on the worship of Mithra; M. Jaubert, author of Travels in Armenia and Turkey and of a Turkish Grammar; and M. Mionnet, keeper of the Cabinet of Medals attached to the Royal Library.

The French Society for Universal Statistics, recently established, and which already consists of 600 members, determined, in its sitting of the 20th of April last, to offer prizes for the best works on the *Elementary Statistics of France*, to be compiled according to a plan laid down by the Society. The manuscripts must be delivered before the 1st of July, 1832, and the prizes will be awarded before the end of December. The first prize will be 3,000 francs, the second 2000, the third 1000; besides which the Society may award two *accessits*, which shall be gold medals of 400 and 300 francs value. Five hundred copies of the Treatise which shall gain the first prize will be delivered to the author.

M. Cloquet has just finished his great work, *Anatomie de l'Homme*, with lithographic figures, in 50 folio numbers, containing 350 plates, which must be regarded as one of the most complete productions of the kind that has appeared in any country.

GERMANY.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, at its meeting on the 8th of July last, the anniversary of Leibnitz, proposed the following question as the subject of a prize essay:—"Qualis fuerit administratio provinciarum imperii Arabici eo tempore, quo Chalifarum floruit dominatio, i. e. ab origine inde imperii Arabici, quod Islami propagati auxilio conditum est, usque ad finem undecimi p. C. n. saeculi?"—"Of what description was the administration of the provinces of the Arabian empire during the period of the dominion of the

Khalifs; namely, from the origin of the Arabian empire, which was founded by means of the propagation of Islamism, to the end of the eleventh century after Christ?"

The 31st of March, 1832, is the latest period at which the Essays for the prize can be received. A motto should be prefixed to each, and a sealed letter containing the same motto and the name of the author must accompany it. The prize is 100 ducats, and will be awarded in July, 1832. The Essays may be written either in German, French, English, Italian, or Latin.

A new edition of the works of Tacitus, in four volumes large 8vo. edited by Professor G. H. Walter, with notes and collations of MSS. and early editions, is announced for speedy publication at Halle.

Dr. J. B. Rousseau, of Frankfort, announces for publication at the next Easter Fair an important work, entitled, *The Dramatic Literature of the Germans historically and critically developed in its independence of and connexion with the dramatic literature of all other nations ancient and modern*. It will form 4 vols. 8vo.

Captain Kotzebue has recently published at Weimar, in 2 vols. 8vo. an account of his last *Voyage round the World*, from 1823 to 1826. To the second volume is attached an account of the zoological discoveries made during this voyage by Professor Eschholz, of Dorpat.

Cotta of Stuttgart announces a new edition of the *Assises et Bons Usages du Royaume de Jerusalem*, to be printed from MS. copies, with a preface, various readings, notes, a glossary and indexes, edited by Messrs. Kauster and Bludtscht. Subscriptions for the work are received by the Publishers of this Review.

M. von Hammer has lately published a *History of the raising the first siege of Vienna by the Turks*, compiled from various narrations of both Turks and Christians hitherto unpublished, and published in celebration of the 300th anniversary of that event. This, no doubt, must be regarded as an episode of the author's great *History of the Ottoman Empire*. The 6th volume of that work, bringing it down to the year 1699, has been recently published.

The 6th and last volume of the Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, from 1794 to 1805, has just appeared.

The 7th livraison of the pocket edition of Goethe's works (vol. 31 to 35), and the 4th and 5th livraisons of the 8vo. edition (vol. 16—25) have also just been published.

An edition of the Greek dramatists, in the original, in one volume, printed on the finest German vellum paper, is announced for speedy publication.

Baron de Stein, late Minister of State to His Majesty the King of Prussia, has recently published a reply to some remarks in the Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne, vindicating himself from the insinuated charge of having employed a M. de Sahla to poison the Count de Montgelas, the Bavarian Minister. The passage complained of occurs in the VIIIth volume of Bourrienne's Memoirs, p. 367, and is in these words: "It is also said that he (M. de Sahla) declared that," in a journey which he made to Vienna, he had communicated to M. de Metternich, and shown him the documents, proving that he had been en-

gaged by M. de Stein, the Prussian Minister, to poison the Bavarian Minister, M. de Montgelas, and that M. de Metternich appeared shocked and indignant at this conduct of M. de Stein. I give no opinion, (*Je ne decide rien,*) but I consider it my duty to entertain doubts relative to accusations of this kind, preferred against two Prussian ministers, of whom the Prince de Wittgenstein, a man of the highest honour, had always spoken to me in the most honourable terms during my residence at Hamburgh. And is it not among the chances equally probable that the crafty police of the Hundred Days had recourse to one of its familiar resources to pour contempt upon and excite indignation against its enemies? These are questions, I repeat, which I merely propose, without venturing to solve them."

M. de Stein states—1. That he never saw Sahla but once, at Paris, in spring, 1814, when he related to him the facts which appear in *Bourrienne*, vol. viii, p. 360; consequently, that this conspiracy plotted at Vienna, or any where else, is a falsehood. 2. He was not a Prussian minister in 1814, as stated by M. de B.; he was, by Napoleon's influence, dismissed from the King's service in November, 1808, and was never after a member of the cabinet. 3. He asks, what motive could he have for committing such a crime? or what possible influence could the death of a Bavarian minister have had on the great political questions in discussion with the Great Powers in autumn, 1814, or spring, 1815? 4. It was to this same M. de Stein that the "shocked and indignant" Prince Metternich transmitted, in the name of the Emperor his master, the decorations of the great order of St. Stephen, with an expression of His Imperial Majesty's satisfaction with M. de Stein's conduct.

This disavowal was published in November last in the German journals, and on the 5th of December Prince Metternich wrote a letter to the Baron de Gager, declaring in the strongest terms that he neither knew or ever heard of any person under the name of Sahla, or any other name, who had ever presented himself to him (Prince M.) charged with such a commission from M. de Stein as that related by M. de Bourrienne.—These declarations were communicated to M. de B. by Major de Gager, the son of the Baron, which led to a correspondence of some warmth, in which, however, M. de B. declared "that Sahla had not, as he (*Bourrienne*) had believed and always thought, spoken the truth."

M. de Stein concludes his pamphlet by saying that "although he has to complain of the manner in which M. de B. has spoken of him personally, he is bound to confess that his *Memoirs* contain most important and valuable materials for history, especially as to the events of which he was an eye-witness."

ITALY.

THE taste for reading has wonderfully increased in Italy since the peace, notwithstanding the restrictions on the press. This is attested by the numerous and successful speculations of booksellers in almost every state of Italy, who publish *libraries*, or collections of works in a cheap form. One of these is *la Biblioteca Popolare*, published by Pomba of Turin, of which one volume appears every week at the low price of ten sols! It reckons 10,000 subscribers, chiefly among the tradesmen and mechanics of the Sardinian monarchy. The publishers have provided themselves with improved presses from England and have made an arrangement with the Government to have the successive numbers of their work sent all over Piedmont by the mail at a trifling charge every Monday. The collection consists of histories, travels, treatises upon natural sciences and arts, and other useful works, mostly reprints of former Italian authors. The whole series will contain at least one hundred volumes.

Three more historical novels have appeared in Lombardy:—1. *Falco della Rupe*, by Bazzoni, the author of *Castello di Trezzo*. 2. *I Prigionieri di Pizzighettone*, by the author of *Sibilla Odaletta* and *La Fidanzata Ligure*.* 3. *Irene Delfino*, a Venetian tale of the 6th century, anonymous. The second writer appears to be the most successful, but yet remains at a respectful distance behind Manzoni, or even Rosini.

M. Gräberg de Hemso, Swedish consul at Tripoli, has given some very interesting accounts of two of the Barbary states, viz. Tripoli and Algiers, in several numbers of the *Antologia* of Florence. The last paper which appeared in the Number for April contains a well-written statistical description of the last-mentioned Regency, and a critical catalogue of the travellers who have written on the same subject. Among other things therein stated we observe that a method of mutual instruction, similar to those of Lancaster and Bell, has been long practised in that barbarous region. After adverting to the low state of science and general information,—“The elementary schools, however,” adds Mr. G. “are very numerous in Algiers as well as in the other towns of the Regency, and boys of five years and upwards are taught for a trifling remuneration to read and write through a method which resembles those of Bell and Lancaster, and which was probably the archetype of the latter, having been established in this country from time immemorial. There are also similar schools for the girls, who are taught by matrons to read and write as well as the other qualifications essential to housekeeping.” Mr. G. forgets, or is probably not aware, that Dr. Bell’s method was derived from India, where it had been practised from time immemorial.

The King’s Attorney-general to the High Civil Court of Naples, M. Agresti, is publishing a collection of the “Decisions of the Neapolitan Courts on matters of right,” (*Decisioni delle Gran Corti civili in materia di diritto*), after the manner of similar works by Baron Sirey and by Dalloz in France. The kingdom of Naples has retained the Civil Code of Napoleon with a few alterations made at the restoration. M. Agresti’s collection begins with the year 1827.

The indefatigable philologist Ciampi has just published, at Florence, some hitherto inedited Letters of King John Sobieski, which serve to throw additional light on the institutions of Poland. More than a century and a half ago that Sovereign exhorted the Diet to apply themselves to the formation of a national and disciplined body of infantry, “without which,” he says, “the Republic stands in danger of ruin.” But the *Magnates* were too jealous of their individual power, which depended on large bodies of cavalry, raised and directed by each respective chief, thus maintaining the principle of oligarchy. Sobieski also proposed having victuallers or commissaries to follow the armies, and subject to military discipline, and he adds, *ad normam Turcarum*, in imitation of the Turks of that time!

NETHERLANDS.

THE following letter from Dr. Siebold, written the day after his arrival at Batavia, leaves no doubt of the liberation of that interesting voyager, and of the preservation of the valuable collections of all kinds which he had formed during his residence in Japan. It is addressed to Baron van der Capellen, the

* See No. VI. of this Review, p. 663.

late Governor of the Dutch East Indies, and principal promoter of the voyage of Dr. Siebold.

"BATAVIA, January 28, 1830.

"At last, after the severe trial which I had to undergo during the last year of my residence in Japan, I returned yesterday to Batavia with the collections and literary labours which I had got together in that country during a space of six years and a half. These interesting collections have been saved, because I gave up to that suspicious government all the duplicates of my literary labours and other objects which might have excited its jealousy; believing, therefore, that it had got possession of every thing of the kind I possessed, it liberated me, pronouncing at the same time a sentence of banishment against me.

"I passed thirteen months, confined to my lodging at Desima; a melancholy period, during which I employed myself in writing, and perhaps did a number of good things. The Japanese government probably considered all these as scientific researches, and in a political view our government has rather gained than lost by it. The imperial astronomer Taka-Hasi-Sakoo-Salmon is as yet the only person who has been sacrificed; he died in prison. Several of my friends are still kept in confinement, but they will probably escape with banishment to a distant island; my intimate friend and my pupil have been set at liberty.

"I hope in a few weeks to set out for Europe, and your Excellency may be assured that my researches in Japan will satisfy the expectations of the learned world.

"A slight indisposition and my numerous avocations since my arrival here prevent me from writing at such length as I could have wished.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"D. VON SIEBOLD."

The Dutch papers, we observe, have recently announced Dr. S.'s safe arrival in Europe.

RUSSIA.

A NEW production of Pushkin's, entitled *Pullava*, has obtained as favourable a reception from the public as any of his former pieces. The celebrated Mazepa is the most prominent character in this poem, and is exhibited by the author in less favourable colours than by some writers, who have described him as the champion of freedom; here he is depicted as daring and ambitious, but cruel and perfidious. The poem itself possesses undoubted beauties, and a certain vividness and energy of style, that have acquired for Pushkin the flattering title of the Russian Byron; but, like most of his other productions, it is little better than a mere fragment; nor can we help regretting that one who appears capable of far higher achievements, should content himself with producing detached sketches, instead of applying his talents to the composition of some subject of powerful and lasting interest.

Another poet, from whose debut we augured most favourably, Podolinsky, the author of "The Deev and the Peri," has again appeared before the public, but to very great disadvantage. Even the Russian critics speak rather coldly of it: to us it appears a decided falling off. "*Borsky*"—such is its title—is one of the baldest and most inane, we might say insane, narratives we ever perused, exceedingly meagre, but marvellously obscure. The hero is designed to be a mysterious sentimentalist. He has been banished by his father, and returning from his peregrinations finds his paternal mansion apparently quite deserted. On entering it, however, he discovers the old chaplain, who delivers him a

paper containing his parent's dying injunctions, namely, not to disgrace his family by marrying Helena; notwithstanding which, and his own apparent indifference to the lady, he does marry her. The nuptial scene is dismal enough, for the bride is overcome by strange presentiments and forebodings, and the bridegroom is seized with a fit of shivering and the blue devils. The honeymoon is all moping and coldness: the lady complains that her husband does not love her, and proposes to him that they should part. On this the latter becomes jealous, and that very night, on her getting out of bed and speaking at the window, stabs her. From the old monk, Borsky afterwards learns that his wife was deranged, and the concluding page informs the reader that a frozen body is discovered in the snow beside Helena's tomb, and that

" A ring upon his hand there shone,
With Helen's name inscribed thereon."

Such is the outline, and there is absolutely nothing to fill it up, of this incoherent, unmeaning narrative. That there is some elegant versification, and some pleasing imagery, scattered here and there, we do not deny, but merits of this kind are insufficient to atone for the vacuity of the subject. Among the passages we have just alluded to, the following strikes us as a pleasing idea:

" The West hath shed its latest ray,
The bright adieu of sinking day,
O'er stream, and grove, and hill.
The woods are hush'd, the waters still;
And, as a cradled infant, lies
The earth beneath the watching eyes
Of yonder guardianspheres.
'Tis darkness—silence! yet not death,
For nature breathes: the luscious breath
Of thousand odours shed from flowers—
The memory of past sunny hours—
Revives, and soothes, and cheers."

In justice to Podolinsky, we ought to observe that he has contributed many elegant little compositions to several of the Russian Annuals.

Under the whimsical title of *Duratskii Kolpák*, the Fool's Cap, has appeared an anonymous production of considerable merit. In this poem the author relates his own adventures to prove how justly he is entitled to that not very enviable badge of distinction; yet, like other professional fools, he uses his folly only as a stalking-horse, that he may the better aim his bolts at the rest of the world. The tone of the work, however, is not uniformly satiric or comic, there being many passages of a very opposite description, particularly one in the thirteenth chapter, where the writer depicts in forcible language the insufficiency of retirement from the world to confer tranquillity on a mind agitated by vain desires, and at the same time, the satisfaction a superior mind derives from its own disquietudes.

Two agreeable little volumes, entitled *Zapiski Moskvitcha*, deserve notice. They contain some clever satiric sketches of the manners of the day, and one or two tales, the most amusing of which is the history of a sniveller, a humorous parody on the ultra-sentimental school of novelists.

Bulgarin, the great favourite of the Russian reading public, has lately published an historical romance, the subject of which is quite national, being founded on the adventures of that mysterious character the "False Demetrius." This is the first original production of its class that has appeared in the Russian language, and if we may rely upon the report of some of the journals, it is a very successful attempt, and will add considerably to the reputation of this

very popular writer. His novel of *Ivan Vuezhiin*, or the Russian Gil Blas, obtained a most extraordinary sale, the whole of the first edition, which was very considerable, having been disposed of in three weeks—an unprecedented occurrence in the annals of Russian literature. This work, which has been translated both into French and German, certainly possesses considerable interest, but rather from the insight it gives us into national manners, than from any particular ability displayed in the narrative itself.

A complete edition of Khmelnitzky's dramatic works has at length gratified his numerous admirers, who have hitherto been unable to peruse some of his best pieces, except in manuscript, in which shape numerous copies circulated for some time, but all more or less incorrect. The volumes are embellished with the author's portrait, and some other engravings.

Somov has lately contributed something to a species of literature in which his countrymen possess little that is original, by two volumes of tales, entitled *Razskazie Puteshestvennika* (Tales of a Traveller).

Zagoskin, the dramatic writer, has also produced an historical romance, the subject of which is the Interregnum of 1612. It is further reported that he intends writing, as a *pendant* to this, a tale of the year 1812, thus giving his readers two pictures of national manners, separated by the interval of a couple of centuries.

Baisky's *Haidamak*, a Tale of Little Russia, extracts from which had appeared in various periodicals, and excited considerable attention, is now published in an entire form. Many of the scenes are highly interesting, and the manners peculiar to that province of the empire are spiritedly and faithfully delineated.

Russia has lately lost one or two of its writers—Vladimir Izmailov, Alexander Griboiedov, and Narëshny. The first of these must not be confounded with Alexander Izmailov, the fabulist: Vladimir was the author of a work entitled "Travels in Southern Russia," and several other publications. His Travels were first printed in 1800, and a third edition appeared in 1805. Griboiedov was one of the first, if not the very first, of the recent dramatists of Russia. He was not, indeed, a very prolific writer, for his pieces are by no means numerous, but they display superior talent, and a masterly knowledge of character. That entitled *Gore ot Uma*, or the Misfortune of too much Wit, is esteemed his *chef d'œuvre*, and is a severe satire on the manners of the higher classes at Moscow. His fate was a rather singular one for a literary character. He had been appointed plenipotentiary at the court of Teheran, and was killed during the insurrection of the populace, which broke out in that city in 1829. Narëshny, who died not long ago, was the author of several tales and other works of fiction—Aristion; the Two Ivans; Bursak, a Little-Russian romance; Slavonian Evenings, &c. This last is the best of his productions, that which exhibits the most originality, and the one by which he will be longest remembered.

Dr. Mertens, the celebrated naturalist, who accompanied the Russian expedition round the world under Captain Lütke, is preparing a series of publications on the various collections of natural history which he formed during that expedition. He will soon begin with the first Number of his *Fuci*.

SWEDEN.

A MONTHLY LIST is published at Stockholm, under the title of *Svensk Bibliographi*, of all the newly published Books, Music, Maps, Copperplates and Lithographs. In the January Number of the present year we find a list of the newspapers and other periodicals which appear in Sweden; they amount to seventy-three, of which there are twenty-one at Stockholm, seven at Gottenburg, four at Upsal, four at Calmar, three at Strengnäs, three at Lund, three at Wisby, two each at six, and one each at sixteen other towns. The list of each month is comprised in half a sheet. In the first six Numbers of the present year, from January to June, we observe scarcely any original works of importance. Translations from Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, and some German popular novel writers, appear to form a large portion of the literary staple. In October last year, we observe Bishop Tegner published a small poem (of fourteen pages), entitled *Der Riese Finn*, of which we have not yet heard any account.

In the third Number of the *Revue Française* for the present year (of which, as is well known, the new French minister of the Interior, M. Guizot, was the editor) there is a very remarkable article on the state of constitutional liberty in Sweden, giving an account of the proceedings of the last Diet, from 1828 to 1830, from the time of its assembling till its dissolution. If we were to form our opinion of the Swedish government from the facts there disclosed, we should be disposed to entertain some doubts whether the country has gained much by the revolution in 1809, which placed a foreign dynasty upon the throne. At all events it must be admitted that no "legitimate" monarch could have shown more skill and dexterity in warding off the attacks on the royal power and prerogative made by the popular party, than King Charles-John. The liberty of the press, it appears, exists only at the pleasure of the crown; and the facility with which the only opposition journal that existed in the country was suppressed by the ministry, and the large majority in the Diet by which that conduct was approved, form strong contrasts to the results of the recent attempt to abolish the liberty of the press in another country.

Necrology.—Charles William Leopold, Secretary of State, Commander of the Order of the Polar Star, one of "the Eighteen" of the Swedish Academy, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, of the Royal Academy of Belles-Lettres, History and Antiquities, of the Musical Academy of Stockholm, of the Italian Academy of Pisa, of the Academical Society of Arts and Sciences of Marseilles, and of the Society of Scandinavian Literature of Copenhagen, died on the 3d of November last at Stockholm, where he was also born on the 2d of April, 1756. His father was Comptroller of the Customs there, but as his income was very limited, he had not the means of giving that education to his son which the latter was anxious for. He was indebted to the kindness of a learned French teacher, who had remarked his good dispositions, and took pains to instruct him in French, so successfully that in no long time he knew it as thoroughly as he did his mother-tongue. This first part of his education had a material influence on his future studies, as well as on his fortune through life. In 1773 he entered the University of Upsal, where he published a Latin Thesis, *De origine idearum moralium*. In 1778 he published an ode on the birth of the Prince Royal, Gustavus Adolphus, which was criticized by Kellgren, and led to an intimacy between the poet and the critic.

As Leopold was obliged to earn by his labours the means of continuing his studies, he was sometimes obliged to interrupt them. By dint of savings he at last realised a small sum, which enabled him to repair to the University of

Greifswald, where he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1781. He returned to Sweden in 1784, and the learned Liden committed to him the care and superintendence of the library which he had presented to the University of Upsal. Through the interest of two of his noble friends, Baron Ehrenheim and Count de Creutz, he was introduced to the notice of the king, Gustavus III., who invited him to Stockholm, gave him an apartment in the palace, and a sum of money to pay his debts. In 1786 the king founded the Swedish Academy, and named thirteen members, who were to appoint the other five to complete "the Eighteen." Leopold was one of these five. In 1788 he had the charge of the Royal Library of Drotningholm, and in 1778 became the king's private secretary. Leopold accompanied his Majesty in his campaign against the Russians, and wrote odes on his victories, and verses on his defeats. In 1790 his tragedy of Odin was brought out at the theatre of Stockholm, when the king sent him a diamond ring, and two laurel leaves gathered at the tomb of Virgil. At the end of the same year he married Miss Ferman, daughter of a Danish counsellor of justice, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and deeply conversant with French literature.

The death of the king was a great blow to Leopold's fortunes. Shortly after that event the Swedish Academy was suppressed by the ministry, and Leopold removed from the capital, to which he did not return until the Academy was re-established by Gustavus Adolphus IV., who made him amends for the long obscurity in which he had been left by the flattering distinctions conferred upon him. After the deposition of Gustavus, and the change of dynasty which succeeded, he continued to be treated with equal favour.

The character of Leopold's writings, and his rank in the national literature, have been already sufficiently discussed in an article in the first Number of this journal, and a specimen of his poetry was given in another article in our last. He was regarded as the head of that school which took its models of perfection from the French literature and drama; and so great has been the change in taste and feeling in Sweden, as well as other countries, since the period when Leopold ruled the supreme arbiter of both, that it may be fairly questioned whether he has not outlived his reputation.

The last ten years of his life were very melancholy. After suffering greatly for nearly three years, he became totally blind; and nearly about the same time his wife became insane, and continued so till the 3d of May, 1829, when she died. Her husband survived her just six months.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

MR. CHEZY has just published a handsome quarto edition of the celebrated Sanscrit drama *Sacotala*, which was translated into English many years ago by Sir William Jones. M. Chezy's edition contains the original text, (taken from the only MS. of it which exists in the king's library); a French translation, with notes philological, critical and literary; and an Appendix.

Professor Frederick Adelung has recently published at St. Petersburg, *An Historical and Literary Essay on the Sanscrit Language* (in German), arranged under the following heads:—1. Name of the language. 2. Meaning of the name. 3. Origin of the language. 4. Antiquity of the language. 5. Works on the language in general. 6. Dictionaries. 7. Grammars. 8. Treatises on particular parts of the Grammar. 9. Chrestomathias. 10. Sanscrit proverbs. 11. Calligraphy. 12. Comparison with other languages. 13. Monuments of the language and literature. 14. Catalogue of Sanscrit works known in the original or by translations.

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